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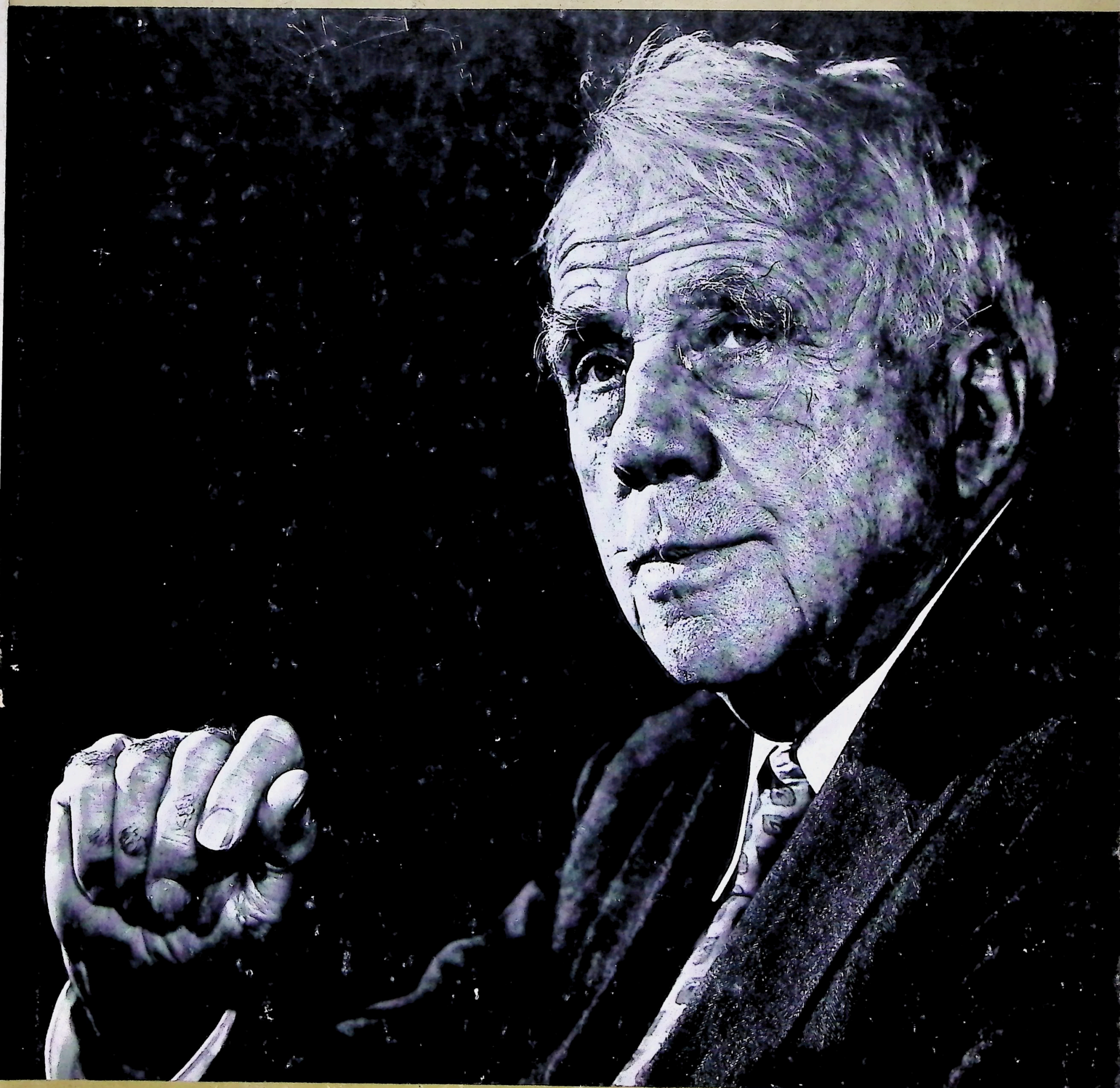

POET ROBERT FROST
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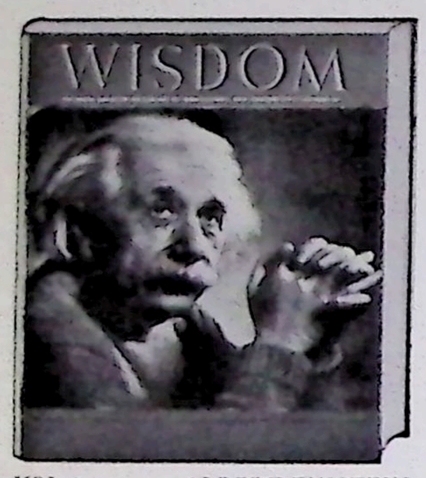

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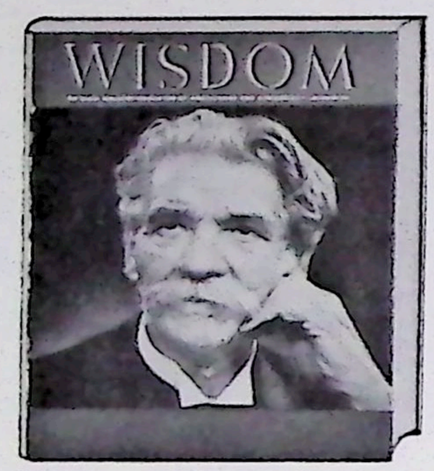

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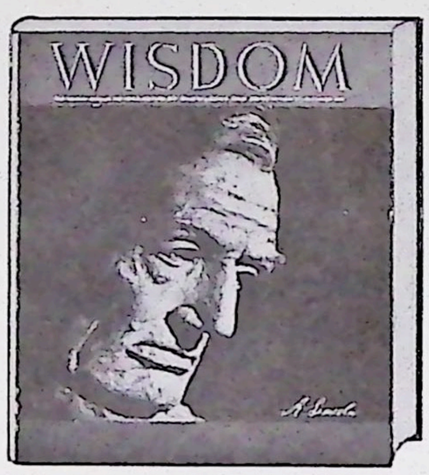

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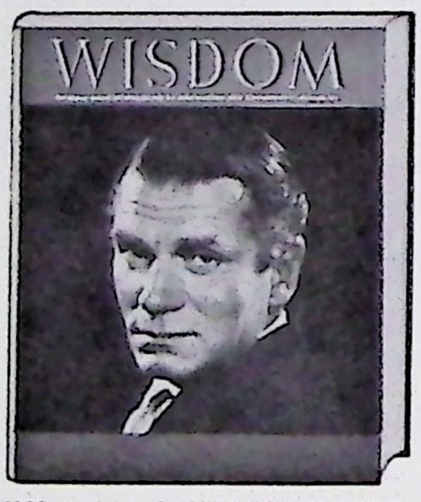

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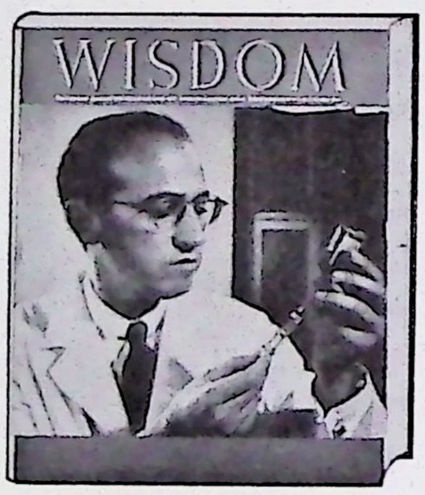

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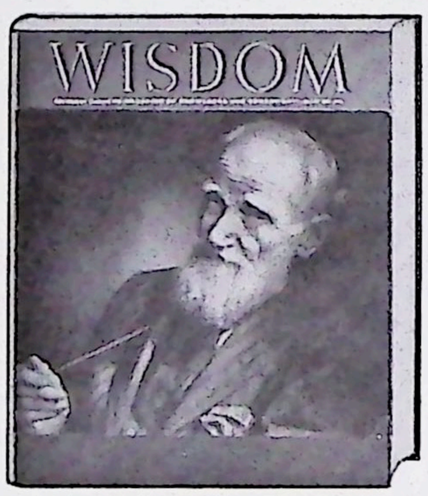

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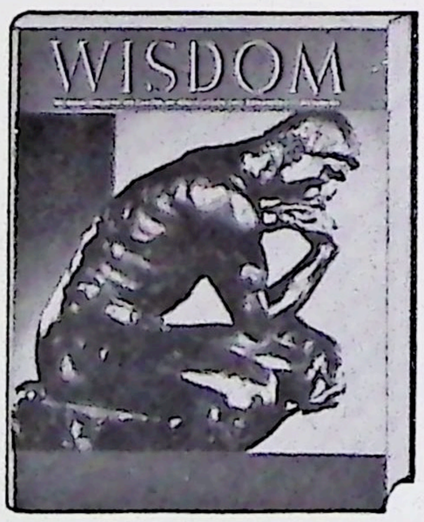

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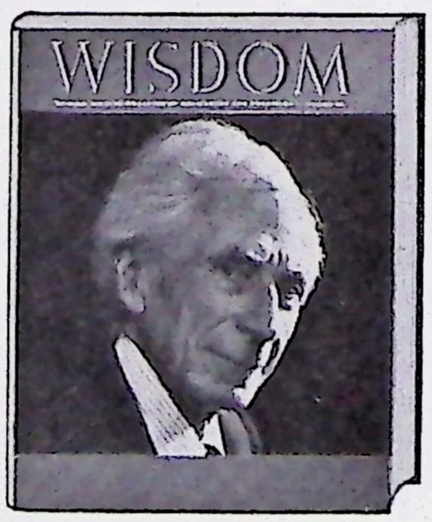

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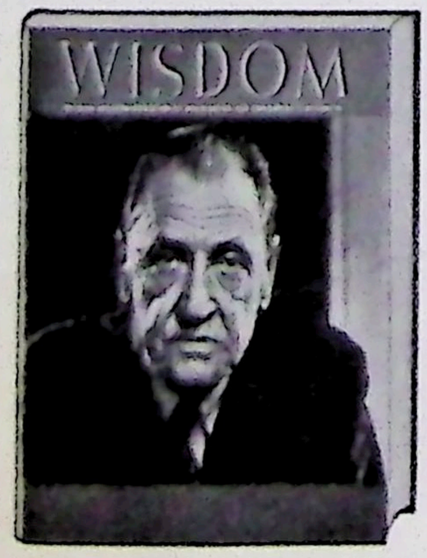

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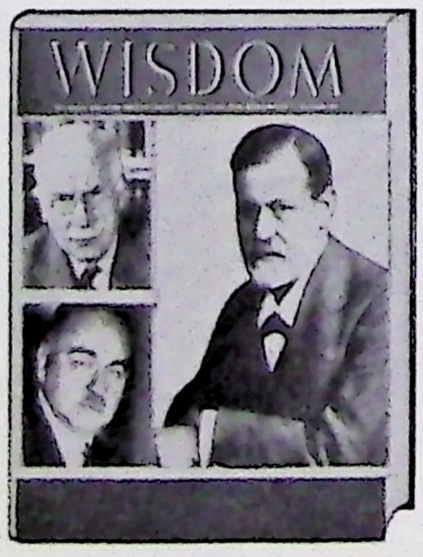

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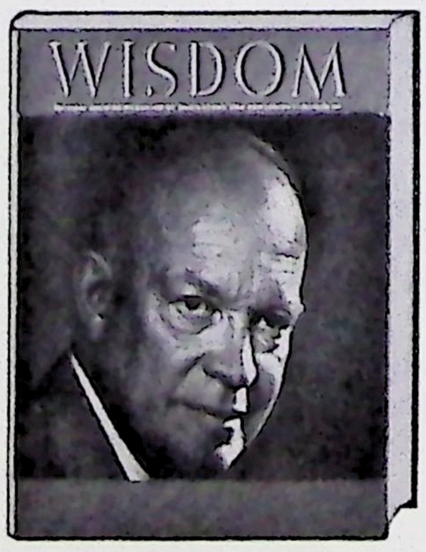

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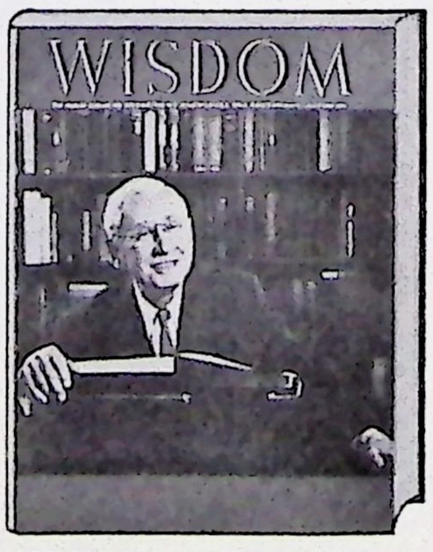

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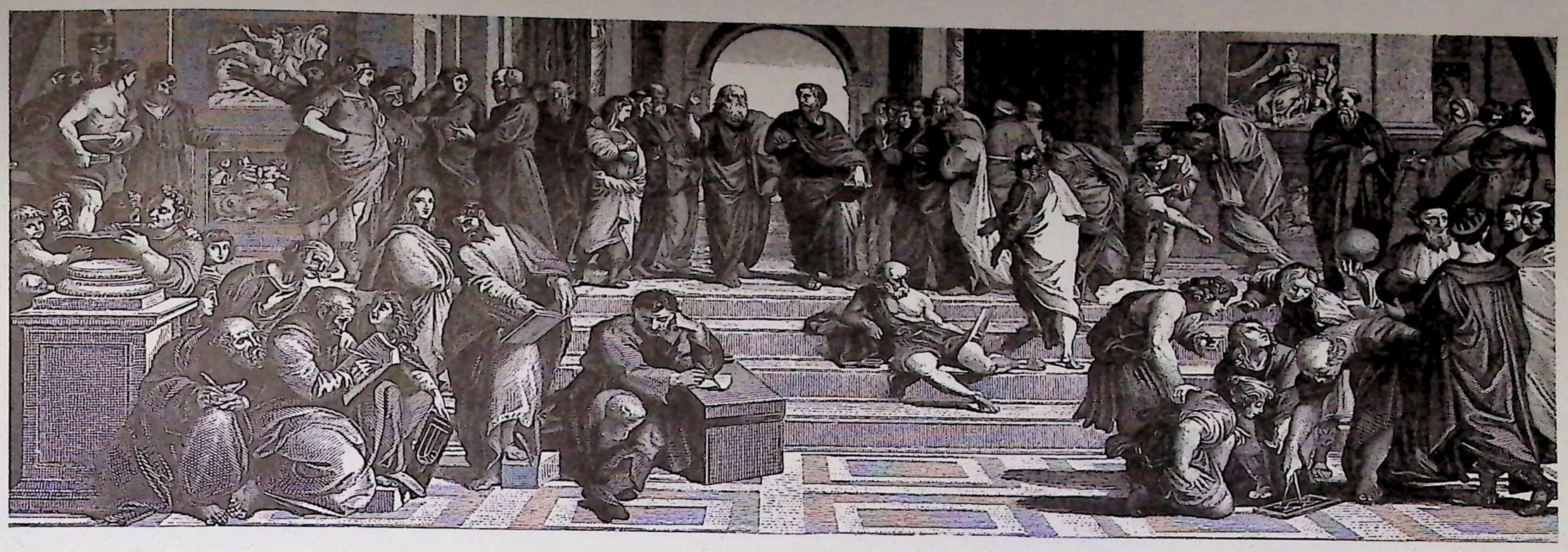

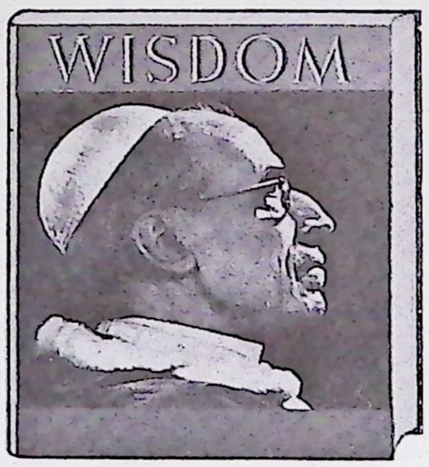

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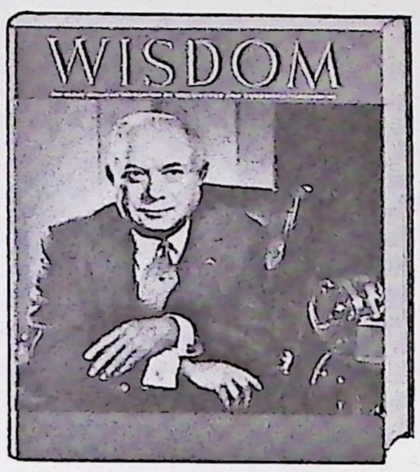

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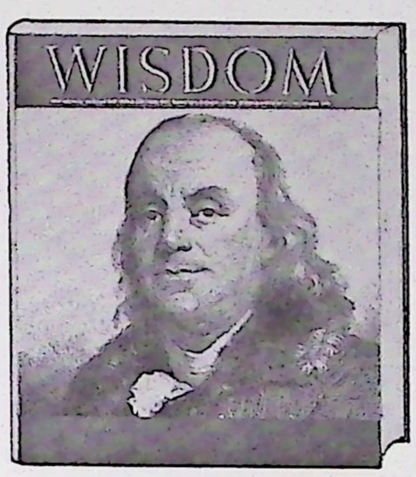

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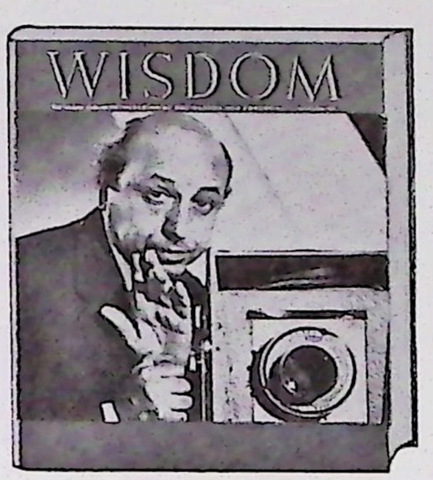

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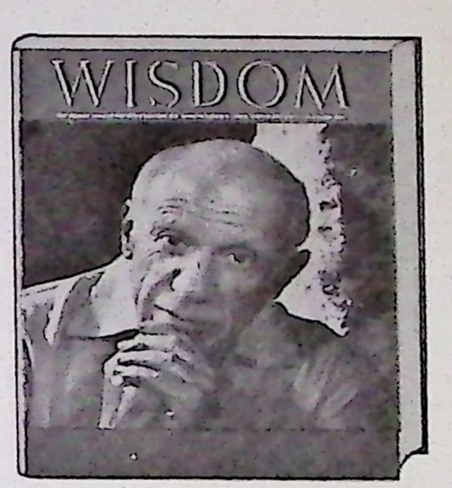

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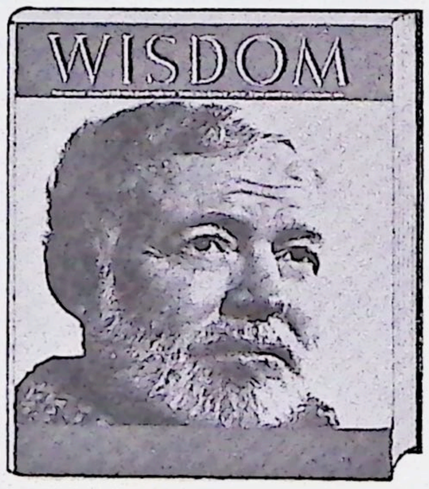

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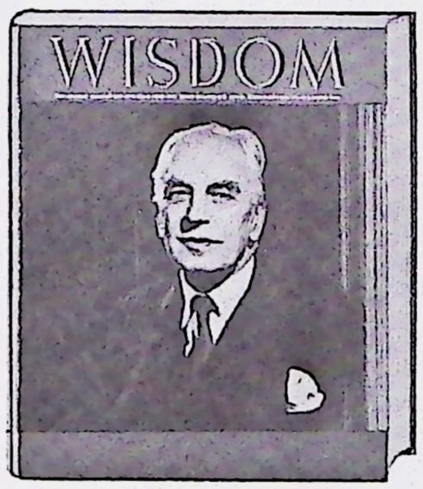

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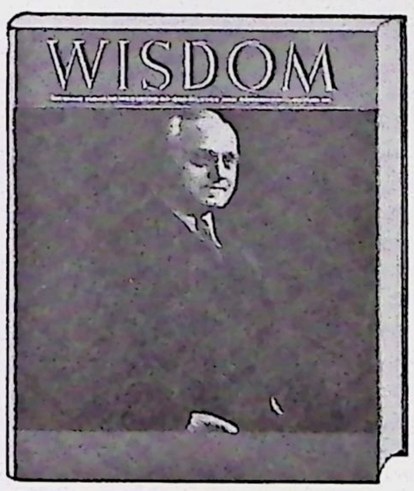

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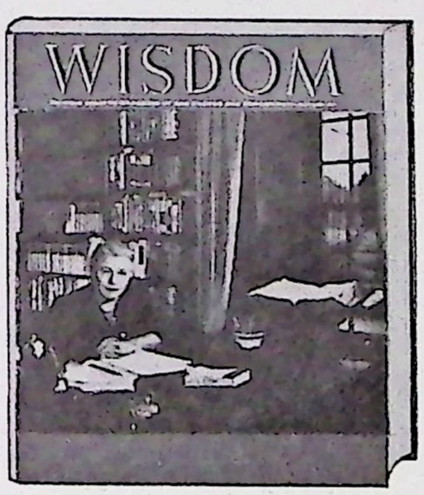

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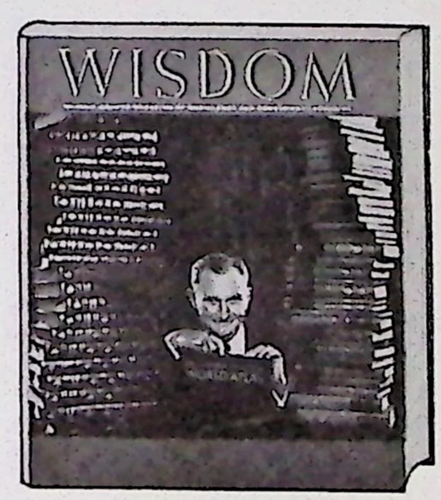

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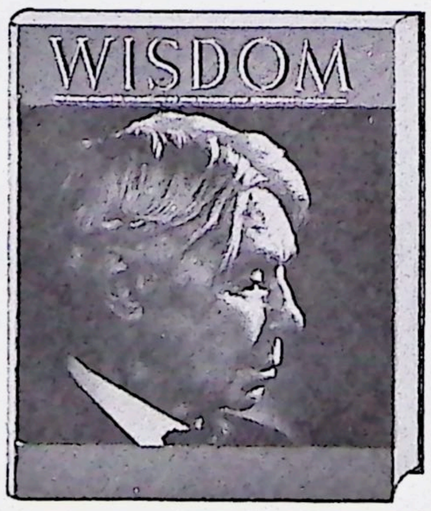

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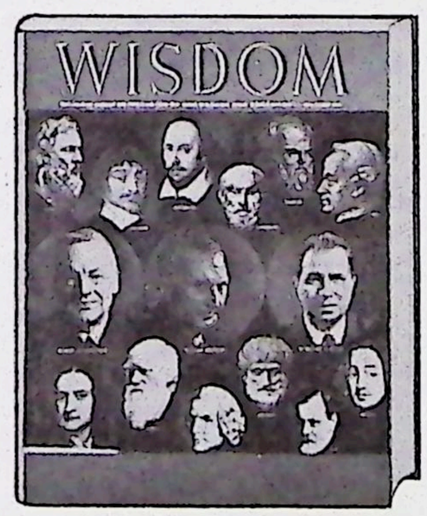

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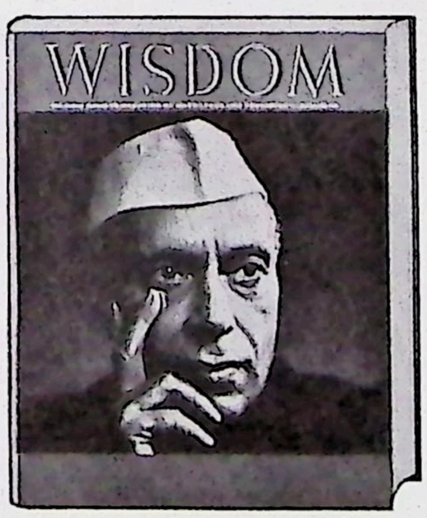

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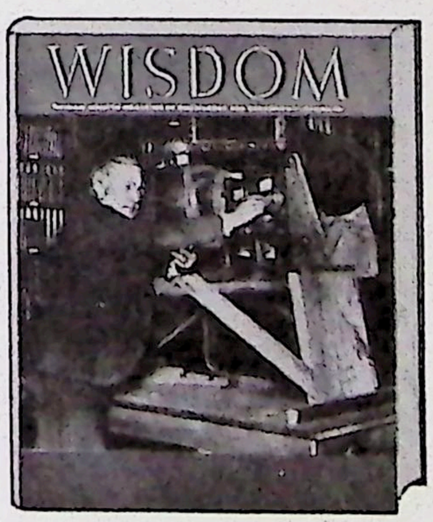

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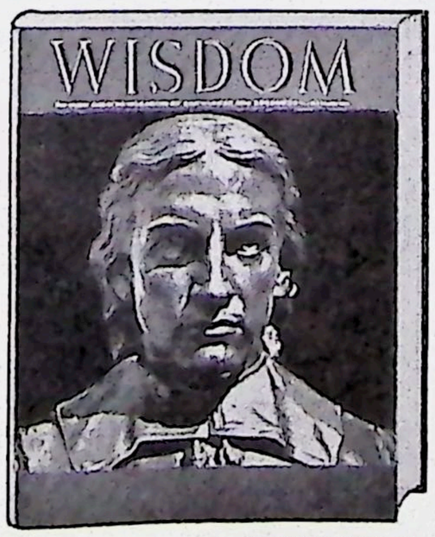

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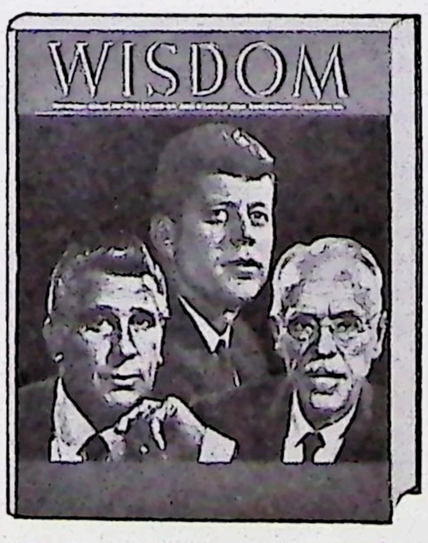

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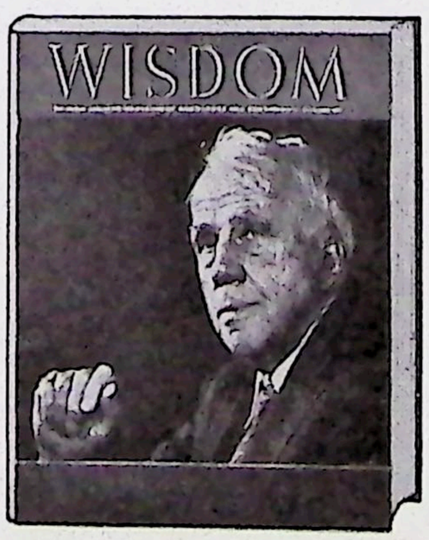

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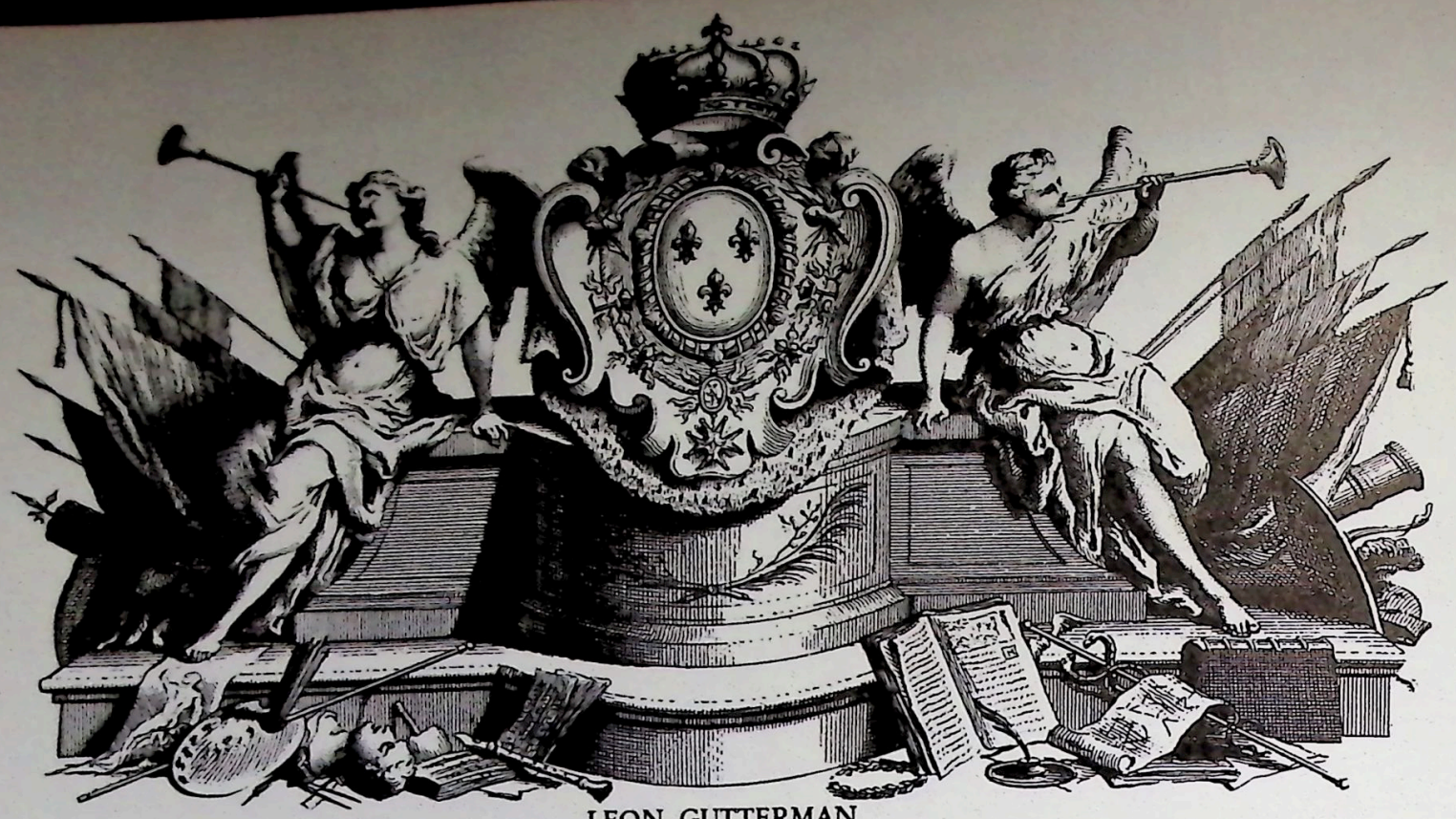

LEON GUTTERMAN
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VOLUME THIRTY-EIGHT
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WISDOM MAGAZINE *is printed and bound by Hollerith-Eaton, Inc., Jackson, Michigan.*

LEON GUTTERMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD so fascinating as the pursuit of wisdom. To attain even a portion of wisdom is the highest state to which a person can aspire. To know ourselves and the world, we must know the best which has been thought and said in the world by the great observers and knowers. The distinctive character of our times lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by knowledge. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of living a good life is interesting to all men.

The wise man protects his brain, and the mind, which is its manipulator, from all that would do harm. Ignorance is a vice—a form of self-inflicted injury that leaves its mark of weakness on the brain. Ignorance means brain decay. Wisdom has a stimulating influence on the brain. It helps to lift us above ourselves, our petty individual aims, our narrow and selfish desires. The pursuit of wisdom is at once a humbling and ennobling work—humbling, because it is so little we individually can accomplish within the narrow limits of our brief and passing life; but ennobling, because every earnest seeker after wisdom enters into communion with the great intellectual fellowship of all time. If man will but open his mind to the genius and spirit of the world's great ideas, he will feel himself inspired with the purest and noblest thoughts that have ever animated the spirit of humanity.

WISDOM MAGAZINE came into being because the instinct for wisdom is set in human nature as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for love, or beauty. So long as human nature is what it is, the attraction of education will remain irresistible. The decision to create WISDOM grew out of the knowledge that not in 25 years had an entirely new major adult magazine been published. During this period there have been many magazines, but no publisher had the courage to create a completely original publication devoted to adult education from the standpoint of both text and illustrative material, a magazine of true dignity and beauty essential to intelligent reading. WISDOM was a bold and valuable educational experiment. It was inevitable that people who truly understood education would be drawn to its distinctive character.

WISDOM refuses to underestimate the intelligence of the American public. It is an expression of the cultural life and aspirations of the American community; it is a fruitful guardian of the intellectual life of the Nation. The articles are adaptable to the needs and interests of men and women everywhere and shed light on their problems; yet they deal with timeless rather than purely temporary aspects of the modern scene.

In WISDOM MAGAZINE you learn to read with a purpose—and you read the best. That is to say, you read that from which you can carry away something that enlarges the range of your knowledge, sets your mind working, and quickens your powers of thinking and feeling—something far more important than mere transient amusement. With WISDOM MAGAZINE before your eyes, knowledge is increased. Thought is set in motion. The worth of a book or magazine is measured by what you can carry away from it. And that depends also on the spirit in which you read. Apply your intellect to WISDOM, read it with enthusiasm and pleasure, and you will extract more benefit from it.

It is not the quantity of reading that counts, but the quality and the intensity of thought that are evoked. WISDOM MAGAZINE teaches you how to economize time in reading as in everything else. The adage that Time is Money falls far short of the truth where WISDOM MAGAZINE is concerned. Time is worth more than money because by its wise employment more wisdom can be secured than money can purchase. What is needed today is fewer worthless books, magazines, and newspapers, and less reading that deadens the mind—but more thinking. Reading is easy, and thinking is hard work, but the one is useless without the other.

The reading which counts is the reading which, in making a man think, stirs and exercises and polishes the edge of his mind. The end of reading is not to possess knowledge as a man possesses dollars in his wallet, but to make knowledge a part of ourselves, that is, to turn knowledge into thought, as the food we eat is turned into the life-giving and nerve-nourishing blood. It is to have a mind so stored and equipped that it shall be to each man his kingdom, of which no one can deprive him.

WISDOM MAGAZINE leads to knowledge of our contemporary civilization. It strives to inspire, to instruct, to stimulate, to create, to train and mold the human mind. It brings together in one magazine the sum total of human wisdom, told clearly, stirringly, eloquently, and so expressed as to meet the needs of both the present and the future generations. It is a repository of all learning. It is a priceless treasury of the great ideas. It has the power to contribute richly to the mental life. WISDOM has committed itself unreservedly to the advancement of American education in a manner never before attempted because it has an unfaltering faith in education as the greatest of all known means for human betterment and social progress.

Devote some of your spare time regularly to WISDOM MAGAZINE. Turn to it for change and refreshment of spirit. You will find that it will be a constant spring of pleasure, a delightful occupation in solitude, a distraction from worries, even a consolation in misfortune. You will rise to true nobility as you catch the spark of pure intellectual love, that love of knowledge for its own sake, which lifts us out of self into fellowship with those inspired men and women in all ages, whose lives have been, and will be, the eternal life of wisdom.

Leon Gutterman

ROBERT FROST

ON JANUARY 20, 1961, Robert Frost recited his poem, *The Gift Outright*, at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. This occasion marked the first time in the history of our country that a poet has been so honored; it also marked a high point in Frost's long and distinguished career.

No literary figure alive today is more closely identified than Robert Frost with all that is fine and strong in our heritage. Whether he is describing a Vermont snowstorm or the beauty of a single flower, he conveys a fresh and biting power, an intensity of feeling, an unpretentious wisdom—and a remarkable ability to make what is personal to him personal to all.

Frost's rewards have been many. A four-time Pulitzer Prize winner, he has been commended by literary societies, colleges, and universities. The United States Senate adopted an unprecedented resolution of greeting on his seventy-fifth birthday, and, in 1958, he was appointed Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress. In March, 1962, on his eighty-eighth birthday, he became the distinguished recipient of the coveted Wisdom Magazine Award of Honor, in recognition not only of his poetic talents and significant contributions to knowledge and education, but of his boundless interest in the world of men and ideas.

At the age of eighty-seven, Frost still declined to call himself a poet, insisting, "It's for the world to say whether you're a poet or not." The world has said that he is, and *In The Clearing*, his first collection of new poems in fifteen years (published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston), proves once again that they are right.

The most distinctive of modern New England poets, Robert Lee Frost was born in San Francisco, California, March 26, 1874. He came from a long line of New Englanders. His father, William Prescott Frost, was

Portrait by Karsh

descended from a line of Maine and New Hampshire farmers, where his roots went down in New England soil for eight generations. William Frost, a congenital nonconformist, was graduated from Harvard College with honors in the class of 1872, and then headed west. He taught school for a time in Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and met and married another teacher, Isabelle Moodie, an orphan immigrant from Scotland, who had been brought up and educated by an uncle in Columbus, Ohio. They moved to San Francisco to seek their fortune.

William Frost became a newspaper editor and entered politics. A staunch Democrat, he named his son for the great Southern general, Robert E. Lee. Isabelle Frost wrote verse and book reviews for her husband's paper, and taught Latin and Greek and arithmetic to her son.

In 1885, when Robert was eleven years old, his father, while still in his early thirties, died of tuberculosis. William Frost left no insurance, only the request that he be taken back to his native New England for burial. Mrs. Frost took Robert and his younger sister, Jeanie, across the continent to Lawrence, Massachusetts. With them went the body of her husband. The widow and her children settled in Lawrence, where Mrs. Frost earned a precarious living for a few years, teaching in the grammar school which her children attended.

Young Robert inherited his father's nonconformist tendencies. Disliking study, Robert loafed through grade school, preferring to be outdoors. He resisted education. But at Lawrence High School he suddenly developed an intense pleasure in learning. New worlds opened to him. Among the poets he loved best as a youth were Poe and Shakespeare. He was co-valedictorian and class poet of his senior class, an honor he shared with a lovely girl, Elinor Miriam White.

In 1892, Frost enrolled as a freshman at Dartmouth College, but left three months later, insisting that the routine of college life and some of the required courses were distasteful to him. During the next few years, without any ambition, he worked at odd jobs to earn a living. He tried working at many trades—newspaper vendor, newspaper reporter, factory mill hand, school teaching. He read extensively. He tried to get Elinor White to marry him, but she wanted to finish college.

Meanwhile, his fondness for writing poetry occupied his leisure hours. His poem, *A Lone Striker*, grew out of recollections of this period. He was already groping towards his vocation but his verse was so unlike contemporary poetic diction that editors almost unanimously rejected it. In 1894, when he was twenty, a literary magazine published his poem, *My Butterfly*, and paid him fifteen dollars. It gave promise of his future greatness. For twenty years he continued to write and to send his poems regularly to the then four leading American magazines—*Scribners, Century, Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*—which as regularly declined them.

In 1895, Robert Frost tried matrimony and married Elinor White, his high school sweetheart, who was his chief inspiration until her death in 1938. There were six children, only two of whom were living when she died. He tried to settle down to the routine of school teaching. His marriage was one great steadying influence in his life. The other was his poems, which he wrote continuously, though without making any headway. For more than two years he helped his mother manage a small private school in Lawrence. He lived a meager, hand-to-mouth existence, often ragged, often hungry.

In 1897 his wife prevailed on Robert to try college again, and he went this time to Harvard College, hoping to prepare himself for college teaching. He studied hard, and distinguished himself in the classes. But he disliked the academic attitude, grew restless, and quit after two years. By now he had two children. He tried supporting his family in Lawrence by jobs which included shoemaking, newspaper editing, school teaching and farming. None of the jobs was remunerative; editors continued unresponsive to his poetry.

In 1900 his paternal grandfather, a manufacturer in the mill city of Lawrence, who had helped the family out before, bought Robert a small farm in Derry, New Hampshire. Long years of hard work began. The Frosts were unbearably poor. Within months their first child died. Other children were born, and some of them did not survive. (Frost and his wife educated four children at home until they were of college age.) He reaped a fine harvest of themes for future poems but little else. He was a highly unsuccessful farmer, neglecting his cows and crops for literature. Nothing went well for him. He seemed to have a gift for failure. He turned more and more to his writing of poetry. After six years of trying to make a living from the land, he turned again to school teaching to supplement his income, this time at Pinkerton Academy in Derry, where he taught English. He taught psychology for one year at the New Hampshire State Normal School in Plymouth, from 1911 to 1912. A few of his poems appeared in magazines, but nobody noticed them. "I was shy," he recalls. "I ran away from a couple of colleges... I ran away from the city and teaching... I couldn't keep on writing while rejection slips came in. Every one of those slips was hateful to me. But I knew—in *here*. I was sure."

Tired of both teaching and farming, Frost decided in 1912 to bet his life on poetry, and took the desperate step of selling his farm and its equipment for six hundred dollars. With a few more dollars he had somehow saved, he took his wife and four children to England, rented

a house, and settled down to write. He also began farming again to earn a living. But he had decided to stake all on his chances as a poet. For the first time Frost lived in a literary atmosphere. The "New Poetry" movement was beginning, his friends and neighbors were poets, and he came to know a number of the younger writers; they introduced him to editors. His first book of lyrics, *A Boy's Will* (1913), was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. His book of dramatic dialogues, *North of Boston* (1914), attracted a great deal of attention. The two volumes of verse were enormously successful and became a London sensation in literary circles, but he never received a cent for them. These books foreshadowed much of Frost's later work. They made clear his effort to put into poetry that which, as he said, "is common experience but uncommon in writing." The books were republished in the United States, and became popular. His reputation was established.

World War I had begun, and Frost decided it was time to go home. He had now turned forty. He arrived in New York without funds, to find himself famous as an important American poet, and his poetry widely read. He found himself referred to as a poet for the first time. Extremely shy, painfully sensitive, he found success a little embarrassing. But his future as a poet, teacher, and farmer was secure. He bought a small farm in Franconia, New Hampshire, and settled for a while. Buying farms continued to be his favorite weakness. This farm was followed by others in South Shaftsbury, Concord Corners, and Ripton, Vermont.

Colleges and universities began clamoring for him; awards and honors were showered upon him. However, he could not long refuse invitations to give public lectures and readings. A spontaneous and brilliant talker, he enchanted audiences by "saying" the poems. Within a year he had publicly performed in various parts of the United States, lectured at Tufts, Amherst, and Harvard. From 1916 to 1920 he taught at Amherst College, giving informal seminar courses for students interested in writing prose or poetry.

Being a poet and reader of his own poems became his whole life. He became one of the first American poets to make arrangements with various institutions to live on campus as a poet-in-residence. He spent intermittent years in residence as Professor of English and Poetry at Amherst, Dartmouth, Yale, Middlebury, at the University of Michigan and at Harvard College, thus beginning his long series of associations with American colleges and universities. His major relationship has been with Amherst College in Massachusetts.

Throughout these teaching years he has maintained freedom for his chief vocation, and new volumes have appeared regularly, among them *Mountain Interval* (1916), *New Hampshire* (1923), *West-Running Brook* (1928), *Collected Poems* (1930, 1936, 1939), *A Further Range* (1930), *A Witness Tree* (1942), *A Masque of Reason* (1945), *Steeple Bush* (1947), *A Masque of Mercy* (1947), *Complete Poems* (1949), and *In The Clearing* (1962). His poems are published in twenty-two languages; in their American editions alone they have sold over a million copies, an unprecedented mark for poetry to come to. The poems have already found broad, lasting audiences as well as entry into many textbooks and anthologies.

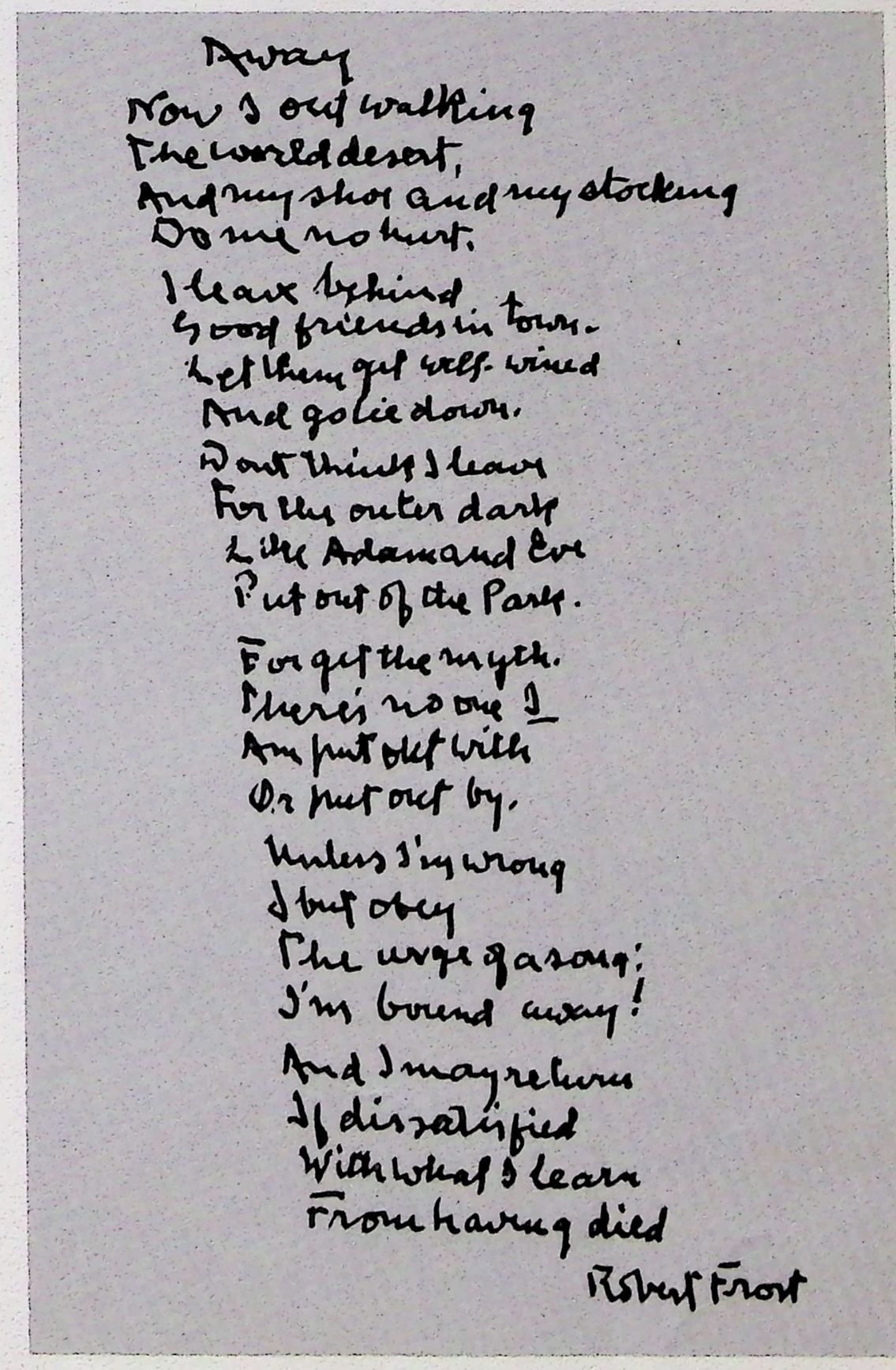
Without any public recognition until his fortieth year, Frost thereafter received more honors than any other contemporary literary figure in America. He was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and to membership in the American Academy. Four times he has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry (1924, 1931, 1937, 1943). In 1953 he was awarded the $5,000 Fellowship of the American Academy of Poets. In 1958 he received from the Poetry Society of America its Gold Medal for Distinguished Service. On the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, and again on his eighty-fifth, the United States Senate adopted a formal resolution extending felicitations to him.

The man who had never been graduated from college has been given honorary degrees by more than forty colleges and universities including Oxford and Cambridge. In 1955 the state of Vermont named a mountain after him. He is in constant demand everywhere as a speaker. He has been Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress and currently is honorary consultant in the Humanities to that institution. When he came to Washington, D.C. in 1958 as the new consultant on poetry in English to the Library of Congress, the newsmen, who, like many others, see him as something quarried from the bedrock of American tradition, besieged Frost as though he were a high office-holder. The New York Times' correspondent wrote: "Every time Robert Frost comes to town, the Washington Monument stands up a little straighter." Early in 1962 he became the recipient of the Wisdom Magazine Award of Honor for "Significant Contributions to Knowledge and Distinguished Service to Education." Shortly thereafter, a one million dollar grammar school was dedicated to him in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he lived as a boy, and named the Robert Frost Elementary School. On the heels of that dedication came the completion of a feature-length documentary movie based on the life of Robert Frost.

Frost lives in a modest brick house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and spends his summers on his farm in Ripton, Vermont. He bought a rural acre outside Coral Gables, Florida, and built a typical New England bungalow on that farm, where he spends the severe winter months. His feeling for the soil remains a passion with him.

Poet, philosopher, farmer, teacher, humorist, classicist, thinker, neighbor to all mankind, Robert Frost is one of the towering figures of our time — a notable figure, and a vigorous, tender, dedicated poet. Physically, Frost is a big man. He is tall and well built, white haired, with a large, well shaped head, rather handsome. The arms are strong from farming, the big fingered hands tough and capable. His piercing blue eyes look out from under craggy white eyebrows, knowing, searching, sad, and amused. His carriage is somewhat slouching, his expression has something of a patriarchal benignity, but with a touch of whimsy in the eyes and round the corners of his mouth. He is a gracious, alert, somewhat shy man, whose sculptured head is made gentle by the soft-

GREAT AMERICAN POET



Away
Now I am walking
The world desert,
And my shoe and my stocking
Do me no hurt.

I leave behind
Good friends in town.
Let them get well-wined
And go lie down.

Don't think I leave
For the outer dark
Like Adam and Eve
Put out of the Park.

Forget the myth.
There is no one I
Am put out with
Or put out by.

Unless I'm wrong
I but obey
The urge of a song;
I'm bound away!

And I may return
If dissatisfied
With what I learn
From having died

Robert Frost

ness of his deepset eyes. He is a quiet soft voiced man, with a humorous charm, who is intensely aware of time. Author Hamlin Garland once said of Frost, "He looks like a rough hewn Emerson, New England rustic, a farmer whose mind goes out over the world. He lives entirely apart from the city, manifesting a calm contempt for New York judgments and New York allurements. I know of no other writer with the same unhurried look. His noble simplicity of character is precisely what his books indicate."

Frost is both a great talker and a great teacher; in him the two roles are inseparable. He is an exemplary, honest, witty, imaginative teacher. Audiences think of him as a spontaneous, uninhibited, unflagging, and brilliant public speaker of exceptional talent. He talks everywhere in America — in colleges, universities, schools, crowded halls, and assemblies. He has faced every kind of audience, from the faculty at Oxford University to a roomful of Washington correspondents. He also talks all the time and anywhere he can find a listener. He means to make people think. He talks without colloquialisms or pretensions, in a slow, engaging, and impersonal manner. He carries his own atmosphere with him — an atmosphere of quiet contemplation and gentleness. He enchants audiences by "saying" the poems which have found their way into countless anthologies and textbooks. He "says" his pieces without using his glasses. His hearing is less than what it once was; but his sight seems perfect. He still prefers not to "read" poetry but rather to "say it" as he does at public lectures and readings. His voice is perfect for a microphone and so is his manner. He conceives his lectures as a poetic form and develops his ideas spontaneously. As his words roll out, his audience sits rapt, but he is never too serious. He keeps them in laughter as well as in admiration. His humor is the kind that is native to New England.

A widower, he lives simply in his house, cooks his own meals, and does his own housekeeping. He wears rumpled suits and blue canvas shoes. Walking is his favorite recreation. He likes to trudge the back country roads and stop to sit still on a log. He carries just four things in his pockets: a comb, a wallet, his glasses, and an inexpensive fountain pen. He does not force himself to write, preferring to wait until he can write at his best. He has never owned a desk. He writes on a home-made lap board across the flat arms of an old chair.

Robert Frost is an individualist, in passionate revolt against the machine and against the mass. The search for life's meaning is his occupation. The substance of his work is very largely New England, but he is actually typical of nothing but himself. His individuality as a human being and as a poet is indestructible. He is the kind of man who likes to talk deep into the night, and will say that he is half farmer, half teacher, half poet. No poet who ever lived is more intensely American than he. Yet no American poet, not even Walt Whitman, has been more admired abroad, or has had more influence on modern poets both in Europe and in America. He chants his thoughts of pain and joy in so new and vigorous and beautiful a way that poets are scarcely yet done imitating him. America loves him for his lusty energy, and cherishes his great poems as among the most precious treasures of American literature.

Robert Frost occupies a unique position in modern poetry. His entire work is deeply rooted in America, and yet thoroughly original. In an age which generally ignores poetry, his work is widely known and loved. He speaks to every reader intimately and unaffectedly. He has deliberately chosen to address himself to the average man, and has managed to win a wide popular audience while earning the most universal acclaim of critics and scholars.

"Whether in dialogue or lyric," wrote Mark Van Doren, "his poems are people talking... the man who talks under the name of Robert Frost knows how to say a great deal in a short space, just as the many men and women whom he has listened to in New England and elsewhere have known how to express in the few words they have used more truth than volumes of ordinary rhetoric can express."

Frost chooses incidents and situations from common life and then presents them in a language actually used by the common man. He is best known to the public as the poet of New England. But Frost's world is not New England itself, but a portrayal of it. He does not claim to describe the whole of New England. His subject is the region north of Boston, and within that region, only the rural areas and farm villages. Frost's New England is not the Massachusetts of Thoreau or Whittier but New Hampshire and Vermont. His poetry reveals an unshakable independence and an intimate knowledge of life ignored by the city dweller and a delight in the natural scene. His poetry retains a strong hold on the mind and heart because its language is not literary.

Frost's poems are written with a combination of seriousness and humor, of directness and reticence, and they deal realistically with the New England scenes and people — no matter how wide ranging the thought and feelings of his poems may be. His poems portray everyday country life in rural New England — scenes, characters, attitudes, images, and speech-ways. His work as a whole partakes of the dignity and serene beauty of the hills, among which much of his life has been passed. In a subdued voice he communes with earth, grass, sky, woods, trees, flowers, birds, horses, insects, roads, the wood pile, the farm, the barn, and rural folk. He also writes about storms and stars, apple-picking, hay-making, an old man alone in his farm house on a winter night, happy wooings and matings, a man riding home across the countryside in a horse-drawn sleigh, the wall of piled field stones, the white clapboard church, the noise of trees, the whirl of snow, blueberries in rain-wet leaves, birds and butterflies, the mystery of evening sky, a run-away colt, a nestful of fledglings, mown grass, a lonely walk in the snow at nightfall, the skies' empty spaces, night and rain, friendly encounters and generous neighborliness, and the bleaker aspects of farm life. These he first etches and then raises to universal symbols of meaning.

Frost's poetry shows us that his rural New England is a world of symbols. He explores the other world of experience through this world. His poetry shows his ability to deal with genial, informal subjects, and to concentrate emotional impact into a few clean-stripped lines, giving the poems a warm lyric quality. His language is always lyrical, conversational, and dramatic. It is lyrical because life, though not lacking in tragedy, is sustained by hope; it is conversational because life confides to life in conversation, and Frost has insisted that one must get the "speaking tone of voice somehow entangled in words"; and it is dramatic because "the height of poetry is in dramatic give and take," and even in the lyric the conflict is present, residing in the poet.

In both emotion and language, Frost is restrained, and conveys his messages by implication. Although his blank verse is colloquial, it is never loose, for it possesses the surcharged economy indigenous to the New Englander. He draws upon our feeling that the rural world is representative of human life in general. The rural world, however, is not the only area in which Frost finds his most interesting subjects. It provides the framework. Frost has little concern for institutional life, or for reform, or even for wild nature; instead, his poetry is close to daily living, to the comedies and tragedies and the philosophy of hard-handed folk. His lines are said rather than sung. They have wisdom, too. He is a poet of humble facts, a straightforward realist who writes about the scenes and experiences he himself has encountered. His is a poetry of personal experience, but it is also a poetry of understatement, suggestive of more than it says.

Frost likes to entertain an idea. He will take a young colt or a mountain, and make it a symbol of something deeper than itself. This poetry tells of simple things, but behind it is a deep feeling for life's fundamentals, such as love, loyalty, awareness of nature and of God. And he writes of these matters in plain words. He catches within the lines of his poems the rhythms, cadences, and tones of human speech.

Whatever his subject, little or large, his tone is right, for the tone of his poetry is deliberately and deceptively varied and light. Frost has remarked that there are two fundamental rhythms in a poem, the absolute accents of the adopted pattern, and the variable accents of the speaker. He has never confused the language of nobility with the nobility of language — the simple language made noble by its sensitivity to human values.

The language of Frost's poems sounds like conversation, but his works are not so simple as they sound. Beneath the casual tone there is a humor and a searching philosophy. His poetry may seem regional, but it is full of universal meaning. He is one of the few American poets who combine playfulness with deep thought, humor with seriousness. His use of colloquial idiom illustrates his style — the humble, everyday phrase that serves as a medium for expressing the most serious ideas, just as his rural scene represents the world as a whole. It is colloquial language adapted to poetry that distinguishes his style.

Frost consistently writes in the manner of the spoken rather than the written word. His colloquial side combines observed fact with gently soaring fantasy. Gifted, moreover, with a remarkably resonant voice, he is well equipped to compose poetry made to be heard, for in his poems

one hears the speaking voice, as they catch the inflections of Yankee speech. He uses plain speech and familiar forms with a fresh pungency, and has made the spoken word and the talk-rhythms the mechanics of a new philosophy of the common mind at work on the common matter of living. He writes for the sophisticated as well as for the many who enjoy the conversational tone of his voice. His work has a disarming simplicity. The sentences are always clear, and the dry humor is one of the charms of his verse. Wit is a powerful element of his poetry. It is his mixture of wit and feeling that gives so fresh a turn to his thoughts.

Thus, sincerity, plain speech and an interesting life combine to make Frost a poet that lifts him head and shoulders above his fellows. He stands apart from his contemporaries, superior to most of them in sensibilities and technique. His poems are distinguished from those of his contemporaries by their simplicities, however deceptive, as well as by a livelier wit, a greater gusto. His verse is the product of a cultivated mind accustomed to the amenities of a less distracted civilization than ours. At times his poems venture into the humorous, relaxed realm of social satire, particularly aimed at the American glorification of big business, commercialism, and materialism. Having emphasized the importance of the dramatic element in literature, both in his public talks and in his prefaces, Frost's reputation as a dramatic poet rests on his dramatic lyrics, monologues, and dialogues, presented within a narrative framework. Frost has said that a poem has two elements, the image and the after-image, the dramatic experience and the truth that comes afterward. Thus a runaway colt is a symbol of all young life frightened by the world's newness.

Frost is a poet of ideas, one who likes to express ideas openly in verse. He treats ideas in the medium of conversation, and writes in terms of a particular poetic vision. He relates his observations to some insight into humanity and so nearly all of his poems have rare intensities and luminosities. He is remarkable for his sense of detail, and his poems throb with physical energy and open the gates to the imagination. The poems blend wit and somberness in a fresh and intimate fashion. Every word is packed with meanings that are illuminated by the work as a whole. His poetry is most eloquent where it is most lyrical, for he is gifted in his ability to make even the least lyric poem dramatic.

Frost has the craftsman's concern for phrasing, and for the particular qualities of words. The texture of his verse is strong and fine, his images fastidious, his cadences well-managed. His lyrics are as remarkable for their imagery as for their harmonies, for he has succeeded in giving a universal and permanent significance to the provincial material he uses. Even in his philosophic poems, his manner is always conversational, and he maintains his intensity while keeping his language natural. Technically impeccable, his poems renew their power with every reading, for his poetry has achieved its own independence and vigor.

Frost's poetry engages the eye, the ear, the mind, and, more often, the heart as well. He makes us realize that the eye apprehends what is beyond the grasp of every other sense, so the mind has the power to imagine what the eye has never seen. What makes his poetry unique, also, is the sympathy it shows for creatures less than human. The sense of being at home with nature is paramount in his work, for nature has immortal things to say. He has composed images that in a single line give the character of a living landscape or suggest the intercourse between man and nature. He cherishes the humble beauties of nature by recording them with great delight and precision.

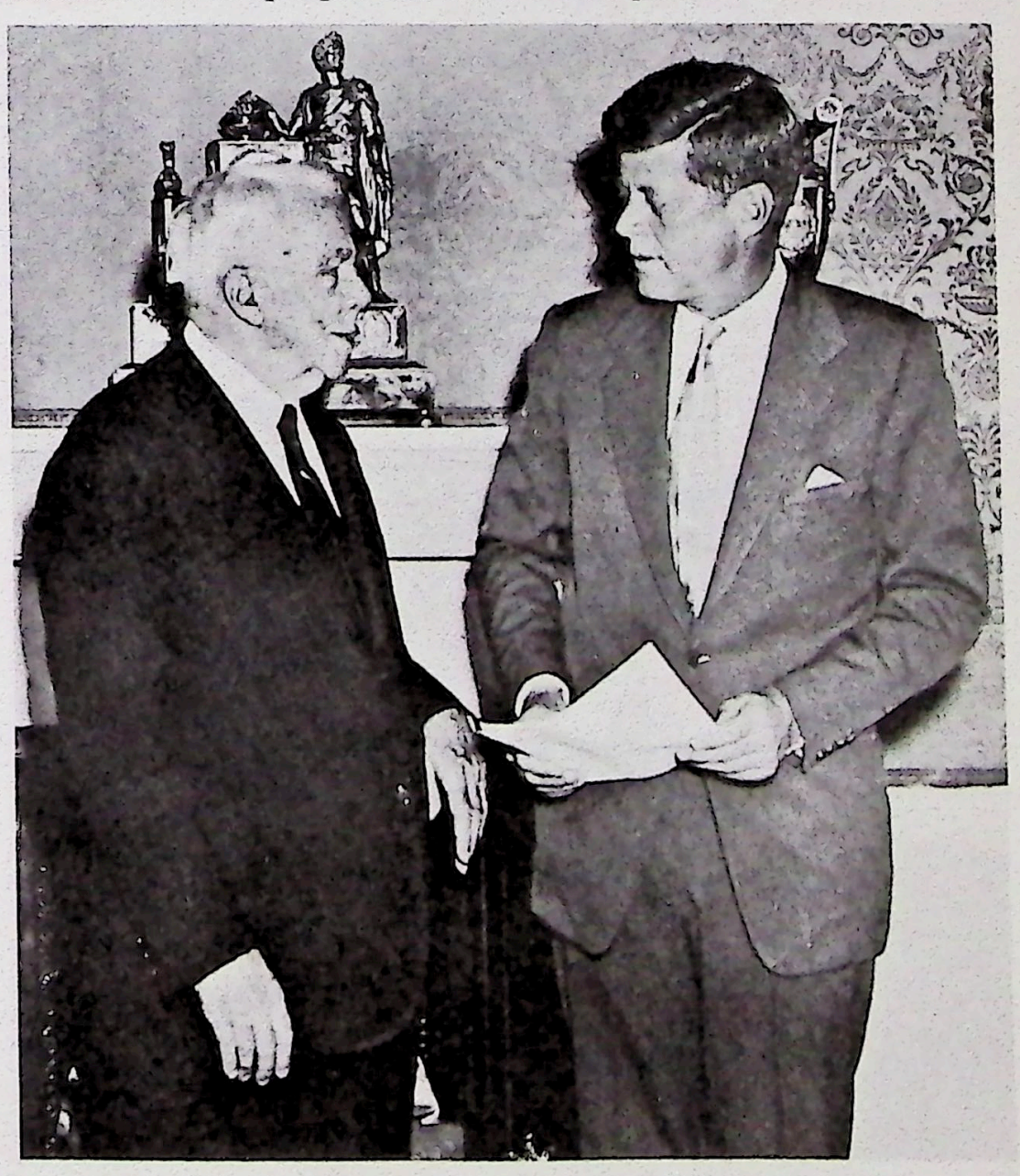
The poems are all as clear as spring water, on a deeper level, searching, turbulent. Despite the flashes of moral lightning implicit in them, Frost, himself, can be playful, sullenly innocent, even sheepish. Refusing to take himself too seriously, he is a little impatient with over-scrupulous attention to hidden meanings in his poetry. His new collections of poems are a masterful work, demonstrating in every line the sharpness and subtlety of Frost's genius — what a literary critic described as "the barbed image, the penetrating wisdom, the inconspicuous grace that half conceals its own elegance and the lancinating wit."

More than any other quality in Frost, his individualism stands out. His impulse to philosophize is very strong, and deeper levels of meaning are available in his poems. He possesses a singularly acute eye, a warmly human vocabulary, and an intelligence that allows him to use these tools to advantage. His is not a whimsical mind at play, but a searching mind in meditation. He is an uncompromising realist, a realist on his own terms. His poems represent a tragicomic blend of human failures and triumphs. Life as he accepts it and dramatizes it is often tragic, though not without a gallant hope. Many major themes developed by Frost in his poems involve man's sense of isolation and communion, of fear and courage, of ignorance and knowledge. He attempts to justify the ways of God to men, and he attempts to see life clearly from all sides. Frost is an explorer of unknown realms of consciousness. He is a seer, a maker, an inventor, an alchemist of the word. He is no thin-blooded dreamer. With deep tenderness and serenity he reaches out to the universe. At times, he editorializes or even preaches, poetically, against the sin of indulging too much concern for the mysteries of life.

Although steeped in New England scenery, proverbs, and human nature, Frost is world-wide in his belief in the poetry of the average, good human instincts and of enduring commonplaces of living. He is the poet of democracy, and has brought into poetry vast areas of underprivileged and neglected subjects. He has a mind as sensitive as Milton's in showing the exquisite balances and inter-relationships of nature and human nature. Acquainted with vast griefs, and the deaths of his wife and four children, Frost has yet believed in life. He has made living modestly and carefully, by heart rather than head, very popular, in a day when machinery and propaganda weigh down the world. He can hit and sting hard, as well as be gentle. He believes in common man and common sense. Knowing that truth can only be tested in oneself, Frost is a defender of individualism, a warrior against the encroachments of collectivistic thinking. In him lie the insurgency of Thoreau and the rebellion of Emerson. But he is a rebel, as was Emerson, in order to discover reality. Some things he must leave to God, but other things he must discover for himself, and he has not trusted the mass mind, or the minds of others, to discover them.

Frost does not turn his back on the world of today. His poetry reflects modern life, Twentieth Century experience — with a freshness of manner and thought — exploring major issues of our modern civilization. He is concerned with the life of the mind and the offerings that the senses make. His poems approach the inner and the outer world with an awareness at once penetrating and delicate, and they repeatedly remind us that the central fact in nature for himself and his kind is human nature. He believes that human development must be in the direction of a wisdom and integrity that values the emotions no less than the intellect. And he often likes to repeat a phrase attributed to Aristotle: "Think like a wise man but express yourself like the common people."

Robert Frost's work has become increasingly richer in tenderness with the years. His widely admired poetry "begins in delight, and ends in wisdom." Yet his love of life embraces all humanity. He has fittingly inscribed his own epitaph: "He had a lover's quarrel with the world." ♦



Poetry is a renewal of language, the dawning in you of ideas in their freshness – the freshness of having caught a feeling just as it comes over you – like mischief.

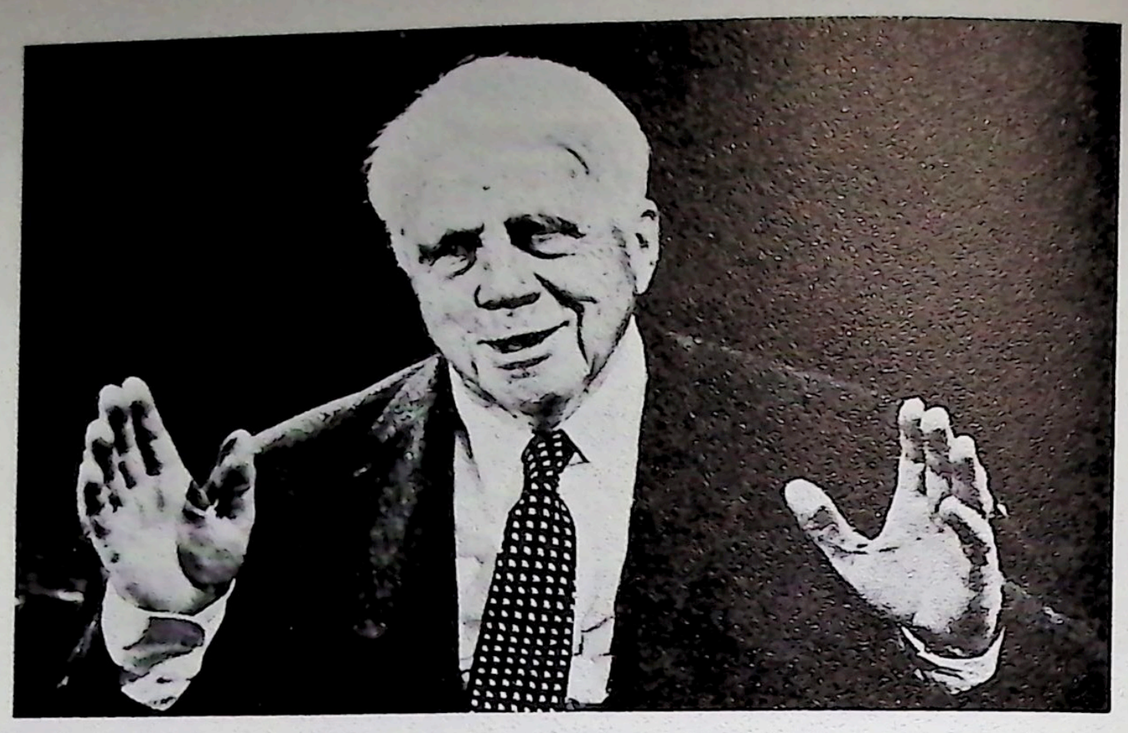
Poetry is both prose and verse. Cicero was called a Roman *poet*.

Some violence is always done to the wisdom you build a philosophy out of. Give us pieces of wisdom like pieces of eight in a buckskin bag.

Most teaching is mere correcting mistakes just as most loving is mere folly.

All I demand money at all for is to compel respect for poetry in general.

Ages may vary a little, one may be a little worse than another. But it is not possible to get outside the age you are in to judge exactly.



from the Wisdom of ROBERT FROST

I'm still fearfully afraid of committing anything to print. A book on publication day is what Sherman said war was.

Among my favorite books are Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* and Thoreau's *Walden*. *Robinson Crusoe* is never quite out of my mind. I never tire of being shown how the limited can make snug in the limitless. *Walden* has something of the same fascination. Crusoe was cast away; Thoreau was self-cast away. Both found themselves sufficient. No prose writer has ever been more fortunate in subject than these two.

I will not teach unless I have something to say.

We people are thrust forward out of the suggestions of form in the rolling clouds of nature. In us nature reaches its height of form and through us exceeds itself. When in doubt there is always form for us to go on with. Anyone who has achieved the least form to be sure of it, is lost to the larger excruciations. I think it must stroke faith in the right way. The artist, the poet, might be expected to be the more aware of such assurance. But it is really everybody's sanity to feel it and live by it – the background is hugeness and confusion shading away from where we stand into black and utter chaos; and against the background any small man-made figure of order and concentration. What pleasanter than that this should be so. To me, any little form I assert on it is velvet, as the saying is, and to be considered for how much more it is than nothing. If I were a Platonist I should have to consider it, I suppose, for how much less it is than everything.

Triumph in poetry, as in other things, comes from facing up to darkness. I don't care whether the world is good or bad, not on any particular day. Fight and fraud are the basis of everything.

My life was a risk I had to take – and took.

Education is the ability to listen to almost anything without losing your temper or your self-confidence.

All rapid reading amounts to is looking a book over to see whether you want to read it.

Piling up knowledge is as bad as piling up money indefinitely. You have to begin sometime to kick around what you know.

Sometimes I struggle to say something, but I'm always struggling to say it better.

Women have always run my life.

I'm always tolerant of new things. There are many things that just go by if you let them – a lot of nonsense. They've got to have more validity than newness.

What is poetry if it isn't memorability? All thought is a feat of association, of digging out a happy association of something you thought you forgot. A poem can't be worried with existence. If it's to give people pleasure, it has to give me pleasure in writing. Yeats said it was spitting blood and chewing pencils. That ain't my way. I wouldn't have written if that was my way. You don't need to have tumult in your life.

I got along without grammar school education, but I always loved to be a teacher.

A poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom.

Originality and initiative is what I ask for my country.

Everybody comes to Washington to be declared equal with someone else. I want poets to be declared equal, I guess, to – what shall I say, scientists? No. Big business men. I want poets declared equal to big business men.

Most of the change we think we see in life is due to truths being in and out of favor.

I'm a book person. I'm nurtured in books.

A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words.

The Founding Fathers didn't believe in the future. They believed it *in*. What was the evidence I could write a poem? I just believed it. The most creative thing in us is to believe a thing in, in love, in all else. You believe yourself into existence. I believe the future of the world *in*. It's coming in by my believing it. You might as well call that a belief in God.

There are too many gangs, cliques or coteries in poetry. Maybe that's one of the ways they have to manage it. But I'm a lone wolf.

I am a Madisonian Washingtonian Jeffersonian Democrat.

I don't like to talk about myself. I'd rather hold myself off from myself, in rhyme and meter. That's as near as I want to come to talking about myself.

Never give a child a choice. Don't give him a choice of believing in God or not. He can start having choices when he goes to college.

There's been a lot of talk about going to the moon. The moon is for lovers. It oughtn't to be spoiled by a lot of tourists.

If we all went up in an atomic explosion, when we came out the other side and brushed ourselves off, somebody would say, "Wasn't that something?"

Always fall in with what you're asked to accept. Take what is given, and make it over your way. My aim in life has always been to hold my own with whatever's going. Not against: with.

The limit of my ambition is to lodge a few poems where they'll be hard to get rid of, like pebbles.

Men had better decide what is worth failing with as well as what is worth succeeding in. You've got to consider both.

How could we keep from destroying each other? We were sent here to destroy each other in honest competition.

Going home from company means coming to our senses.

Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in.

To be social is to be forgiving.

We love the things we love for what they are.

Never get married unless you can help it. If you're not carried away, why go?

Earth's the right place for love: I don't know where it's likely to go better.

The worst thing not only about the United States but the world is lack of faith in disinterestedness. We try to see a personal or an ulterior motive in everything. The highest faith there is, is faith in disinterestedness.

I like young people. I'm very thick with them. But I think we plan too much, too thoroughly for the young. Young people have insight. They have a flash here and a flash there. It's like the stars coming out in the early evening. They have flashes of light. They have that sort of thing which belongs to youth. It is later in the dark of life that you see forms, constellations.

Life is an after-thought: how wonderful shall be the world? That is the after-thought of life...

I hated liquor. If I ever got drunk in my whole life it was to make somebody sorry for something he had done to me.

I had a large indifference to my teachers. I guess I wanted to be a teacher myself and be on top – not underneath the system. Instinctively, I suppose.

Sometimes, I steal a couplet out of something that I throw away.

Thought has a pair of dauntless wings.

Somebody talks about rededication and dedication, and nobody really dedicates himself till long afterward. He doesn't dedicate himself, he gets dedicated. He finds himself deep in something and long before he's aware of committing himself. And he's never aware of his taking his life in his hands to go forward to do something or do or die, you know, unless it's to battle or something. I didn't think anything like that. I just had it coming on me. I can't tell how it came, this wish to have something: write things and get them printed.

Talking is a hydrant in the yard and writing is a faucet upstairs in the house. Opening the first takes all the pressure off the second.

I am a great equalitarian: I try to spend most of my time with my equals.

Usually there's too much scenery in movies and not enough of the intellectual.

It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has taken an immortal wound – that he will never get over it.

I've been a teacher all my life, just the same as I'm a Democrat, but I've been a dissatisfied teacher. I can't leave it alone. I'm that way about education.

The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.

We cannot tell some people what it is we believe, partly because they are too stupid to understand, partly because we are too proudly vague to explain.

from the Wisdom of ROBERT FROST

I have never earned a cent except by and through verse. For my first twenty years of it I earned a total of two hundred dollars.

I hate most the fellow who makes common stories of the plight of man.

Thought advances like spilled water along dry ground. Stopping, gathering, breaking out and running again.

The feeling of time and space is perennially strange to me.

I knew not one soul in England. But I felt impelled to lose myself among strangers, to write poetry without further scandal to friends or family.

I know where the poetry must come from if it comes.

The chair I could write in had to have just the right arms to support a shelf stolen from the closet and not to interfere with my elbows.

I have never written poetry every day.

I think I have made poetry. The language is appropriate to the virtues I celebrate.

I am not undesigning.

The living part of a poem is the intonation entangled somehow in the syntax idiom and meaning of a sentence. It is only there for those who have heard it previously in conversation. It is not for us in any Greek or Latin poem because our ears have not been filled with the tones of Greek and Roman talk. It is the most volatile and at the same time important part of poetry. It goes and the language becomes a dead language, the poetry dead poetry. With it go the accents, the stresses, the delays that are not the property of vowels and syllables, but that are shifted at will with the sense. Vowels have length, there is no denying. But the accent of sense supersedes all other accent overrides and sweeps it away.

Our poetry must sometime be as dead as our language must.

I say you can't read a single good sentence with the salt in it unless you have previously heard it spoken. Words exist in the mouth not in books. You can't fix them and you don't want to fix them. You want them to adapt their sounds to persons and places and times. You want them to change and be different. I shall be sorry when everybody is so public-schooled that nobody will dare to say Haow for What.

How many times it thundered before Franklin took the hint! How many apples fell on Newton's head before he took the hint! Nature is always hinting at us. It hints over and over again. And suddenly we take the hint.

Anyone with an active mind lives on tentatives rather than tenets. Every general who goes into battle wishes he had more information before he goes in. But each crisis you go into is on insufficient information.

In making a poem you have no right to think of anything but the subject matter; after making it no right to boast of anything but the form.

A poem must at least be as good as the prose it might have been. The sentences must go into it as unchanged in size and shape as the words. You are rhyming phrases and sentences, not just words.

It's knowing what to do with things that counts.

I don't call myself a poet yet. It's for the world to say whether you're a poet or not. I'm one-half teacher, one-half poet and one-half farmer; that's three halves.

There's absolutely no reason for being rushed along with the rush. Everybody should be free to go very slow. What you want, what you're hanging around in the world waiting for, is for something to occur to you.

I guess one way of putting it would be that you have freedom when you're easy in your harness.

A true sonnet goes eight lines and then takes a turn for better or worse and goes six or eight lines more.

That's the way I write a poem – getting a small piece of it in my hands and pulling it out and not knowing whether it is a man or a woman. I have never started a poem yet whose end I knew. Writing a poem is discovering.

I have sold newspapers on the streets of San Francisco and worked in the mills and on the farms of New England.

My pride is peculiar.

Poetry is like a cry, I've said. But it's like a blush – you can get something you didn't know you had.

The inflexible ambition trains us best.

To love poetry is to study it.

Rather than equal what I have written and be satisfied, I will idle away an age accumulating a greater inspiration.

Even in my failures I find all the promise I require to justify the astonishing magnitude of my ambition.

I read a great deal and like a nearsighted person follow the text closely.

I always entertain great hopes.

I wish I had the Elizabethan knack of expressing gratitude.

Poetry is some sort of make-believe that's got some truth in it – a little bit that's so fascinating you can't get rid of it.

People have got to think. Thinking isn't to agree or disagree. That's voting. Ultimately, this is what you go before God for: you've had bad luck and good luck and all you really want in the end is mercy.

The reason why worry kills more people than work is that more people worry than work.

By working faithfully eight hours a day, you may eventually get to be a boss and work twelve hours a day.

A jury consists of twelve persons chosen to decide who has the better lawyer.

The best way out is through.

The world is full of willing people; some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

Courage is the human virtue that counts most – courage to act on limited knowledge and insufficient evidence. That's all any of us have, so we must have the courage to go ahead and act on a hunch. It's the best we can do.

The people I want to hear about are the people who take risks.

I'll discuss anything. I like to go perhaps-ing around on all subjects.

Education is turning things over in the mind.

What is required is sight and insight – then you might add one more: excite.

You can be a rank insider as well as a rank outsider.

There's doing good – that's sociology. There's also doing well – that's art. It's the doing well that's important. My little granddaughter said, "I think I would like to do good well." I let her have that one.

As for rhyme and meter in poetry, I'd as soon write free verse as play tennis with the net down.

The greatest thing in family life is to take a hint when a hint is intended – and not to take a hint when a hint isn't intended.

Poets like Shakespeare knew more about psychiatry than any twenty-five-dollar-an-hour man.

People keep saying it's not good to learn things by heart, but if you don't have things by heart, what are you going to have to think about when you lie awake and can't sleep at night? Pretty things that are well said – it's nice to have them in your head.

Love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired.

A lot of people are being scared by the Russians into hardening up our education or speeding it up. I am interested in *toning* it up.

There cannot be much to fear in a country where there are so many right faces going by.

Don't be an agnostic. Be *something.*

Every phrase, every poem, every whole speech is a dip for depth. I've been playing only to score, only to win.

Critics seem to find my little poems so sinister. When I say hemlock they think I mean poison and not trees.

I have always been a little religious. Mother was disturbed by the Darwin thing.

A poet's stock rises and drops with the years.

Poetry is words that have become deeds.

I am a pursuitist, not an escapist.

A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a home-sickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching-out toward expression; an effort to find fulfillment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words.

The visual images thrown up by a poem are important, but it is more important still to choose and arrange words in a sequence so as virtually to control the intonations and pauses of the reader's voice. By the arrangement and choice of words on the part of the poet, the effects of humor, pathos, hysteria, anger, and, in fact, all effects, can be indicated and obtained.

A dramatic necessity goes deep into the nature of the sentence. Sentences are not different enough to hold the attention unless they are dramatic. No ingenuity of varying structure will do. All that can save them is the speaking tone of voice somehow entangled in the words and fastened to the page for the ear of the imagination.

I begin a poem by imagining the tone of someone speaking and as the form of a single meter.

Everything written is as good as it is dramatic. It need not declare itself in form, but it is drama or nothing. A least lyric alone may have a hard time, but it can make a beginning, and lyric will be piled on lyric till all are easily heard as sung or spoken by a person in a scene – in character, in a setting. By whom, where and when is the question. By a dreamer of the better world out in a storm in Autumn, by a lover under a window at night.

My idea was – tackle the subject – say it the best you could – make your own troubles and get out of them. Nobody around me had thoughts. I scorned opinions from the beginning. I wanted ideas; wanted to use a figure.

Not in the strife of action is the leader made, nor in the face of crisis, but when all is over, when the mind is swift with keen regret, in the long after-thought. The after-thought of one action is the forethought of the next.

It is when alone, in converse with their own thoughts so much that they live their conventionalities, forgetful of the world's, that men form those habits called the heroism of genius, and lead the progress of the race. This, the supreme rise of the individual – not a conflict of consciousness, an effort to oppose, but bland forgetfulness, a life from self for the world – is the aim of existence.

The poet's insight is his after-thought. It is of varied heartbeats and converse with nature. And the grandest of his ideas come when the last line is written.

from the Wisdom of

There are only a few poets in even the greatest countries and if you know one you know, or can know, them all.

The utmost of ambition is to lodge a few poems where they will be hard to get rid of.

I kept farm, so to speak for nearly ten years, but less as a farmer than as a fugitive from the world that seemed to me to "disallow" me. It was all instinctive, but I can see now that I went away to save myself and fix myself before I measured my strength against all creation. I was never really out of the world for good and all.

There are moments when we actually touch in talk what the best writing can only come near.

I like the actuality of gossip, the intimacy of it.

Effects of actuality and intimacy are the greatest aim an artist can have. The sense of intimacy gives the thrill of sincerity.

A story must always release a meaning more readily to those who read than life itself as it goes ever releases meaning. Meaning is a great consideration. But a story must never seem to be told primarily for meaning.

Ends and beginnings – there are no such things. There are only middles.

Everything is research for the sake of erudition. No one is taught to value himself for nice perception and cultivated taste.

Literature is the next thing to religion in which an ounce of faith is worth all the theology ever written. Sight and insight, give us those.

People make their great strides in understanding literature at most unexpected times.

It is only a moment here and a moment there that the greatest writer has.

We don't want much school even when we are young, that is to say, we want a great deal more of life than of school. And there is no use in this attempt to make school an image of life. It should be thought of as a thing that belongs to the alphabet and notation. It came into life with these. Life must be kept up at a great rate in order to absorb any considerable amount of either one or the other. Both are nonsense unless they mix well with experience.

With respect to poetry I have always felt like a man entrusted to carry a jar of precious ointment on his head: I didn't want to spill any of it.

What we do in college is to get over our little-mindedness.

Education – to get it you have to hang around till you catch on.

Two fears should follow us through life. There is the fear that we shan't prove worthy in the eyes of someone who knows us at least as well as we know ourselves. That is the fear of man – the fear that men won't understand us and we shall be cut off from them.

You simply can't bellow anything worth listening to!

The proof of a poem is not that we have never forgotten it, but that we knew at sight that we never could forget it.

ROBERT FROST

There are two kinds of realists: the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real potato, and the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean. I'm inclined to be the second kind. To me the thing that art does for life is to clean it, to strip it to form.

Sometimes I have my doubts of words altogether, and I ask myself what is the place of them. They are worse than nothing unless they do something, unless they amount to deeds as in ultimatums and war cries. They must be flat and final like the showdown in poker from which there is no appeal. My definition of literature would be just this: words that have become deeds.

Scholars and artists thrown together are often annoyed at the puzzle of where they differ. Both work from knowledge; but I suspect they differ most importantly in the way their knowledge is come by. Scholars get theirs with conscientious thoroughness along projected lines of logic; poets theirs cavalierly and as it happens in and out of books. They stick to nothing deliberately, but let what will stick to them like burrs when they walk in the fields.

I'm like a modern car in religious matters. I may look convertible, but I'm a hardtop.

All the fun's in how you say a thing.

I don't go delivering opinions about other poets. I have my opinions, of course, opinions that are the result of a slow growth.

One thing I care about, and I wish young people could care about it, is taking poetry as the first form of understanding. Say it: my *favorite* form of understanding. If poetry isn't understanding all, the whole world, then it isn't worth anything. Young poets forget that poetry must include the mind as well as the emotions. Too many poets delude themselves by thinking the mind is dangerous and must be left out. Well, the mind is dangerous and must be left in.

A fellow once said to me the trouble with you is that you write on subjects. I replied, the trouble with you is that you write on small bric-a-brac. I am not a regionalist. I am a realmist. I write about realms of democracy and realms of the spirit. The land is always in my bones. Someone once asked me if I was for democracy or against it and I could only say that I am so much of it that I didn't know. I have a touchiness about the subject of democracy, of America. It amounts to a touchiness. I know how much difficulty there is about democracy, and how much fun it is, too.

Love has to be blinding to make things right.

I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree, and climb black branches up a snow-white trunk *toward* heaven, till the tree could bear no more, but dipped its top and set me down again.

The heart sinks when robbed of the chance to see for itself what a poem is all about.

Being taught poems reduces them to the rank of mere information.

Approach to the poem must be from afar off, even generations off.

The thing is to get among the poems where they hold each other apart in their places, as the stars do.

Poetry has been a great concern of school all down the ages. A large part of reading in school always has been and still is poetry; and it is but an extension from the metaphors of poetry out into all thinking, scientific and philosophic.

Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat.

All I would keep for myself is the freedom of my material, the condition of body and mind now and then to summons aptly from the vast chaos of all I have lived through.

Each poem is a surmounting of something in life.

Written poetry is rather ineffectual after all, unless artists are the readers of it.

I have never believed that life would turn out right. I still today feel I could lose everything and not be surprised.

My natural attitude is one of enthusiasm verging on egotism and thus I always confuse myself trying to be modest.

I think sound is an element of poetry, one but for which imagination would become reason.

I was a puzzle to everyone, I didn't know at all what I was up to. But I liked to write poems, I knew I could write a little poem, even when I had no sense of destiny or direction.

Success to a coward is only suspense, the most awful of tortures.

I verily believe there is such a thing as not knowing whether you have opened your lips or not. Speech is a strange thing and however little thought preceeds it, it is still distinct from thought and the proof is that the one may be utterly at variance with the other and the thought be no less definite.

As nothing that happens matters much and as most of my thoughts are about myself I am always at a loss for likely subject matter.

I am the most unconscious thing. I never know where I am while things are going on.

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

You have to be secretive to secrete anything.

How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length.

Men work together, whether they work together or apart.

A Boy's Will told how I was scared away from life and crept back to it through this poem. I was speaking literally.

What I try to give is the sound of meaning, as you get it when people are talking in the next room, through the intonation of their voices. You don't hear what they are saying but you get their meaning — a quarrel or something happy. You must have the words, too, in poetry, but it has to go deeper than the words.

A line is a triumph over something that bothered me.

A poem is a momentary stay against confusion.

I'm not confused, I'm just well mixed.

Take freedom and equality — they are as opposed as spirit and matter.

I could finally divide life into three parts, the three greatest things in human thought: Religion, Science, Gossip.

Religion, belief, the great God question. It's always bad philosophy right there, rationalizing it, pruning its shape, purifying it.

Gossip exalts in poetry.

The beauty of gossip is that it is the whole of our daily life. It has flashes of insight. The height of imagination is there.

It takes all kinds of in and out door schooling to get adapted to my kind of fooling.

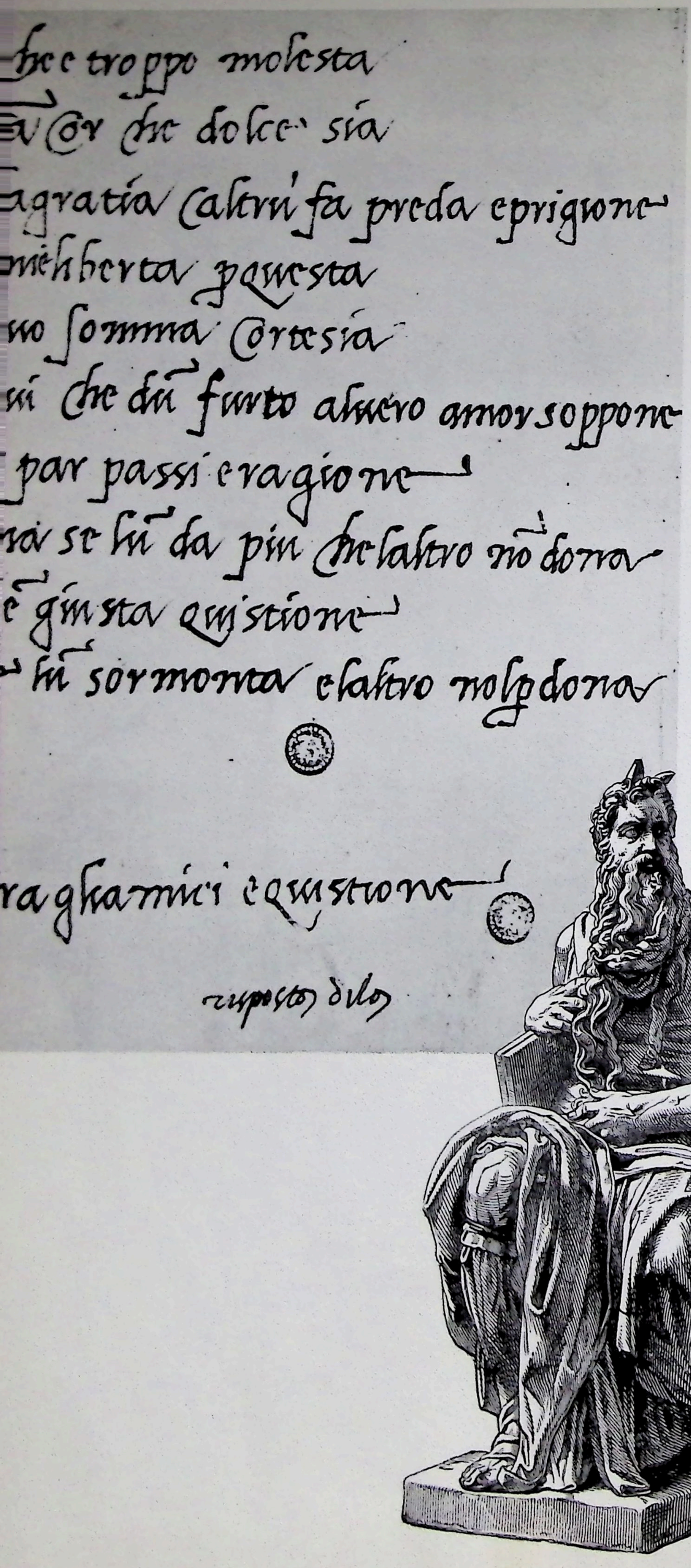
Poetry is the preservation of the spirit in the material.

My great complaint of education is that it is so loaded with material you never move in the spirit again.

Anything I ever thought I still think.

The one thing I boast I can't be is disillusioned.

MICHELANGELO



I am still learning.

By sculpture I mean the sort that is executed by cutting away from the block: the sort that is executed by building up resembles painting.

It is only well with me when I have a chisel in my hand.

The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.

If it be true that any beautiful thing raises the pure and just desire of man from earth to God, the eternal fount of all, such I believe my love.

The power of one fair face makes my love sublime, for it has weaned my heart from low desires.

I live and love in God's peculiar light.

The true work of art is but a shadow of divine perfection.

Lord, grant that I may always desire more than I accomplish.

It seems that I must live by that which causes others to die.

He who loves well is consumed in the flames of his love.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

The promises of this world are for the most part vain phantoms, and to confide in one's self, and become something of worth and value, is the best and safest course.

If you should hear of any poor souls in trouble, let me know, that I may come to their assistance.

Genius is eternal patience.

DA VINCI

A bird is an instrument working according to mathematical law, which instrument it is within the capacity of man to reproduce with all its movements.

Intellectual passion drives out sensuality.

No member needs so great a number of muscles as the tongue; this exceeds all the rest in the number of its movements.

As a well-spent day brings happy sleep, so a life well spent brings happy death.

Anyone who conducts an argument by appealing to authority is not using his intelligence; he is just using his memory.

Small rooms or dwellings set the mind in the right path; large ones cause it to go astray.

Experience never misleads; what you are mislead by is only your judgment, and this misleads you by anticipating results from experience of a kind that is not produced by your experiments.

As courage endangers life even so fear preserves it.

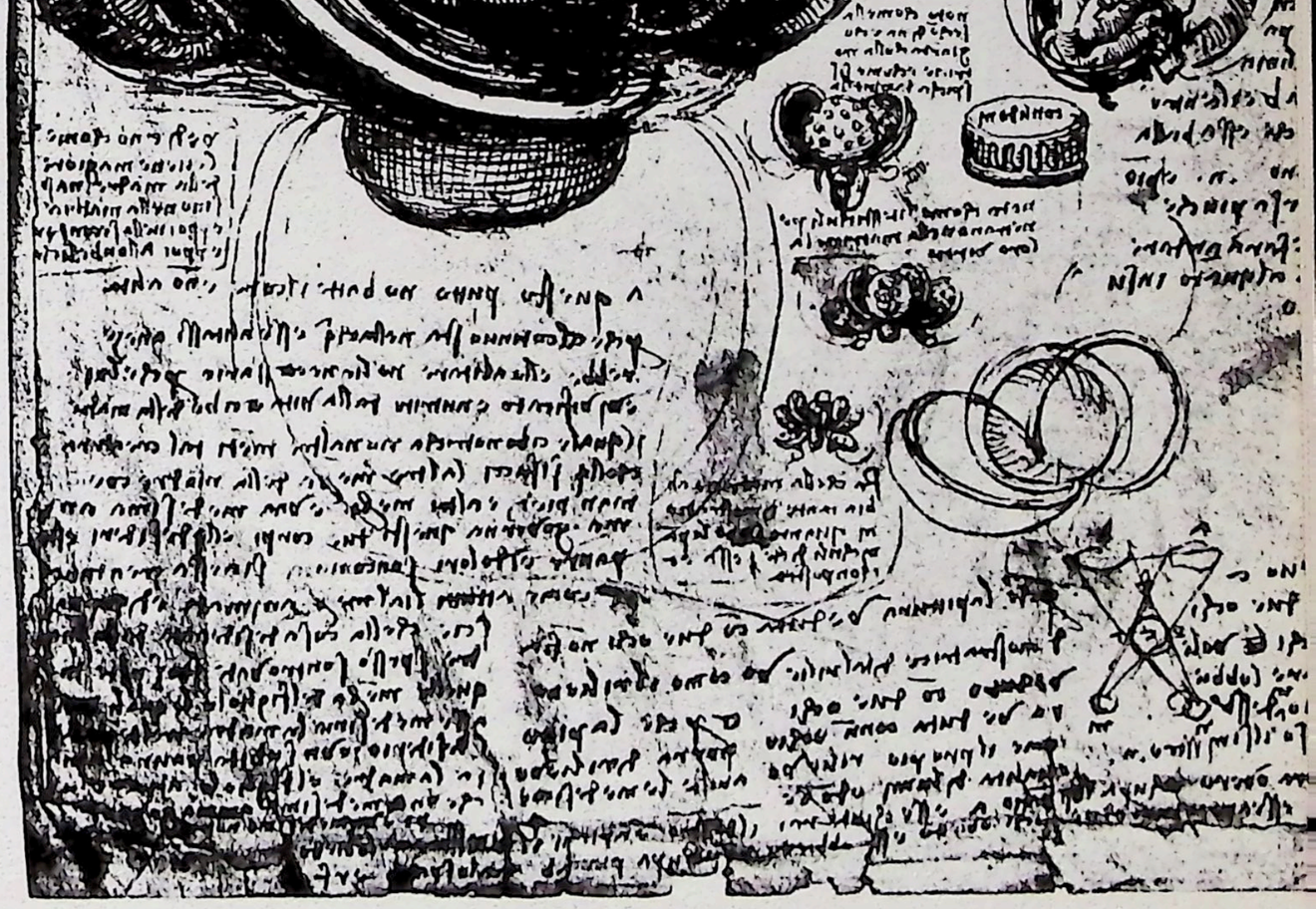
The line that is straightest offers most resistance.

Mechanics is the paradise of mathematical science, because here we come to the fruits of mathematics.

Patience serves as a protection against wrongs as clothes do against cold. For if you put on more clothes as the cold increases, it will have no power to hurt you. So in like manner you must grow in patience when you meet with great wrongs, and they will then be powerless to vex your mind.

He who does not punish evil commands it to be done.

Just as eating contrary to the inclination is injurious to the health, so study without desire spoils the memory, and it retains nothing that it takes in.



MARK TWAIN

Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear – not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea – incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God, if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child; he lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was," we ought always to add the flea – and put him at the head of the procession.

Happiness is a Swedish sunset – it is there for all, but most of us look the other way and lose it.

If you wish to lower yourself in a person's favor, one good way is to tell his story over again, the way *you* heard it.

Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great.

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races.

Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest.

Don't, like the cat, try to get more out of an experience than there is in it. The cat, having sat upon a hot stove lid, will not sit upon a hot stove lid again. Nor upon a cold stove lid.

Take it just as though it was – as it is – an earnest, vital and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part of it – as though the world awaited your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heartbroken brother. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes, and it illustrates what others may do if they take hold of life with a purpose. The miracle, or the power, that elevates the few, is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the promptings of a brave, determined spirit.

It would have been foolish to stand upon our dignity in a place where there was hardly room to stand on our feet.

A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

When some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around.

The first half of life consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance; the last half consists of the chance without the capacity.

Man was made at the end of the week's work when God was tired.

HUGO

Right is invincible, and truth is immortal.

Compulsory education is a recruiting of souls for light.

Common sense is not wisdom and is not reason; it is a little of one and a little of the other, with a dash of egotism.

An invasion of armies can be resisted; an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.

Death has but few terrors for the crushed and broken spirit; but how heavy and icy is his hand when it grasps the heart which has just begun to live and revel in the joys of life!

God took His softest clay and His purest colors, and made a fragile jewel, mysterious and caressing – the finger of woman; then He fell asleep. The devil awoke, and at the end of that rosy finger put – a nail!

God creates by intuition; man creates by inspiration, strengthened by observation.

Conjecture is a healthful occupation for the mind. Reason is awakened: logic is called into play.

Initiative is doing the right thing without being told.

Amnesty is in my opinion the most beautiful word in human speech.

The greatest happiness in life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves – say rather, loved in spite of ourselves.

j'e l'admire, et, comme asile,
j'e l'aime.

Victor Hugo

Hauteville house. 1864

Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.

From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men—above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow-men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men.

I do not believe we can have any freedom at all in the philosophical sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity. Schopenhauer's saying—"A man can surely do what he wills to do, but he cannot determine what he wills"—impressed itself upon me in youth and has always consoled me when I have witnessed or suffered life's hardships. This conviction is a perpetual breeder of tolerance, for it does not allow us to take ourselves or others too seriously; it makes rather for a sense of humor.

To ponder interminably over the reason for one's own existence or the meaning of life in general seems to me, from an objective point of view, to be sheer folly. And yet everyone holds certain ideals by which he guides his aspiration and his judgment. The ideals which have always shone before me and filled me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth. To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle.

Ever since childhood I have scorned the commonplace limits so often set upon human ambition. Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury—to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.

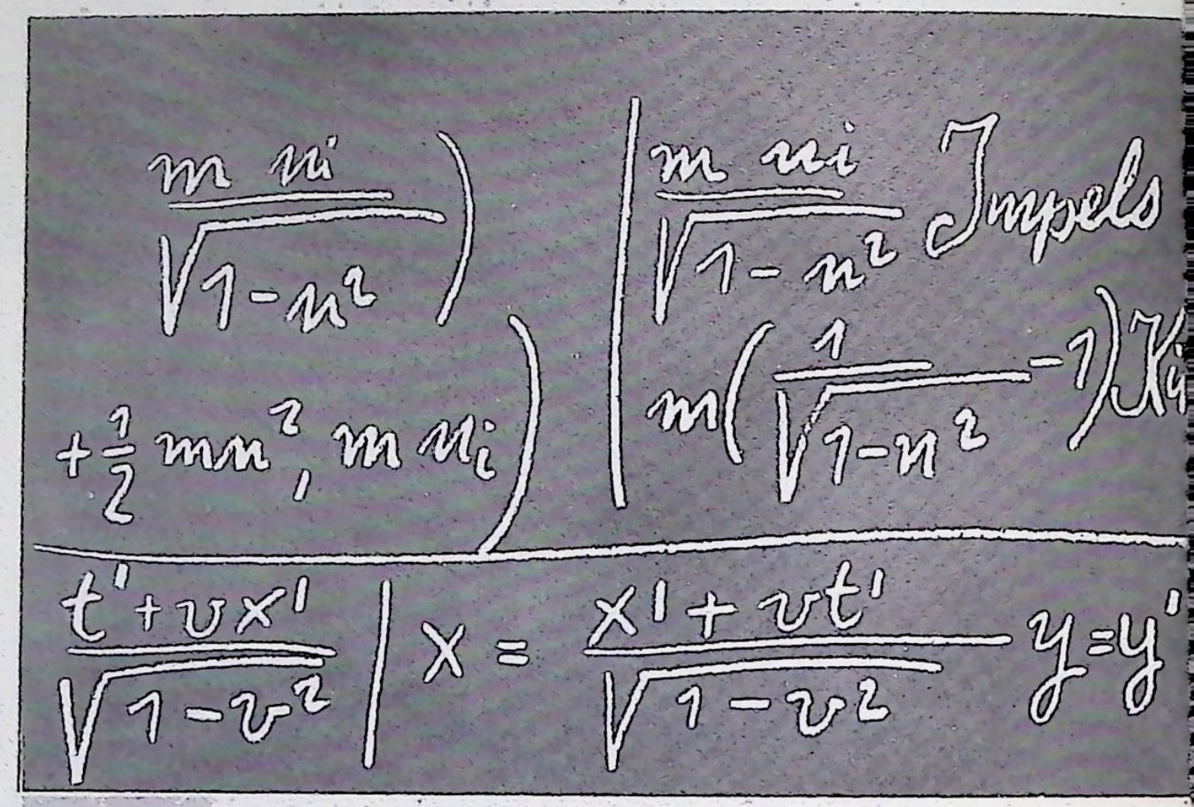
My passionate interest in social justice and social responsibility has always stood in curious contrast to a marked lack of desire for direct association with men and women. I am a horse for single harness, not cut out for tandem or team work. I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. These ties have always been accompanied by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw into myself increases with the years.

Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind upon such shifting foundations.

My political ideal is democracy. Everyone should be respected as an individual, but no one idolized. It is an irony of fate that I should have been showered with so much uncalled-for and unmerited admiration and esteem. Perhaps this adulation springs from the unfulfilled wish of the multitude to comprehend the few ideas which I, with my weak powers, have advanced.

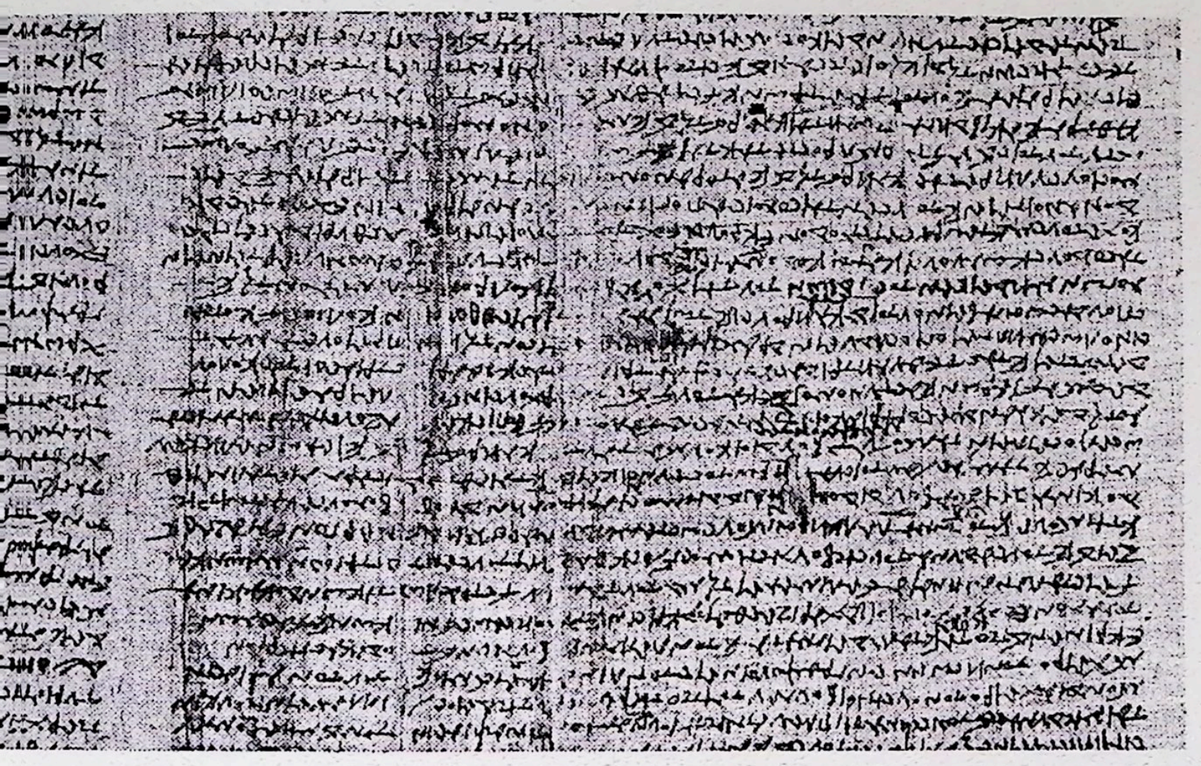
Full well do I know that in order to attain any definite goal it is imperative that one person should do the thinking and commanding and carry most of the responsibility. But those who are led should not be driven, and they should be allowed to choose their leader. It seems to me that the distinctions separating the social classes are false; in the last analysis they rest on force. I am convinced that degeneracy follows every autocratic system of violence, for violence inevitably attracts moral inferiors. Time has proved that illustrious tyrants are succeeded by scoundrels.

EINSTEIN



A. Einstein

ARISTOTLE



All that one gains by falsehood is, not to be believed when he speaks the truth.

The high-minded man does not bear grudges, for it is not the mark of a great soul to remember injuries, but to forget them.

I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self.

We should, as far as is possible, make ourselves immortal and strive to live by that part of ourselves which is most excellent.

Educated men are as much superior to uneducated men as the living are to the dead.

All men seek one goal: Success or happiness. The only way to achieve true success is to express yourself completely in service to society. First, have a definite, clear, practical ideal—a goal, an objective. Second, have the necessary means to achieve your ends—wisdom, money, materials and methods. Third, adjust all your means to that end.

It is more difficult to organize peace than to win a war; but the fruits of victory will be lost if the peace is not well organized.

Meanness is incurable; it cannot be cured by old age, or by anything else.

We must observe that in all matters of human action the too little and the too much are alike ruinous, as we can see in matters of strength and health. Too much and too little exercise impair the strength, and too much meat and drink and too little both alike destroy the health, but the fitting amount produces and preserves them. So, too, the man who takes his fill of every pleasure and abstains from none becomes a profligate; while he who shuns all becomes stolid and insusceptible.

Happiness itself is sufficient excuse. Beautiful things are right and true; so beautiful actions are those pleasing to the gods. Wise men have an inward sense of what is beautiful, and the highest wisdom is to trust this intuition and be guided by it. The answer to the last appeal of what is right lies within a man's own breast. Trust thyself.

The high-minded man is fond of conferring benefits, but it shames him to receive them.

One may go wrong in many different ways, but right only in one, which is why it is easy to fail and difficult to succeed—easy to miss the target and difficult to hit it.

Some men are just as firmly convinced of what they think as others are of what they know.

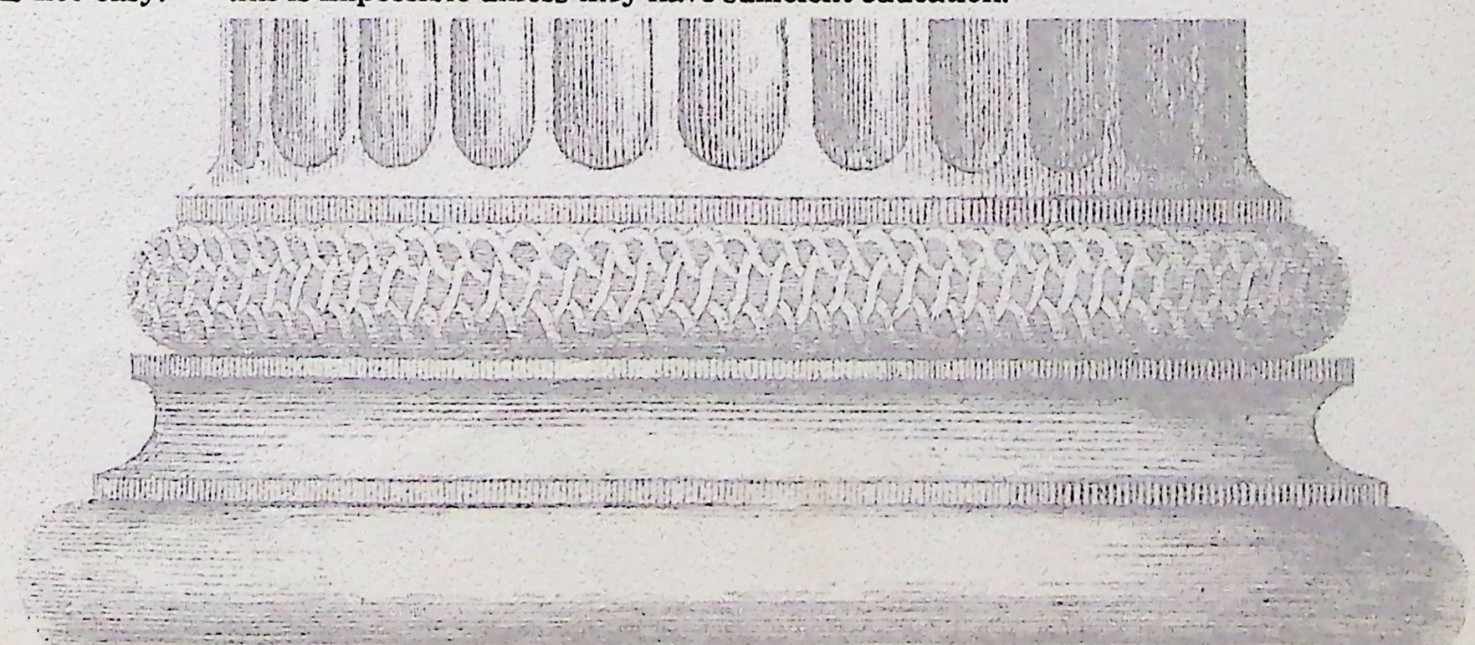
Those who educate children well are more to be honored than even their parents, for these only give them life, those the art of living well.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and a provision in old age.

Anybody can become angry—that is easy; but to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way—that is not within everybody's power and is not easy.

It is not the possessions but the desires of men that must be equalized, and this is impossible unless they have sufficient education.



FELIX FRANKFURTER

Felix Frankfurter

One of the things that laymen, even lawyers, do not always understand is indicated by the question you hear so often: "Does a man become any different when he puts on a gown?" I say, "If he is any good, he does."

A chief justice has no authority that any other member of the Court has not. That really is an institution in which every man is his own sovereign. The chief justice is *primus inter pares*. Somebody has to preside at a sitting of nine people, and he presides in court and at conference.

The greatest intellect, in my judgment, who ever sat on the Court was Mr. Justice Holmes.

I don't like a man to be too efficient. He's likely to be not human enough.

The founders of the republic knew, as did Pericles, that if the secret of happiness was freedom "the secret of freedom was a brave heart."

It is true of opinions as of other compositions that those who are steeped in them, whose ears are sensitive to literary nuances, whose antennae record subtle silences, can gather from their contents meaning beyond the words.

It is as true now as it was in the days of Euripides that the worldly wise are not wise.

There is only one way in which a poet can keep silent when his feelings are stirred: by silencing forever the poet in him.

Freedom of speech and freedom of the press cannot be too often invoked as basic to our scheme of society.

You cannot tell the quality or the importance of a man on the Supreme Court solely from his opinions.

Volume is the least significant aspect of scholarly work. Too often it is the enemy of scholarship.

When men get short of temper, humor is a great solvent.

Excellence in the learned professions usually begins at the end of a long and toilsome journey.

All of us, even those who are not attached to any formal religion, have need of that which silent prayer satisfies. It is the need of gathering together one's inner resources.

Moral courage is the rarest ingredient of character.

All history, we are told, is contemporary history. This is certainly true today. And not merely because we see everything through the prism of the world's anguish. Strength to endure comes from confidence, and confidence is rooted in faith. But faith is not self-generated. It is moral energy stored up in the past.

To me being a lawyer, with the full implications of responsibility and opportunity that the word carries, in a society like ours, in a government of laws under a written Constitution, is a calling second to none.

There are creators of ideas and creative translators of ideas into the habits and institutions of society. At their highest the two functions are perhaps never combined in a single person.

The grandeur of the aims of democracy is matched by the difficulties of their achievement. For democracy is the reign of reason and justice on the most extensive scale.

Litigation is, as it were, the pathological aspect of society. Health comes from the thoughts and feelings permeating its atmosphere and guiding its everyday actions.

Nature herself is democratic. The arrangements of society should not thwart her purposes. Tolerance for dissident views is not an exercise in benignity but a form of practical wisdom. Truth is an eternal chase. The history of man's endeavor to achieve truth shows the displacement of yesterday's dogma by today's scepticism. And today's folly may prove itself tomorrow's wisdom. The paths to the City of God must be kept open.

The spirit of man and the means for achieving its glories can never be captured and confined by words and formulas. But the framers of the Bill of Rights put into enduring language the conditions essential for the "Blessings of Liberty" to themselves and their posterity. By celebrating their wisdom in this formulation we invigorate our own strength to maintain that liberty.

As Lincoln has become the moral symbol of this nation, so the verdict of time has agreed on Jefferson as the philosopher of our democratic faith.

Dignity makes for an atmosphere of respect, and only in such an atmosphere can reason thrive. And without reason, law is merely a screen of words expressing will in the service of desire.

The true face even of a public man is his private face. That can be seen only off stage, in the manner in which he pursues his tasks, day by day, when only those in close association see and hear and feel what he is doing.

A dominant figure is bound to be controversial.

Until philosophers are kings, or kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils.

Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

Atheism is a disease of the soul, before it becomes an error of the understanding.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

The man who makes everything that leads to happiness depend upon himself, and not upon other men, has adopted the very best plan for living happily. This is the man of moderation, the man of manly character and of wisdom.

A philosopher is one who desires to discern the truth.

The cause of all the blunders committed by man arises from excessive self-love. He who intends to be a great man ought to love neither himself nor his own things, but only what is just, whether it happens to be done by himself or by another.

When men speak ill of you, live so as nobody may believe them.

Wise men talk because they have something to say: Fools, because they have to say something.

Few men are so obstinate in their atheism that a pressing danger will not compel them to the acknowledgment of a divine power.

Nothing is more unworthy of a wise man, or ought to trouble him more, than to have allowed more time for trifling, and useless things, than they deserved.

If a man be endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.

More will be accomplished, and better, and with more ease, if every man does what he is best fitted to do, and nothing else.

Freedom in a democracy is the glory of the State, and therefore in a democracy only will the freeman of nature deign to dwell.

The learning and knowledge that we have is, at the most, but little compared with that of which we are ignorant.

The beginning is the most important part of the work.

Bodily exercise, when compulsory, does no harm to the body: but knowledge which is acquired under compulsion obtains no hold on the mind.

As there are misanthropists or haters of men, so also are there misologists or haters of ideas.

Knowledge is the food of the soul.

Between knowledge of what really exists and ignorance of what does not exist lies the domain of opinion. It is more obscure than knowledge, but clearer than ignorance.

As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so they that have least wit are the greatest babblers.

Perfect wisdom has four parts: Wisdom, the principle of doing things aright; justice, the principle of doing things equally in public and private; fortitude, the principle of not flying danger, but meeting it; and temperance, the principle of subduing desires and living moderately.

He who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but to him who is of an opposite disposition youth and age are equally a burden.

There is simple ignorance, which is the source of lighter offenses, and double ignorance, which is accompanied by a conceit of wisdom.

The judge should not be young; he should have learned to know evil, not from his own soul, but from late and long observation of the nature of evil in others: Knowledge should be his guide, not personal experience.

The wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself.

All knowledge that is divorced from justice must be called cunning rather than wisdom.

Self-conquest is the greatest of all victories.

It is expedient that a wicked man be punished as that a sick man be cured by a physician; for all chastisement is a kind of medicine.

If I were sure God would pardon me, and men would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.

Ignorance of all things is an evil neither terrible nor excessive, nor yet the greatest of all: But great cleverness and much learning, if they be accompanied by a bad training, are a much greater misfortune.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

The liberally educated man understands, by understanding the distinctions and interrelations of the basic fields of subject matter, the differences and connections between poetry and history, science and philosophy, theoretical and practical science; he understands that the same methods cannot be applied in all these fields; he knows the methods appropriate to each.

I do not believe that men can solve the problems raised by their own aggregation unless they can learn to think for themselves about the fundamental issues of human life and organized society.

Most of the important things that human beings ought to understand cannot be comprehended in youth.

To solve a problem it is necessary to think. It is necessary to think even to decide what facts to collect.

Liberal education consists of training in the liberal arts and of understanding the leading ideas that have animated mankind. It aims to help the human being learn to think for himself, to develop his highest human powers.

It takes imaginative and intellectual work to read a book, and facility and achievement grow by exercise.

Our conception of the aims of education depends upon our philosophy in general. Philosophy is moribund throughout the world; and Americans are of all peoples the least inclined to philosophize. The most eminent philosophers who have lived in America in the last fifty years were Whitehead and Santayana, who were foreigners, and Dewey, whose philosophy is not a philosophy at all.

We must admit that what is honored in America is material success. All you have to do to understand this is to compare the position of intellectuals and artists in America with their position in Europe. The model American is the successful businessman. Artists and intellectuals are regarded in the light of charity patients or excess baggage. Consequently the attention of the American is drawn at an early date to the necessity of adjusting himself to his economic environment in such a way that he will be successful.

Even if the individual has had the best possible liberal education in youth, interminable education through great books and the liberal arts remains his obligation; he cannot expect to store up an education in childhood that will last all his life. What he can do in youth is to acquire the disciplines and habits that will make it possible for him to continue to educate himself all his life. One must agree with John Dewey in this: That continued growth is essential to intellectual life.

The ideal man is one who is willing to learn, but who thinks for himself; who respects the convictions of others, but who will stand up for his own against any power whatever.

Great books are the means of understanding our society and ourselves. They contain the great ideas that dominate us without our knowing it. There is no comparable repository of our tradition.

The infinite suggestiveness of great books leads us to other books, other thoughts, other questions. Great books enlarge the fund of ideas we have and relate themselves to those we possess. Since the suggestiveness of great books is infinite, we cannot get to the end of them. We cannot say we understand these books in the sense that we are finished with them.

Knowledge is not information. The characteristic of knowledge is organization.

The important problems of American education are intellectual, not financial.

The leading characteristic of educational institutions today is aimlessness.

The best definition of a university that I have been able to think of is that it is a center of independent thought. It may be a good many other things as well; but, if it is not this, it has failed.

Educators ought to know better than their pupils what an education is. If educators do not, they have wasted their lives. The art of teaching consists in large part of interesting people in things that ought to interest them, but do not. The task of educators is to discover what an education is and then to invent the methods of interesting their students in it.

Justice and freedom; discussion and criticism; intelligence and character—these are the indispensable ingredients of the democratic state. We can be rich and powerful without them. But not for long.

If the American people honored wisdom and goodness as they now honor power and success, the system of universal free education would be quite different from what it is today.

The purpose of education is to develop a good mind. Everybody should have equal access to the kind of education most likely to develop such a mind and should have it for as long as it takes to acquire enough intellectual excellence to fix once and for all the vision of the continuous need for more and more intellectual excellence.

The university should be the symbol of the highest powers and aspirations of mankind.

We should establish a national system of scholarships that makes it possible for every citizen of this country to be educated to the limit of his mental capacity, regardless of the financial capacity of his parents.

The weirdest reading available in the United States today is the catalogues of our colleges and universities, with all those entries about how to get married, how to get a job, and how to attain peace of mind.

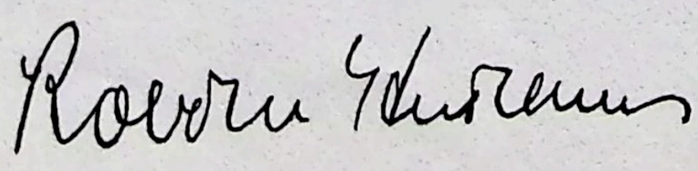
The prospect that television opens before us in America, with nobody speaking and nobody reading, suggests that a bleak and torpid epoch may lie ahead in which the population will eventually sink, in accordance with the principles of evolution, to the level of the lowest forms of vegetable life.

It seems to me that higher education probably cannot teach prudence or practical wisdom, that habit of the mind by which we select the right means to the end. Nor can it, I believe, teach good habits of action. It cannot teach morals.

You can set no store by your education in childhood and youth, no matter how good it was. Childhood and youth are no time to get an education. The most that we can hope for from these uninteresting and chaotic periods of life is that during them we shall be set on the right path, the path of realizing our human possibilities through intellectual effort and aesthetic appreciation. The great issues, now issues of life and death for civilization, call for mature minds.

The aim of liberal education is human excellence, both private and public (for man is a political animal). Its object is the excellence of man as man and man as citizen. It regards man as an end, not as a means; and it regards the ends of life, and not the means to it. For this reason it is the education of free men.

True education is the improvement of men through helping them learn to think for themselves.



BUDDHA

Though a man go out to battle a thousand times against a thousand men, if he conquers himself he is the greater conqueror.

The wise man regards thoughtfulness as a most valuable treasure.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought.

Do not overrate what you have received, nor ever envy others. He who envies others does not obtain peace of mind.

If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it, for the accumulation of good is delightful.

The thoughtful do not die; the thoughtless are as if dead already.

As regards things seen and heard, remain unswayed by prejudice: be not misled.

It is better to live alone, for there is no companionship in a fool.

Nothing is better than good company; nothing is worse than bad company.

Be truthful, be patient, be generous: these are the three steps to godliness.

Peace comes from within. Do not seek it without.

Selfishness is the cause of sorrow.

Keep your mind alert, though not dwelling upon worldly matters; be pure, independent, and devoted to the noble life.

When a man speaks or acts with good intention, then happiness follows him like his shadow that never leaves him.

Sound health is the greatest of gifts, contentedness, the greatest of riches, trust the greatest of qualities.

Being neither jealous nor greedy, being without desires, and remaining the same under all circumstances—this is nobility!

Shun worthless associates with their empty talk and mundane ambitions.

The sensible man is not influenced by what other people think.

The wise man builds no hopes for the future, entertains no regrets for the past.

Wisdom makes light the darkness of ignorance.

A tamed mind brings happiness.

As noble swans fly in the path of the sun, so the wise transcend this world.

Change, impermanence is a characteristic of life.

Foolish friends are worse than wise enemies.

He who endures in troubled times is strong to reach the final bliss when trouble ends.

It is in the very nature of things that we must eventually be parted from all that is near and dear to us.

Knowledge crowns endeavor with success.

The perfect man is he who depends upon that philosophy which shows him the folly of depending upon anything.

Observing that man is the slave to desire, remain careful yourself.

Be tolerant among the intolerant, gentle among the violent, and free from greed among the greedy.

The sensible man is not impressed by what conventional people do or say.

Let your diet be spare, your wants moderate, your needs few. So, living modestly, with no distracting desires, you will find content.

There is a taint worse than all taints, and its name is ignorance.

In times of adversity never complain, nor yearn for change of circumstance. Fear not!

The world is enveloped in ignorance.

Let a man avoid evil deeds as a man who loves life avoids poison.

Be content to live alone, aloof; for the independent way is the way of wisdom.

Tranquil is he whose strength is wisdom and purity, who is composed and calm, whose joy is in meditation, who is free of ties and obstructions.

He who has tasted the sweetness of solitude and tranquillity becomes free from fear and free from sin.

If we tread our vices under our feet, we make of them a ladder by which to rise to higher things.

Just as the flattery of a friend can pervert, so the insult of an enemy can sometimes correct.

If the right distinction between wisdom and knowledge is that the intellectual cognizance of eternal things belongs to wisdom, but the rational cognizance of temporal things to knowledge, it is not difficult to judge which is to be preferred or postponed to which.

Go not abroad; retire into yourself, for truth dwells in the inner man.

The knowledge of Divine things may be properly called wisdom, and the knowledge of human affairs may properly receive the name of knowledge.

Men go abroad to admire the heights and mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the long courses of rivers, the vast compass of the ocean, and the circular motion of the stars, and yet pass themselves by.

We can know what God is not, but we cannot know what He is.

Let your old age be childlike, and your childhood like old age; that is, so that neither may your wisdom be with pride, nor your humility without wisdom.

Cursed is every one who places his hope in man.

Conscience and reputation are two things. Conscience is due to yourself, reputation to your neighbor.

As the eye of the body cannot see unless it is helped by the brightness of light, so neither can a man, even if he is most righteous, live righteously unless he be helped by the eternal light of justice.

It is the duty of good education to arrive at wisdom by means of a definite order.

Beauty is indeed a good gift of God; but that the good may not think it a great good, God dispenses it even to the wicked.

As usually happens, the man who has tried a bad doctor is afraid to trust even a good one.

Every sin is more injury to him who does than to him who suffers it.

God does not hear us as man hears. Unless you shout with your lungs and chest and lips, a mere man does not hear; whereas to God your very thoughts shout.

Before God can deliver us from ourselves, we must undeceive ourselves.

Happiness consists in the attainment of our desires, and in our having only right desires.

Of what consequence is it what kind of death puts an end to life, since he who has died once is not forced to go through the same ordeal a second time?

There is nothing so laborious as not to labor. Blessed is he who devotes his life to great and noble ends, and who forms his well-considered plans with deliberate wisdom.

Beware of despairing about yourself; you are commanded to put your trust in God, not in yourself.

d'avoir sous les yeux tant de peintures consacrées à la vie et à la mort de Jésus. Je suis touché de ce que vous ayez fait figurer dans ce Magazine la page avec laquel. le je termine mon étude sur les Vies de Jésus qui m'aient tées.

Si vous me faites savoir, comment la fête du déc 2. s'est passée, je vous suis reconnaissant.

Avec mes bonnes pensées à vous et à votre entourage **ALBERT SCHWEITZER**

votre dévoué Albert Schweitzer

The deeper we look into nature, the more we recognize that it is full of life, and the more profoundly we know that all life is a secret and that we are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for himself alone. We realize that all life is valuable and that we are united to all this life. From this knowledge comes our spiritual relationship to the universe.

All problems of religion, ultimately, go back to this one – the experience I have of God within myself differs from the knowledge concerning Him which I derive from the world. In the world He appears to me as the mysterious, marvelous creative Force; within me He reveals Himself as ethical Will. In the world He is impersonal Force, within me He reveals Himself as Personality. The God who is known through philosophy and the God whom I experience as ethical Will do not coincide. They are one; but how they are one, I do not understand.

The power of ideals is incalculable. We see no power in a drop of water. But let it get into a crack in the rock and be turned to ice, and it splits the rock; turned into steam, it drives the pistons of the most powerful engines. Something has happened to it which makes active and effective power that is latent in it.

So it is with ideals. Ideals are thoughts. So long as they exist merely as thoughts, the power latent in them remains ineffective, however great the enthusiasm, and however strong the conviction with which the thought is held. Their power becomes effective only when they are taken up into some refined human personality.

No one should compel himself to show to others more of his inner life than he feels it natural to show. We can do no more than let others judge for themselves what we inwardly and really are, and do the same ourselves with them. The one essential thing is that we strive to have light in ourselves. Our strivings will be recognized by others, and when people have light in themselves, it will shine out from them. Then we get to know each other as we walk together in the darkness, without needing to pass our hands over each other's faces, or to intrude into each other's hearts.

The ideas which determine our character and life are implanted in mysterious fashion. When we are leaving childhood behind us, they begin to shoot out. When we are seized by youth's enthusiasm for the good and the true, they burst into flower, and the fruit begins to set. In the development which follows the one really important thing is – how much there still remains of the fruit, the buds of which were put out in its springtime by the tree of our life.

The conviction that in later life we must struggle to remain thinking as freely and feeling as deeply as we did in our youth, has accompanied me on my road through life as a faithful advisor.

One day, in my despair, I threw myself into a chair in the consulting-room and groaned out: "What a blockhead I was to come out here to doctor savages like these!" Whereupon Joseph quietly remarked: "Yes, Doctor, here on earth you are a great blockhead, but not in heaven."

In the far interior, where the cult of Islam is widespread, young men were making merry over an old one who was a zealous reader of the Koran. "You will soon know your Koran by heart," they said. "Don't you get sick of always reading the same thing?"

"For me," he replied, "it is by no means the same Koran. When I was a boy, I understood it as a boy. When I was a man in my prime, I understood it as a man, and now I am old I understand it as an old man. I read it again and again because, for me, it always contains something new."

There is an ocean – cold water without motion. In this ocean, however is the Gulf Stream, hot water flowing from the equator towards the Pole. Inquire of all scientists how it is physically imaginable that a stream of hot water flows between the waters of the ocean, which, so to speak, form its banks, the moving within the motionless, the hot within the cold: no scientist can explain it. Similarly, there is the God of love within the God of the forces of the universe – one with Him, and yet so totally different. We let ourselves be seized and carried away by that vital stream.

WILL DURANT

HUMAN CONDUCT AND BELIEF are now undergoing transformations profounder and more disturbing than any since the appearance of wealth and philosophy put an end to the traditional religion of the Greeks. It is the age of Socrates again: our moral life is threatened, and our intellectual life is quickened and enlarged by the disintegration of ancient customs and beliefs. Everything is new and experimental in our ideas and our actions; nothing is established or certain any more. The rate, complexity, and variety of change in our time are without precedent, even in Periclean days; all forms about us are altered, from the tools that complicate our toil, and the wheels that whirl us restlessly about the earth, to the innovations in our sexual relationships and the hard disillusionment of our souls. The passage from agriculture to industry, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city has elevated science, debased art, liberated thought, ended monarchy and aristocracy, generated democracy and socialism, emancipated woman, disrupted marriage, broken down the old moral code, destroyed asceticism with luxuries, replaced Puritanism with Epicureanism, exalted excitement above content, made war less frequent and more terrible, taken from us many of our most cherished religious beliefs and given us a mechanical and fatalistic philosophy of life. All things flow, and we seek some mooring and stability in the flux.

In every developing civilization a period comes when old instincts and habits prove inadequate to altered stimuli, and ancient institutions and moralities crack like hampering shells under the obstinate growth of life. In one sphere after another, now that we have left the farm and the home for the factory, the office and the world, spontaneous and "natural" modes of order and response break down, and intellect chaotically experiments to replace with conscious guidance the ancestral readiness and simplicity of impulse and wonted ways. Everything must be thought out, from the artificial "formula" with which we feed our children, and the "calories" and "vitamins" of our muddled dietitians, to the bewildered efforts of a revolutionary government to direct and coordinate all the haphazard processes of trade. We are like a man who cannot walk without thinking of his legs, or like a player who must analyze every move and stroke as he plays. The happy unity of instinct is gone from us, and we flounder in a sea of doubt; amidst unprecedented knowledge and power we are uncertain of our purposes, values and goals.

From this confusion the one escape worthy of a mature mind is to rise out of the moment and the part and contemplate the whole. What we have lost above all is total perspective. Life seems too intricate and mobile for us to grasp its unity and significance; we cease to be citizens and become only individuals; we have no purposes that look beyond our death; we are fragments of men, and nothing more. No one (except Spengler) dares today to survey life in its entirety; analysis leaps and synthesis lags; we fear the experts in every field and keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. Everyone knows his part, but is ignorant of its meaning in the play. Life itself grows meaningless and becomes empty just when it seemed most full.

Let us put aside our fear of inevitable error, and survey all the problems of our state, trying to see each part and puzzle in the light of the whole. We shall define philosophy as total perspective, as mind overspreading life and forging chaos into unity.

Perhaps philosophy will give us, if we are faithful to it, a healing unity of soul. We are so slovenly and self-contradictory in our thinking; it may be that we shall clarify ourselves and pull ourselves together into consistency and be ashamed to harbor contradictory desires or beliefs. And through this unity of mind may come that unity of purpose and character which makes a personality and lends some order and dignity to our existence. Philosophy is harmonized knowledge making a harmonious life; it is the self-discipline which lifts us to security and freedom. Knowledge is power, but only wisdom is liberty.

Our culture is superficial today, and our knowledge dangerous, because we are rich in mechanisms and poor in purposes. The balance of mind which once came of a warm religious faith is gone; science has taken from us the supernatural bases of our morality, and all the world seems consumed in a disorderly individualism that reflects the chaotic fragmentation of our character.

We move about the earth with unprecedented speed, but we do not know, and have not thought, where we are going, or whether we shall find any happiness there for our harassed souls. We are being destroyed by our knowledge, which has made us drunk with our power. And we shall not be saved without wisdom.

Will Durant

BENEDICT DE SPINOZA

How blest would our age be if it could witness a religion freed from all the trammels of superstition!

When a man is a prey to his emotions, he is not his master.

Pride is a kind of pleasure produced by a man thinking too well of himself.

The more the mind knows, the better it understands its forces and the order of nature; the more it understands its forces or strength, the better it will be able to direct itself and lay down the rules for itself; and the more it understands the order of nature, the more easily it will be able to liberate itself from useless things.

Books which teach and speak of whatever is highest and best are equally sacred, whatever be the tongue in which they are written, or the nation to which they belong.

Fame has also this great drawback, that if we pursue it, we must direct our lives so as to please the fancy of men.

Avarice, ambition, and lust are nothing but species of madness, although not enumerated among diseases.

Sadness diminishes or hinders a man's power of action.

A free man thinks of death least of all things; and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life.

He who thinks himself more blessed because he enjoys benefits which others do not, is ignorant of true blessedness.

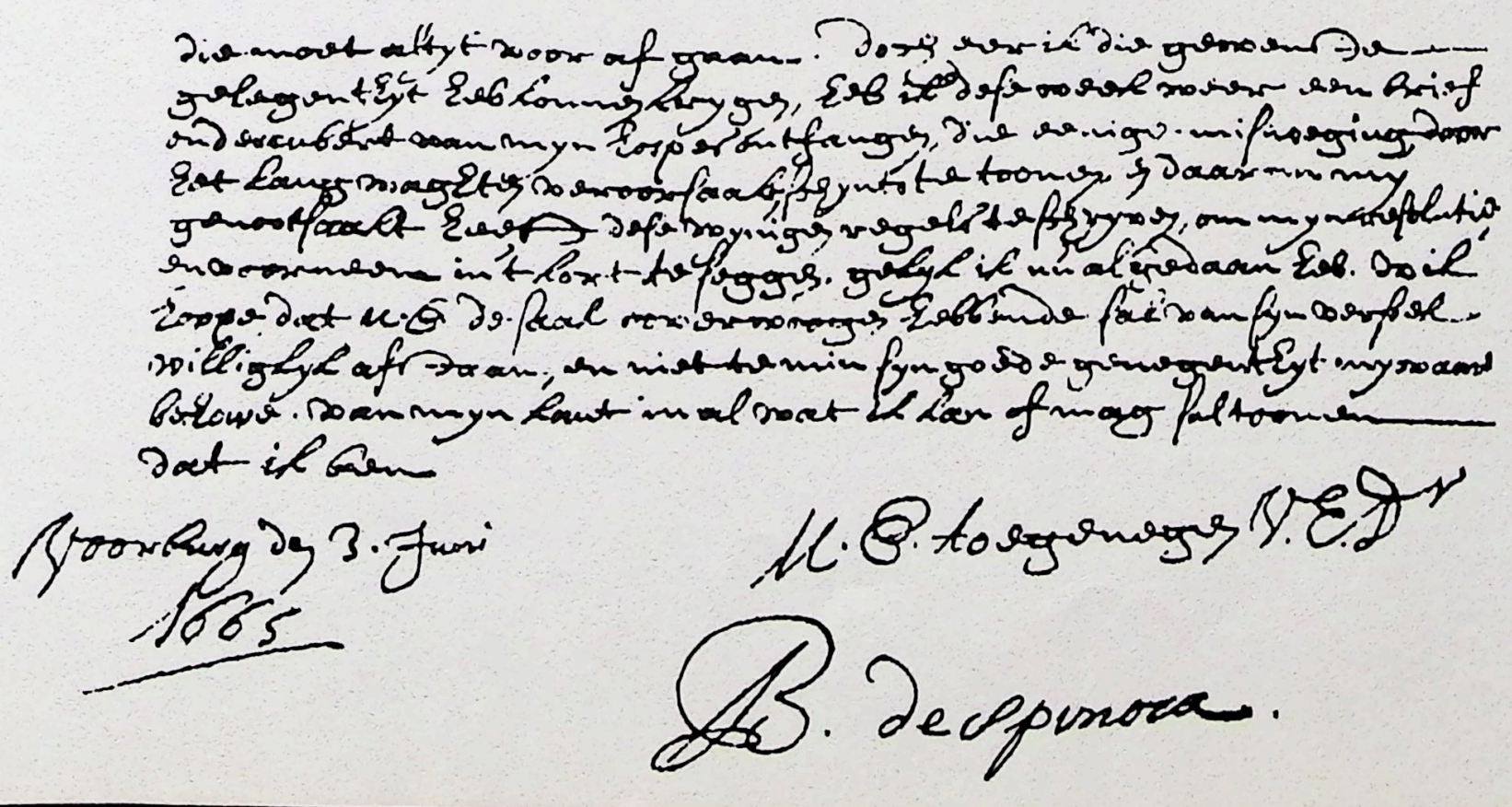
Surely human affairs would be far happier if the power in men to be silent were the same as that to speak. But experience more than sufficiently teaches that men govern nothing with more difficulty than their tongues.

To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.

So long as a man imagines that he cannot do this or that, so long is he determined not to do it: And consequently, so long it is impossible to him that he should do it.

Perfect truth is possible only with knowledge, and in knowledge the whole essence of the thing operates on the soul and is joined essentially to it.

Conceit makes men a nuisance to one another; the conceited man relates only his own great deeds, and only the evil ones of others; he delights in the presence of his inferiors, who will gape at his perfections and exploits; and becomes at last the victim of those who praise him; for none are more taken in by flattery than the proud.



Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as to have to do with her.

Oh, physics! Preserve me from metaphysics!

If you are affronted it is better to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge.

If you can keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defenders.

If I have ever made any valuable discoveries, it has been owing more to patient attention than to any other talent.

The world was made at one cast.

Geometry is that part of universal mechanics which accurately proposes and demonstrates the art of measuring.

The instinct of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful ever-living agent.

What I have done is due to past thought.

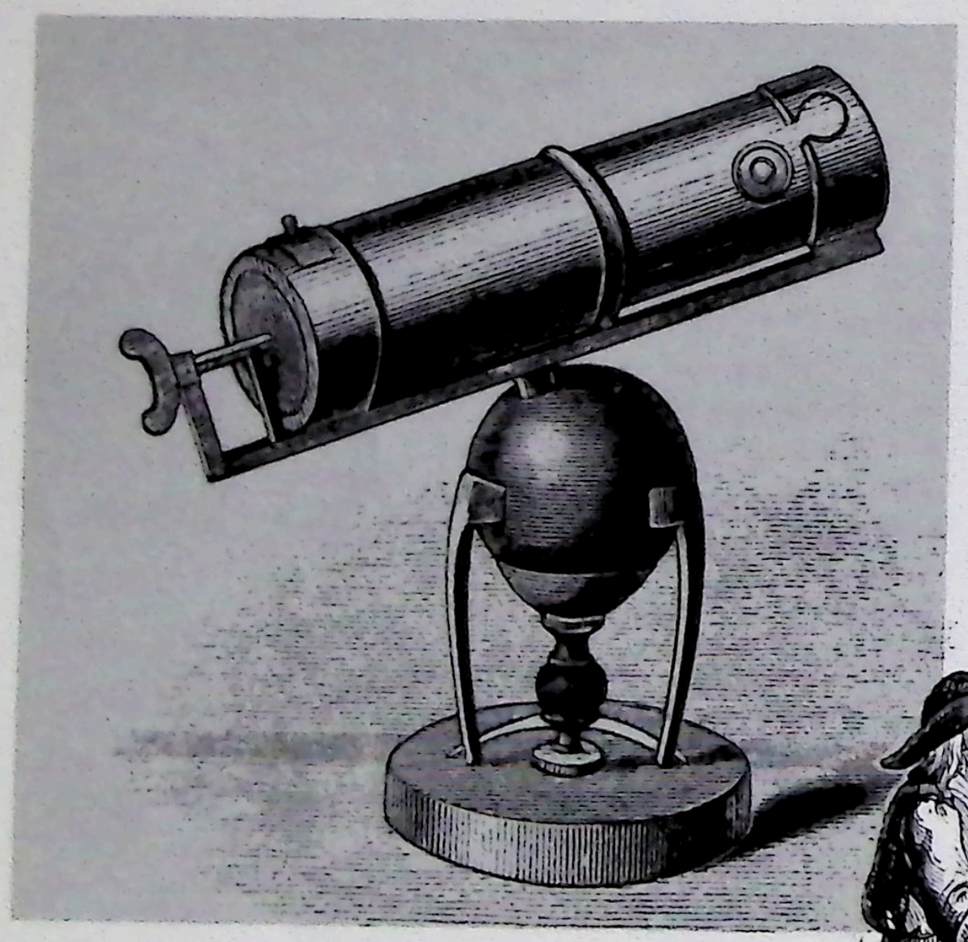
No sciences are better attested than the religion of the Bible.

It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme or imaginary God. And from His true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from His other perfections, that He is supreme, or most perfect.

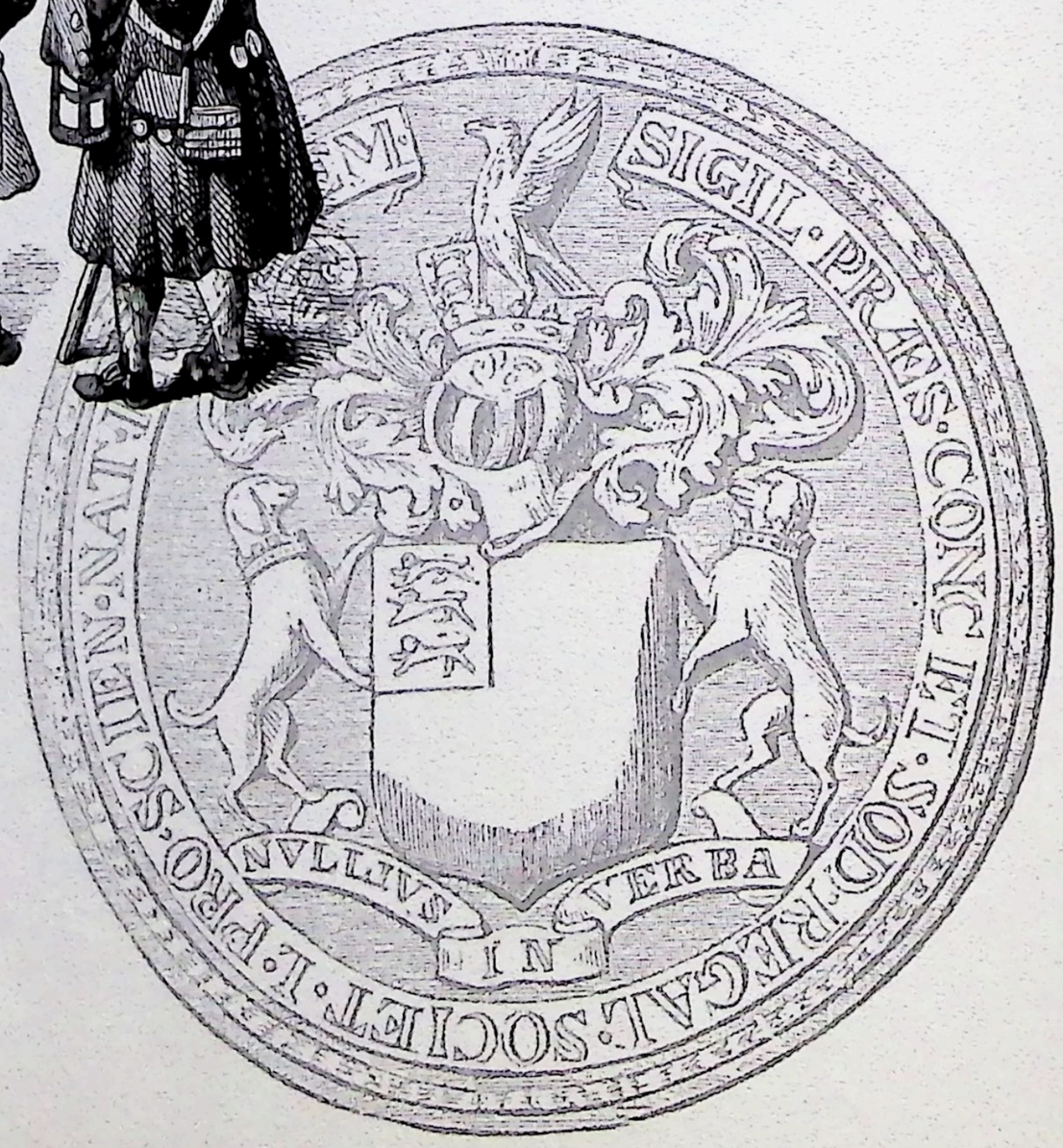
If I have done the public any service, it is due to patient thought.

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

NEWTON



sound. I did think to have sent you what may be objected against this which & so had to write it down, but upon second thought rather reserve it for discourse at o^{r} next & therefore shall only my thanks for letter & present



Js. Newton.

The boast of heraldry, of pomp and power

all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave

Alike await the inevitable hour

The path of glory leads but to the grave

Thomas a Edison

Life itself, without the assistance of colleges and universities, is becoming an advanced institution of learning.

Education isn't play—and it can't be made to look like play. It is hard, hard work. But it can be made interesting work.

There will one day spring from the brain of Science a machine or force so fearful in its potentialities, so absolutely terrifying, that even man, the fighter who will dare torture and death in order to inflict torture and death, will be appalled, and so will abandon war forever.

The brain can be developed just the same as the muscles can be developed, if one will only take the pains to train the mind to think.

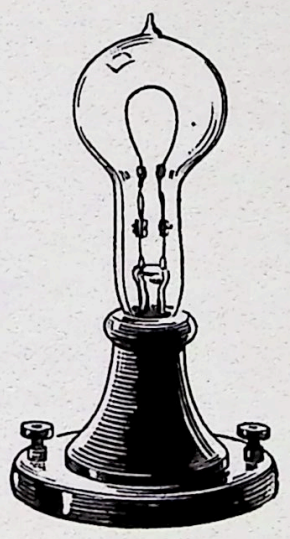
I always welcome criticism.

Personally, I hold the brain above the book.

Progress is the thing that puts most books in the discard.

We live and grow by new knowledge.

The film is the most effective instrument of education.



Show me a thoroughly satisfied man—and I will show you a failure.

The stomach is the only part of man which can be fully satisfied. The yearning of man's brain for new knowledge and experience and for more pleasant and comfortable surroundings never can be completely met. It is an appetite which cannot be appeased.

As human beings are now constituted, it is impossible for them to be very happy. The only ones who are continuously happy are the ones who, having little ambition, do small things of little importance. A man whose business it is to catch butterflies is probably pretty happy all of the time.

My gospel is Work—bringing out the secrets of nature and applying them for the happiness of man.

All over my shops I had signs put up bearing a quotation attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: "There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking."

Atrophy of perception afflicts America today. The eye sees, but no message goes from it to the brain. Despite unquestioned vision of the fact, there is no sensing of it by the individual before whom it is placed. It is seen physically but not mentally.

People with good hearing have become so accustomed to the uproar of civilization that that uproar has become necessary to their lives. If all noise suddenly should stop on Broadway, Broadwayites would faint away.

The child develops through exercise. Give him plenty of exercise for body and brain. The more he works his arm, the bigger the muscles; the more the faculties are exercised in a normal way, the greater the brain. The folds of the brain grow deeper through observation; they grow fallow from disuse.

The young man whose mind has been allowed to atrophy through lack of definite, continuous hard work has few possibilities or none. His time has passed. He's through before he starts.

There is no substitute for hard work.

The best thinking has been done in solitude.

A discovery is more or less in the nature of an accident.

Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits.

We are all happier when we look ahead with confidence.

The inventor tries to meet the demand of a crazy civilization.

Grouches are nearly always pinheads, small men who have never made any effort to improve their mental capacity.

I've been in the inventor business for many years, and my experience is that for every problem the Lord has made He has also made a solution. If you and I can't find the solution, then let's honestly admit that you and I are damned fools, but why blame it on the Lord and say He created something "impossible?"

No sooner does a man bring out a brilliant and practical idea, but some ignoramus must interfere and try to show some reason why the scheme is impractical.

Even if you gave much time and labor to learning the hundreds of wrong ways of doing a thing, it might lead in the end to the right way.

The three great essentials to achieve anything worth-while are, first, hard work; second, stick-to-itiveness; third, common sense.

The human mind cannot be analyzed as the piece of metal can be, but a good deal can be learned about it by finding out, first, whether or not it is really a thinking and remembering machine.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Old age has its pleasures, which, though different, are not less than the pleasures of youth.

To conceive ideas is exhilarating, but it is safe only when you conceive so many that you ascribe no undue consequence to them and can take them for what they are worth. People who conceive few find it very difficult not to regard them with inordinate respect.

Perfection is a trifle dull. It is not the least of life's ironies that this, which we all aim at, is better not quite achieved.

I have not been afraid of excess: Excess on occasion is exhilarating. It prevents moderation from acquiring the deadening effect of a habit.

I wonder how anyone can have the face to condemn others when he reflects upon his own thoughts.

I think what has chiefly struck me in human beings is their lack of consistency. I have never seen people all of a piece. It has amazed me that the most incongruous traits should exist in the same person and, for all that, yield a plausible harmony.

It seems to me that what makes genius is the combination of natural gifts for creation with an idiosyncrasy that enables its possessor to see the world personally in the highest degree and yet with such catholicity that his appeal is not to this type of man or to that type, but to all men.

I have always wondered at the passion many people have to meet the celebrated. The prestige you acquire by being able to tell your friends that you know famous men proves only that you are yourself of small account.

We know that all men are mortal, but it remains for us little more than a logical premise till we are forced to recognize that in the ordinary course of things our end can no longer be remote.

Reverence is often no more than the conventional homage we pay to things in which we are not willing to take an active interest.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meanings. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections.

A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident.

Art, if it is to be reckoned as one of the great values of life, must teach men humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of art is not beauty, but right action.

The great tragedy of life is not that men perish, but that they cease to love.

The fool's old age will be foolish, but so was his youth.

Looking at certain pictures or statues, listening to certain music, I have had an emotion so strong that I could describe it only in the same words as those the mystics use to describe the union with God. That is why I have thought that this sense of communion with a larger reality is not only the privilege of the religious, but may even be reached by other paths than prayer and fasting.

The writer is not one man but many. It is because he is many that he can create many, and the measure of his greatness is the number of selves that he comprises.

Men are passionate, men are weak, men are stupid, men are pitiful; to bring to bear on them anything so tremendous as the wrath of God seems strangely inept.

Most people think little. They accept their presence in the world; blind slaves of the striving which is the mainspring, they are driven this way and that to satisfy their natural impulses, and when it dwindles they go out like the light of a candle. Their lives are purely instinctive. It may be that theirs is the greater wisdom.

The difficulty of self-realization, that bringing to the highest perfection every faculty of which you are possessed, so that you get from life all the pleasure, beauty, emotion and interest you can wring from it, is that the claims of other people constantly limit your activity.

With all my limitations, physical and mental, I have been glad to live. I would not live my life over again. There would be no point in that.

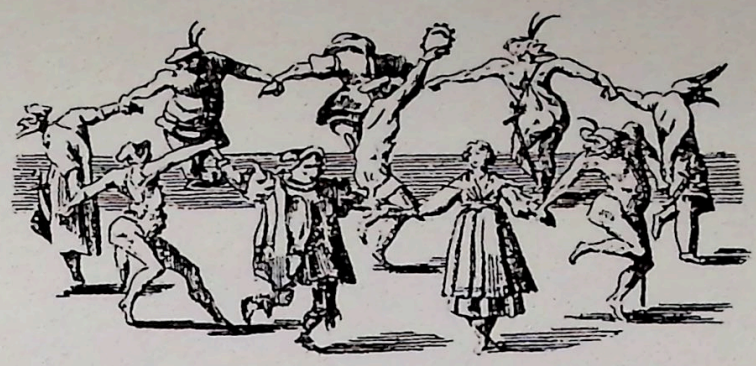
The complete life, the perfect pattern, includes old age as well as youth and maturity. The beauty of the morning and the radiance of noon are good, but it would be a very silly person who drew the curtains and turned on the light in order to shut out the tranquillity of the evening.

I have never been much of a sightseer. So much enthusiasm has been expended over the great sights of the world that I can summon up very little when I am confronted with them.

The value of culture is its effect on character. It avails nothing unless it ennobles and strengthens that. Its use is for life. Its aim is not beauty but goodness.

The only important thing in a book is the meaning it has for you; it may have other and much more profound meanings for the critic, but at second hand they can be of small service to you. I do not read a book for the book's sake, but for my own.

W. Somerset Maugham



MOLIERE

The art of flatterers is to take advantage of the foibles of the great, to foster their errors, and never to give advice which may annoy.

No one is safe from slander. The best way is to pay no attention to it, but live in innocence and let the world talk.

If everyone were clothed with integrity, if every heart were just, frank, kindly, the other virtues would be well-nigh useless, since their chief purpose is to make us bear with patience the injustice of our fellows.

It is not only what we do, but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable.

Haste is not always speed. We must learn to work and wait. This is like God, who perfects His works through beautiful gradations. Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.

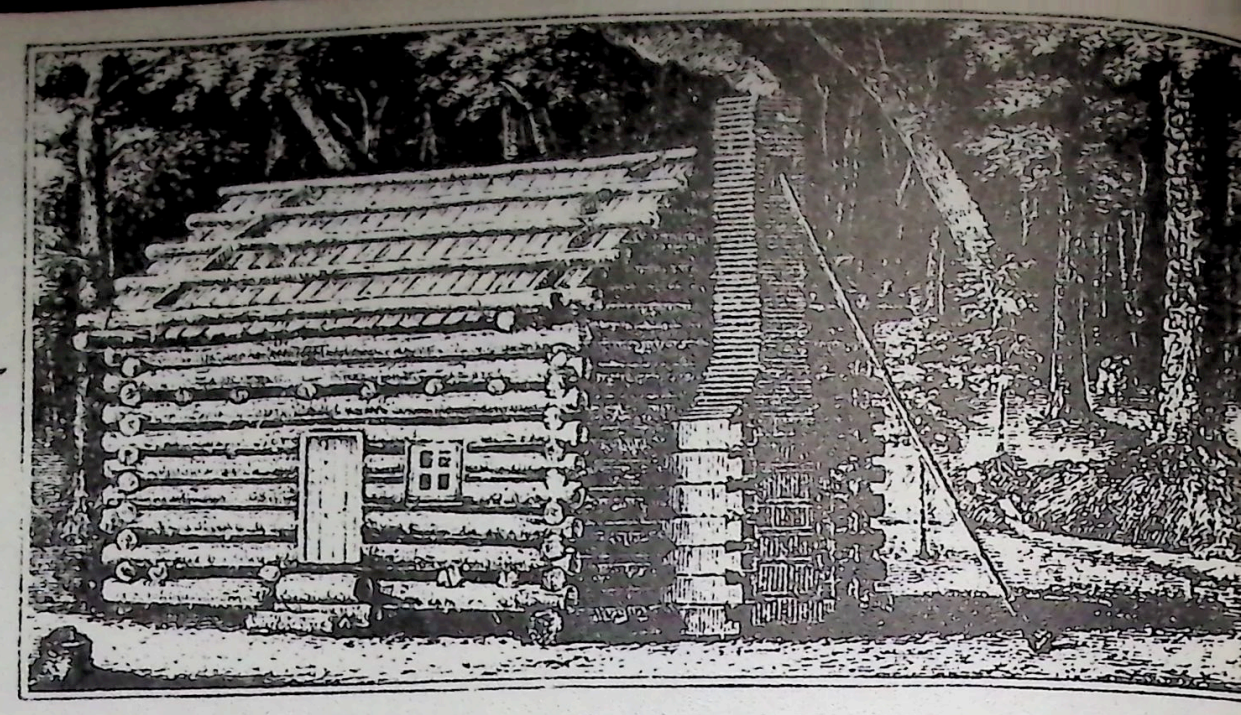
To live without loving is not really to live.

Hypocrisy has become a fashionable vice, and every fashionable vice passes for a virtue.

It is strange that all great men should have some little grain of madness mingled with whatever genius they possess.

The envious will die, but envy never.

What a delight to have a husband at night beside you; were it for nothing save the pleasure of having one to salute you and say, God protect you, when you sneeze.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful.

Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed.

Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing.

I say "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed.

I cannot understand why men should be so eager after money. Wealth is simply a superfluity of what we don't need.

Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind.

When an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

We know nothing of what will happen in future, but by the analogy of past experience.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it.

I believe I shall never be old enough to speak without embarrassment when I have nothing to talk about.

A jury too often has at least one member more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor.

History is not history unless it is the truth.

It is better only sometimes to be right, than at all times to be wrong.

The people know their rights, and they are never slow to assert and maintain them, when they are invaded.

Wisdom and patriotism, in a public office, under institutions like ours, are wholly inefficient and worthless, unless they are sustained by the confidence and devotion of the people.

A capacity and taste for reading gives access to whatever has been discovered by others. It is the key, or one of the keys, to the already solved problems. And not only so; it gives a relish and facility for successfully pursuing the unsolved ones.

When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

The Presidency, even to the most experienced politicians, is no bed of roses.

Reports are often false, and always false when made by a knave to cloak his knavery.

Bad promises are better broken than kept.

In this and like communities, public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed.

A. Lincoln

Be genuine and strenuous; earn for yourself, and look for grace from those in high places; from the powerful, favor; from the active and good, advancement; from the many, affection; from the individual, love.

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

Nothing is worth more than this day.

Everything in the world may be endured except continual prosperity.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

Ambition and love are the wings of great actions.

Fools and wise men are equally harmless. It is the half-fools and the half-wise that are dangerous.

Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Willing is not enough; we must do.

Give me the benefit of your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.

Ignorant men raise questions that wise men answered a thousand years ago.

Goethe

Solitude is fine when you are at peace with yourself and have something definite to do.

Thinking is easy, acting is difficult, and to put one's thoughts into action is the most difficult thing in the world.

Wisdom is only found in truth.

I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which, to our eyes, seems to set in night; but it has in reality only gone to diffuse its lights elsewhere.

The multitude grows neither old nor wise; it always remains in its infancy.

Hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.

The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of a nation; the two keep pace in their downward tendency.

The day is immeasurably long to him who knows not how to value and use it.

It is delightful to transport one's self into the spirit of the past, to see how a wise man has thought before us, and to what a glorious height we have at last reached.

There are but two roads that lead to an important goal and to the doing of great things: Strength and perseverance. Strength is the lot of but a few privileged men; but austere perseverance, harsh and continuous, may be employed by the smallest of us and rarely fails of its purpose, for its silent power grows irresistibly greater with time.

Nothing is more terrible than ignorance in action.

Sin writes histories; goodness is silent.

The art of living rightly is like all arts; it must be learned and practiced with incessant care.

A useless life is an early death.

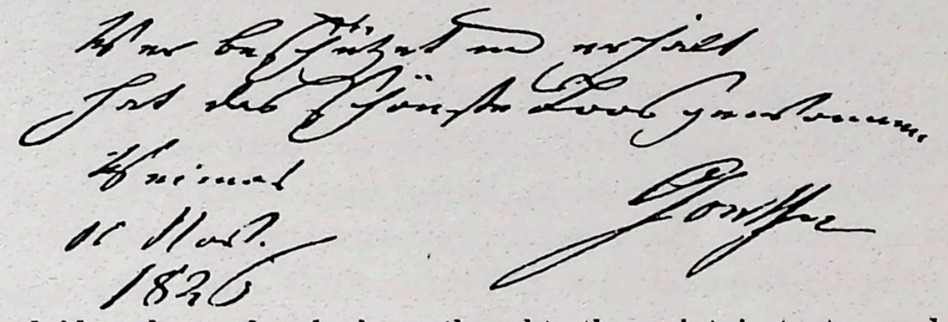
We always have time enough, if we will but use it aright.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Genius develops in quiet places, character out in the full current of human life.

The world is a singularly stupendous fool.

It is better to be deceived by one's friends than to deceive them.



All good ideas have already been thought; the point is to try and think them again.

It is always better to say right out what you think without worrying too much about proving your point. After all, our proofs are only variations of our opinions, and the contrary-minded listen neither to one nor the other.

Fools are never uneasy. Stupidity is without anxiety.

Everything is simpler than you think and at the same time more complex than you imagine.

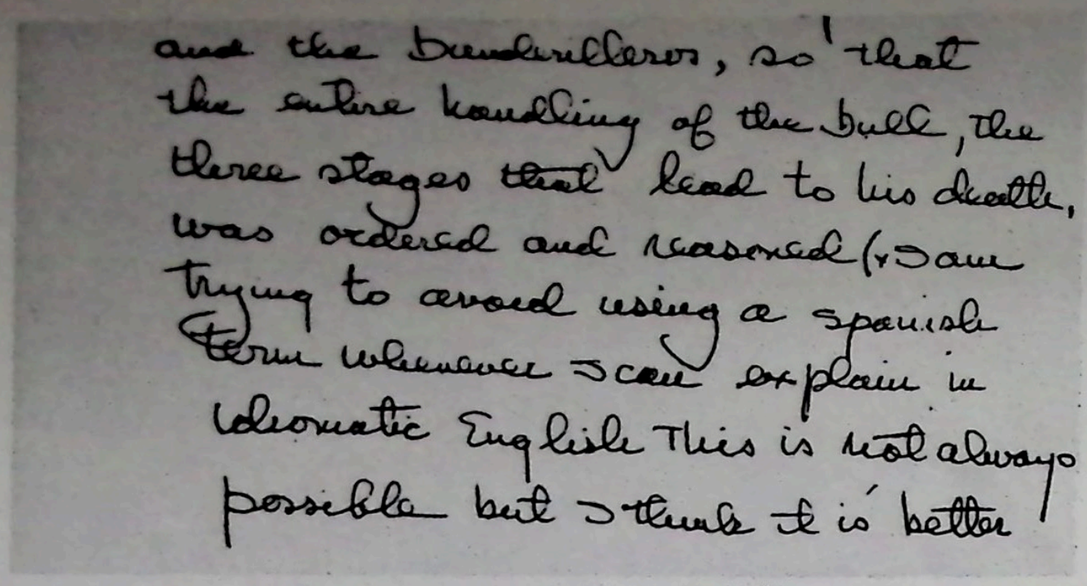
Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers!

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.

Men are so constituted that every one undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.

It is equally a mistake to hold one's self too high, or to rate one's self too cheap.


and the banderilleros, so that the entire handling of the bull, the three stages that lead to his death, was ordered and reasoned (I am trying to avoid using a spanish term whenever I can explain in idiomatic English This is not always possible but I think it is better

Ernest Hemingway

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A writer ought always to write as if he were going to die at the end of a book.

In a war you can never admit, even to yourself, that it is lost. Because when you admit it is lost, you are beaten.

I love to write. Writing is a trade I am still learning. I'm apprenticed out at it until I die. Dopes can say you mastered it. But I know nobody ever mastered it, or could not have been better.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to write straight honest prose on human beings. First you have to know the subject; then you have to know how to write. Both take a lifetime to learn, and anybody is cheating who takes politics as a way out. It is too easy. All the outs are too easy, and the thing itself is too hard to do.

The writer's standard of fidelity to the truth should be so high that his invention, out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be.

The first and final thing you have to do in this world is to last in it and not be smashed by it, and it is the same way with your work. This is at once a rule for the conduct of life and a rule for the conduct of art; to last, and to do work that will last.

I have taken as my ruling idea the determination never to write a false line.

Fanatics do not make good friends for a cause.

If a man writes clearly enough anyone can see if he fakes.

At one time I was so depressed by the state of the world I seriously thought about devoting all my time to doing something about it. But instead I decided to write as well as I could for the rest of my life.

I knew nothing about writing a novel when I started *The Sun Also Rises*, and so wrote too fast and each day to the point of complete exhaustion. The first draft was very bad . . . I had to rewrite it completely. But in the re-writing I learned much.

We have had writers of rhetoric who had the good fortune to find a little, in a chronicle of another man and from voyaging, of how things, actual things can be, whales for instance, and this knowledge is wrapped in the rhetoric like plums in a pudding. Occasionally it is there, alone, unwrapped in pudding, and it is good. This is Melville.

All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so you can give that to people, then you are a writer.

My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything.

A writer's job is to tell the truth. His standard of fidelity to the truth must be so high that his invention which comes almost and invariably out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be.

I only know what I have seen.

Unless you have geography, background, you have nothing. You have a dramatic vacuum.

My aim is to put down on paper what I see and what I feel in the best and simplest way I can tell it.

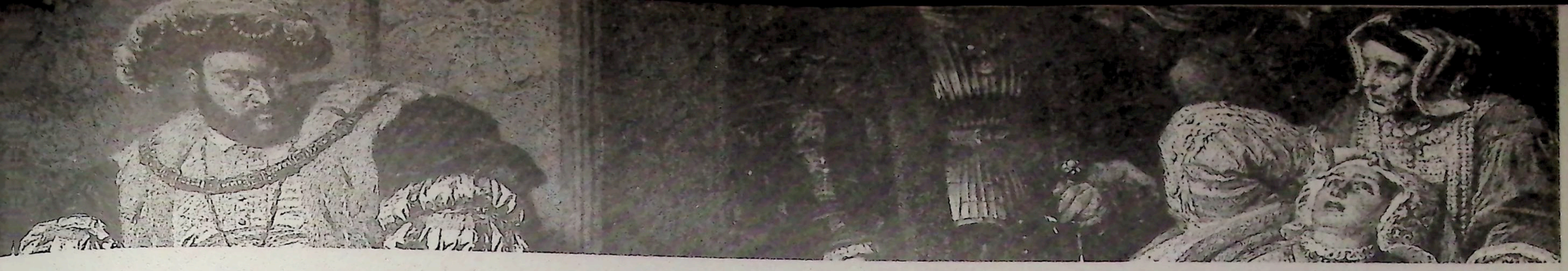
From nothing else that I have ever read have I gotten what every book of Conrad has given me.

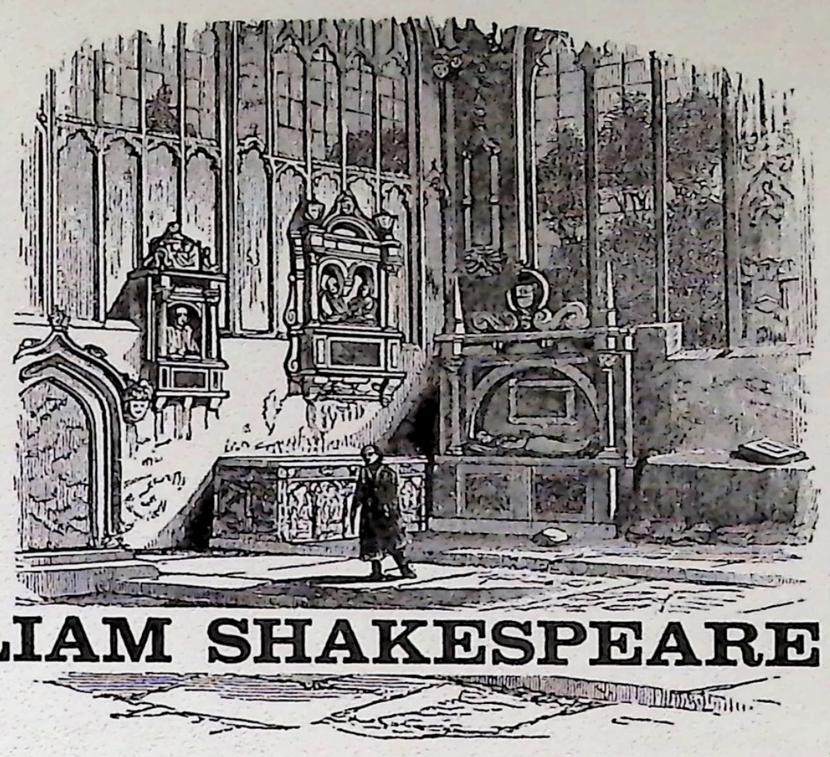
Easy writing makes hard reading. I wish, if I could, to strip language clean, to lay it bare down to the bone.

One of the difficulties in the language is that all our words from loose using have lost their edge.

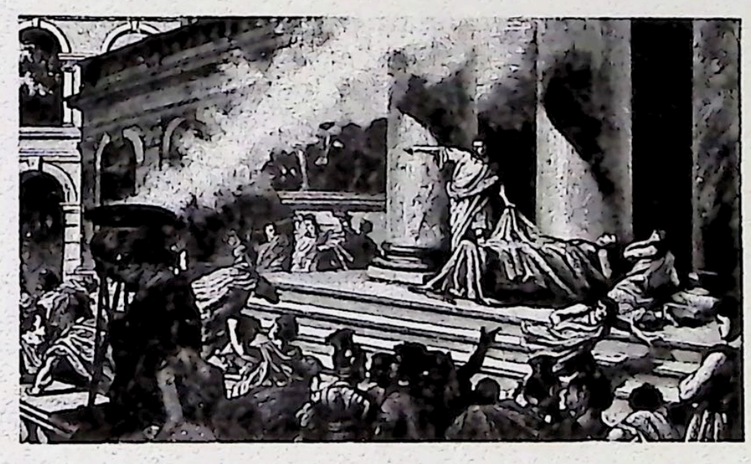
Emerson I group with Hawthorne and Whittier as very good men with the small, dried, and excellent wisdom of Unitarians; men of letters; Quakers with a sense of humor . . . . They were all very respectable. They did not use the words that people have always used in speech, the words that survive in language. Nor would you gather that they had bodies. They had minds, yes. Nice, dry, clean minds.

There is only one thing to do with a novel, and that is to go straight on through to the end of the thing.





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

The better part of valor is discretion.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

A promise made is a debt unpaid.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

Rumor is a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.

What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

The Tragicall Hiſtorie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels. {now call'd Bernardo & Francisco —

1. STand: who is that?
2. 'Tis I.
1. O you come moſt carefully vpon your watch,
2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haſte.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

BERNARD BARUCH

Much as it may be decried, the cold fact remains that ours is an economy actuated by profits. A certain return on money is necessary to make our system work.

Savages crouched in terror before lightning. Benjamin Franklin harnessed it. We have wisely used and adapted the laws of chemistry and physics but not so wisely have we managed laws governing economics and human nature.

It doesn't make any difference who says a thing or what the position of the man may be, the great question is: Is he right, or is he wrong?

No human being can escape war's devastation. Victor, vanquished, and neutrals alike are affected physically, economically, and morally.

Public opinion supports a world movement toward security. The people want a program not composed merely of pious thoughts but of enforceable sanctions—an international law with teeth in it.

I beg you to remember that to delay may be to die. I beg you to believe that the United States seeks no special advantage. I beg you to hold fast to the principle of seeking the good of all, and not the advantage of one.

I repeat—we welcome cooperation but we stand upon our basic principles, even if we stand alone.

In all my life, now past the Biblical allotment of three score and ten years, never before have I seen so rich an opportunity for deathless service as is presented to us here. I want my country associated with victory in this great crusade. For myself, as I look upon a long past and too short a future, I believe the finest epitaph would be—'He helped to bring lasting peace to the world.'

The elimination of war itself is within the range of possibility, I repeat: "The man who learns to say 'A' can learn, *if he chooses*, the rest of the alphabet, too."

There is a famine throughout the world today. It starves men's bodies. But there is a greater famine—the hunger of men's spirit. That starvation can be cured by the conquest of fear, and the substitution of hope, from which springs faith—faith in each other, faith that we want to work together toward salvation, and determination that those who threaten the peace and safety shall be punished.

Peace is never long preserved by weight of metal or by an armament race. Peace can be made tranquil and secure only by understanding and agreement fortified by sanctions. We must embrace international cooperation or international disintegration.

Everyone has a right to his opinions. But no man has a right to circulate errors.

I am a speculator. The word comes from the Latin *speculari*, which means "to observe." I observe.

Our great wealth can be used or abused. We have no fear that it will not be used for the advantage of America and the world in the most rational and enlightened manner. The living standards of the world must be lifted, and ours go higher—not our standards be dragged down to those of others.

Above all, we should keep in mind that the humanities come before the dollars. It may be trite to say it, but it should be said again and again—that our first duty runs to man before business, but we must not forget that sometimes the two are interchangeable.

That old "nothing can be done" philosophy never did appeal to me. I have never believed that man had to lie down dumbly before anything, whether flood, fire, famine, disease, drought, earthquake—or the effects of man's own stupidities, including that most incredible folly of all—war.

As we learn to distill the salt of wisdom from the vast ocean of man's experience, I believe we will discover patterns that are clues to the natural laws governing human affairs.

I would suggest that you take as your motto this thought from Huxley: "God give me strength to face a fact though it slay me."

Lack of self-discipline, weird economics, strange ethics and perverted logic, if persisted in, will surely destroy us.

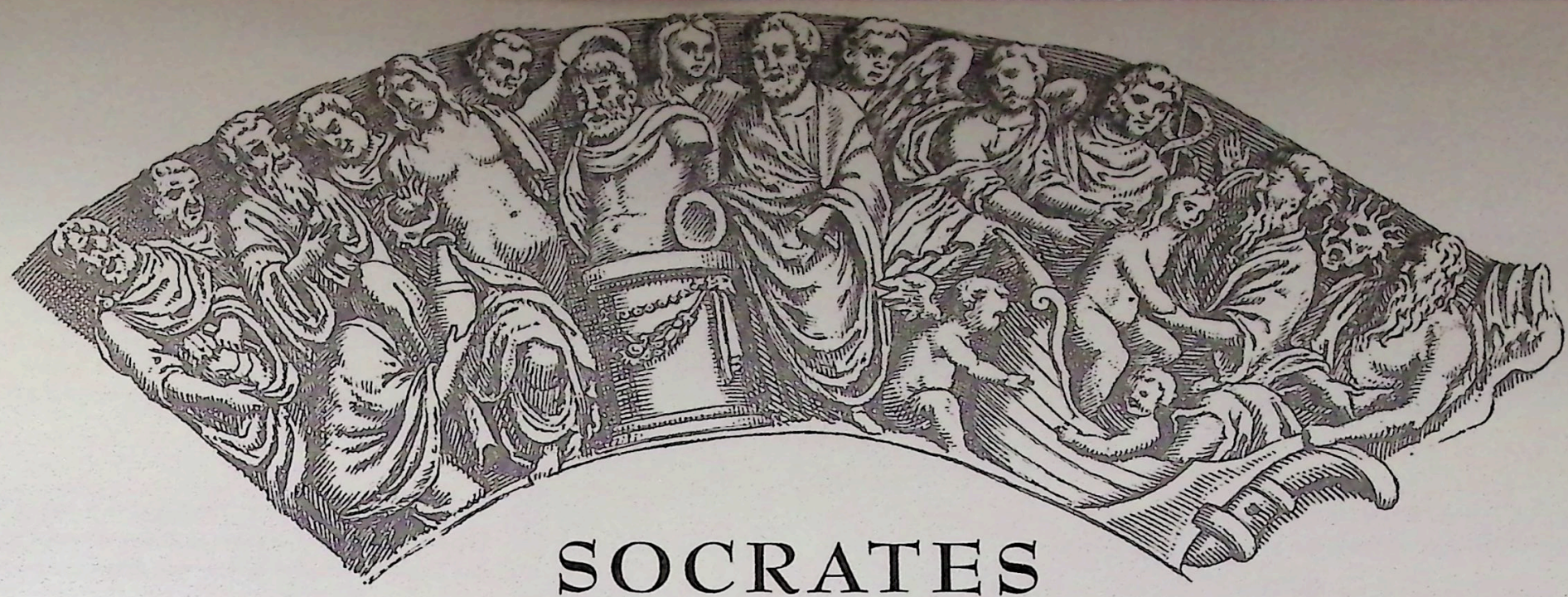
All of us are consecrated to making an end of gloom and hopelessness. It will not be an easy job. The way is long and thorny, but supremely worth traveling. All of us want to stand erect, with our faces to the sun, instead of being forced to burrow into the earth, like rats.

Take the obvious, add a cupful of brains, a generous pinch of imagination, a bucketful of courage and daring, stir well and bring it to a boil.

To achieve the stability we yearn for in this world, we first must find stability within ourselves.

In all our history we have never stopped trying to improve ourselves. We have only to continue in that quest to remain a free and self-respecting people, a sanctuary of strength to the weak and a model of hope for all.

Bernard M. Baruch



SOCRATES

If a rich man is proud of his wealth, he should not be praised until it is known how he employs it.

By all means marry. If you get a good wife, you will become very happy; if you get a bad one, you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.

Once made equal to man, woman becomes his superior.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom has in keeping.

Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

Let him that would move the world, first move himself.

There is only one good, that is knowledge; there is only one evil, that is ignorance.

They who provide much wealth for their children but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses high, but never train them to be useful.

As one man is pleased with improving his farm, another his horse, so I am daily pleased in growing better.

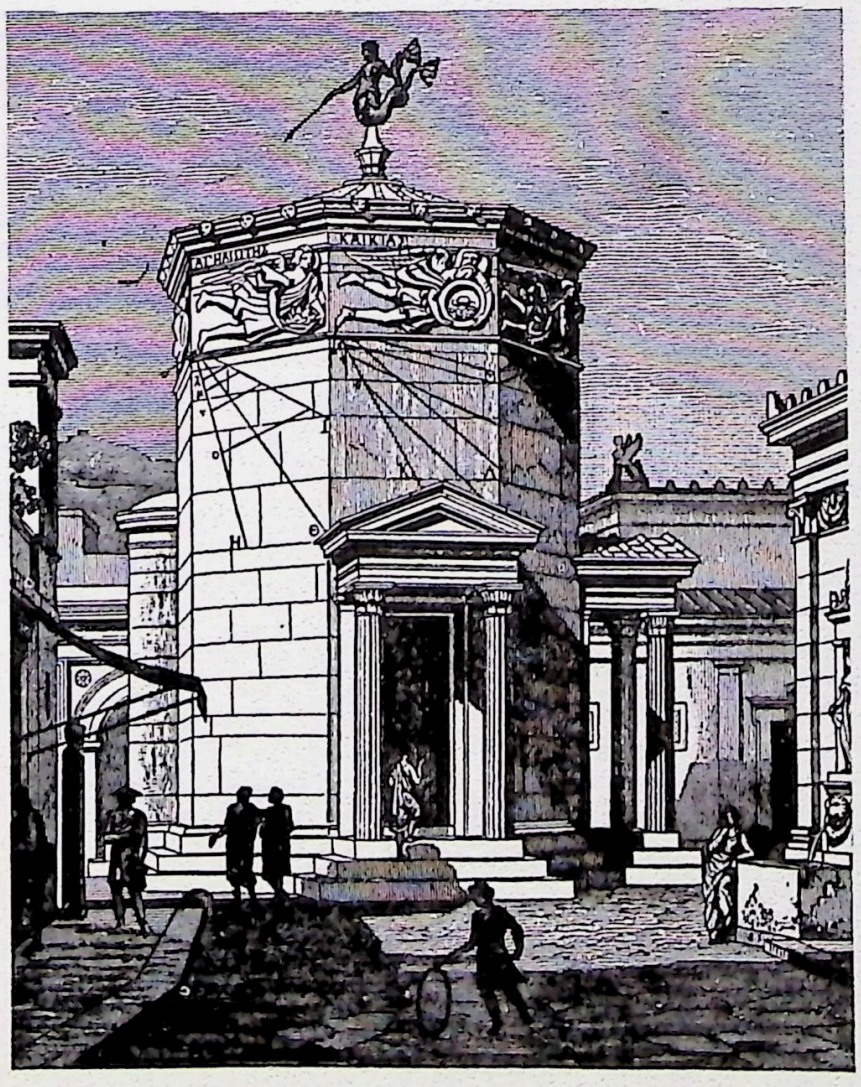
Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence everyone must take an equal portion, most people would be content to take their own and depart.

I am wiser than this man, for neither of us appear to know anything great and good: But he fancies he knows something, although he knows nothing, whereas I, as I do not know anything, so I do not fancy I do.

Better do a little well, than a great deal badly.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.



I know of course that you cannot recommend it or even suggest it yourself; nor can Mrs Winsten bear being implicated in any such suggestion.

But it should be made clear that if the choice were mine I should not hesitate.

G. Bernard Shaw

The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time.

God has given us a world that nothing but our own folly keeps from being a paradise.

Journalism can claim to be the highest form of literature, for all the highest literature is journalism. The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are "not for an age, but for all time" has his reward in being unreadable in all ages.

It is not pleasure that makes life worth living. It is life that makes pleasure worth having.

No question is so difficult to answer as that to which the answer is obvious.

No man who is occupied in doing a very difficult thing and doing it very well ever loses his self-respect.

When I contemplate what I know and have done (not that I ever do) I have a high opinion of myself. When I contemplate what I don't know and cannot do (which I am often forced to do) I feel as a worm might if it knew how big the world is.

Without art the crudeness of reality would make the world unbearable.

When a man has anything to tell in this world, the difficulty is not to make him tell it but to prevent him from telling it too often.

Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will.

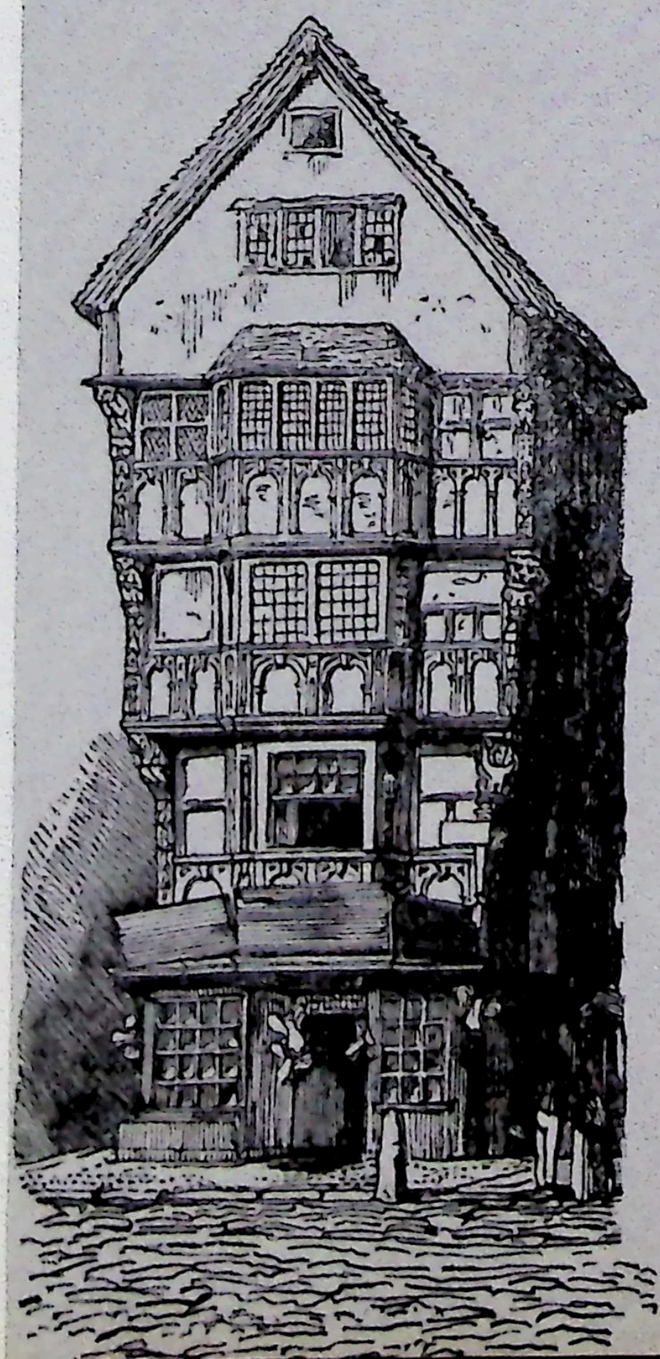
By laughter only can you destroy evil without malice and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness.

All I had to do was to open my normal eyes and with my utmost literary skill put the case exactly as it struck me or describe the thing exactly as I saw it to be applauded as the most humorously extravagant paradoxer in London. The only reproach with which I became familiar was the everlasting "Why can you not be serious?"

Man can climb to the highest summits, but he cannot dwell there long.

The truth is the one thing nobody will believe.

SHAW



How can you love a liar? I don't know. But you can fortunately. Otherwise there wouldn't be much love in the world.

Would you believe it that quite a lot of women have flirted with me because I am quite safe? But they get tired of me for the same reason.

Women spend half their lives telling little lies for men, and sometimes big ones.

The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed but that he cannot believe anyone else.

First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity.

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity. If you watch people carefully you'll be surprised to find how like hate is to love.

How much easier it is to please a great man than a little one.

Money can cure hunger: it cannot cure unhappiness. Food can satisfy the appetite, but not the soul.

I plead for a science of happiness to cure us of the miserable delusion that we can achieve it by becoming richer than our neighbors.

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of he always declares that it is his duty.

The plain working truth is that it is not only good for people to be shocked occasionally but absolutely necessary to the progress of society that they should be shocked pretty often.

A life spent in making mistakes is not only more honorable but more useful than a life spent doing nothing.

The only service a friend can really render is to keep up your courage by holding up to you a mirror in which you can see a noble image of yourself.

The righteous man takes his life in his hand whenever he utters the truth.

Malice and fear are narrow things and carry with them a thousand inhibitions and terrors and scruples. A heart and brain purified of them gain an enormous freedom.

If you would be a real seeker after truth, it is necessary that at least once in your life you doubt, as far as possible, all things.

Common sense is the most widely shared commodity in the world, for every man is convinced that he is well supplied with it.

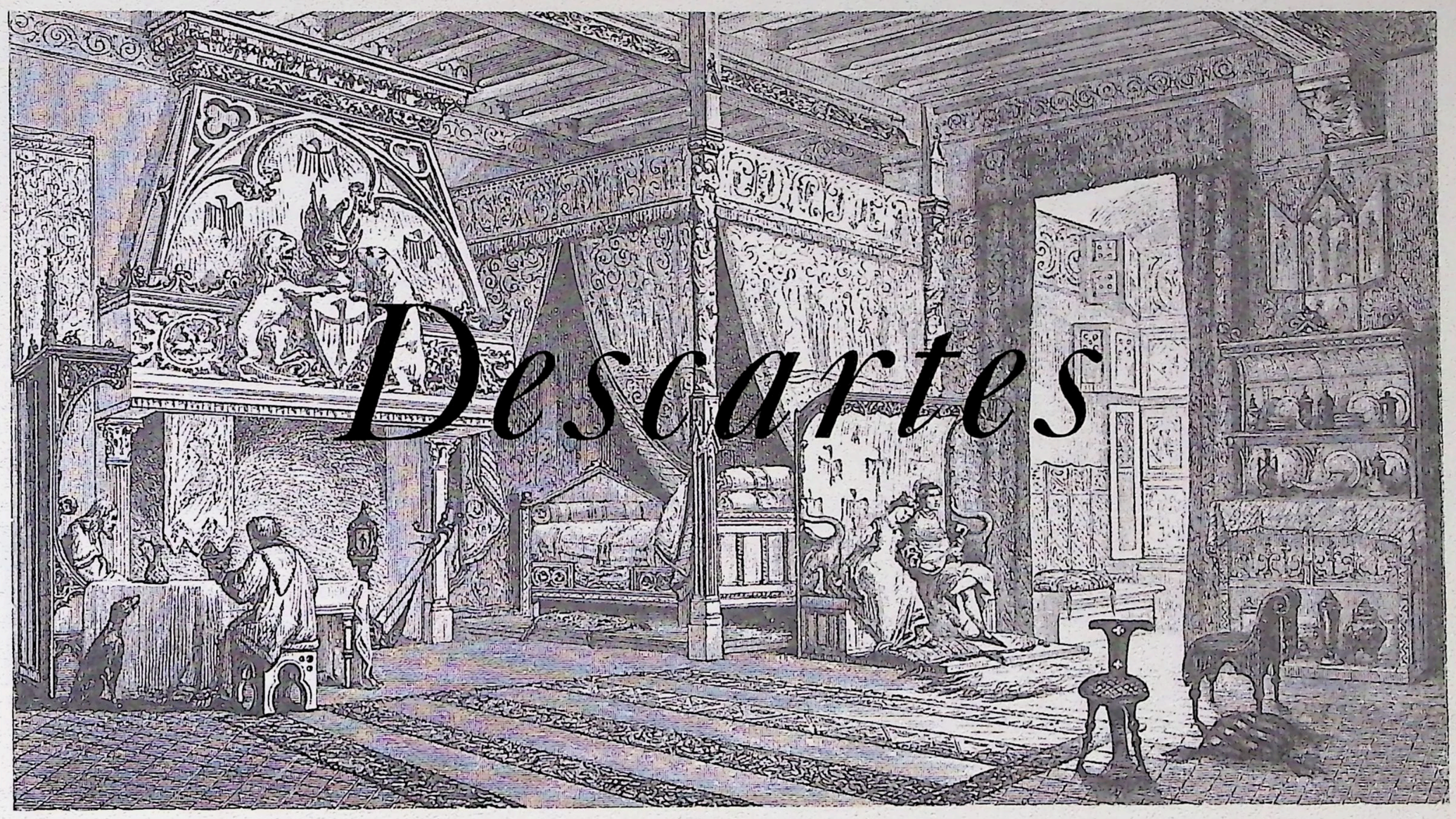
I perceived it to be possible to arrive at a knowledge highly useful in life; and, in place of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical philosophy, by means of which—knowing the force and action of fire, water, air, the stars, the heavens and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans—we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus make ourselves the lords and possessors of nature.

The chief cause of human errors is to be found in the prejudices picked up in childhood.

The mind depends so greatly on temperament and on the disposition of the bodily organs that if it be possible to find a means of rendering men more generally wise and able than they now are, I believe it is through physiology that we must seek for it.

I think, therefore I am.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it.



Descartes

The greatest minds are capable of the greatest vices as well as the greatest virtues.

Reading good books is like having a conversation with the highly worthy persons of the past who wrote them; indeed, it is like having a prepared conversation in which those persons disclose to us only their best thinking.

There are six simple and primary passions, to wit: wonder, love, hatred, desire, joy and sorrow.

Our idea of God implies necessary and eternal existence; the manifest conclusion then is that God does exist.

Good sense is of all things in the world the most equally distributed, for everybody thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that even those most difficult to please in all other matters do not commonly desire more of it than they already possess.

In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.

That God has foreordained everything is self-evident.

I have made it my habit to alter my desires rather than the order of the world, and to consider that what has not come about is, so far as I was concerned, an absolute impossibility.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

The more science we have, the more we are in need of wisdom to prevent its misuse. The imminent tragedy of the contemporary world is written in the fact that positivistic modern culture has magnified science and almost completely emancipated itself from wisdom.

Love essentially is good will; thinking well of others and wishing them well. It is a state of the will, not of the animal passions. Even in its earthiest form it is a giving as well as a taking. People who can not give themselves never can know love.

What is honored in a country, Plato said, is cultivated there. When we honor the difficult tasks of learning and leisure, we shall enjoy their fruits.

Education which does not build on wisdom or respect reason above all else, leads to the frustration of the individual and the brutal conflict of social forces. For whenever reason does not rule, the mind must yield to the sheer weight of opinion propagated by pressure; only might remains and none dares say it is not right.

Man's desire for immortality expresses his dread of disappearance into utter nothingness. He feels a need to be joined with the enduring, the eternal, and a revulsion against total annihilation.

The great books of ancient and medieval, as well as modern, times are a repository of knowledge and wisdom, a tradition of culture which must initiate each new generation.

It is much easier to train the mind than form the character.

In every generation a small number of persons managed to get liberally educated, even as today a few can, in spite of bad schools and teachers, or the lack of them. Learning has always been hard; thinking always painful; and the flesh always weak, weak in the teacher as well as the student.

The best conceivable graduate of the best conceivable school needs adult education as badly as the worst. As far as genuine education is concerned, there are no finishing schools.

It should be obvious why men everywhere and at all times have placed a high value on freedom. The free man—in any sense of the term—is master of himself and not subject to the will of others.

Our educators are themselves the products of our schools and colleges and their liberalism signifies the extent to which our institutions have failed to accomplish liberal education.

What is the ultimate goal toward which every part of schooling or education is directed? It is wisdom. We would all like to be a little wiser than we are—to have a little more understanding, a little more insight, a little more comprehension of the human situation, of the conditions of our lives, of the world in which we live; to know better the difference between good and evil. But how long does it take to become wise? The answer is: A lifetime. Hence if wisdom is the ultimate goal of the whole process of learning, then that process must go on for a lifetime.

Defining truth is easy; knowing whether a particular statement is true is much harder, and pursuing the truth is most difficult of all.

Reasonable men can agree wherever knowledge is possible, but there are many matters about which even reasonable men can only entertain opinions.

Philosophy is not an art, but it makes use of the liberal arts, especially the art of dialectic. It is not theology, for where theology takes its departure from articles of religious faith, philosophy starts with common sense and attempts to refine and deepen the understanding of the world which is latent in common sense.

Science, as well as philosophy and literature, cultivates the human mind.

It is obvious that anyone who can think can learn. Anyone who stops thinking stops learning.

What every schoolboy doesn't know is that he doesn't know very much. This is precisely what every intelligent adult does know: That he did not get an education in school.

Socrates got the reputation of being a wise man by going around trying to persuade people how little they knew. There is, of course, some truth in the ancient insight that awareness of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom. But it is just the beginning. We have to do something about it.

Education is necessary for all adults—just as much for those who have gone through colleges and universities as for those who have not gone beyond elementary school. The person who has had more schooling has some advantage in the long process of learning, but all adults, as they begin their adult life, are on much the same footing so far as the goals of education are concerned.

No one can be given a completed liberal education in school, college, or university, for unlike the body, the mind's capacity for growth does not terminate with youth; on the contrary, the mature mind is more educable than the immature; therefore, adult education must take up where the schools leave off and continue the process through all the years of adult life.

When we realize that liberal learning must be carried on throughout each individual life, as one of the main pursuits of leisure, we can begin to estimate the full magnitude of the educational problem that our society must cope with for the first time in the history of mankind.

The basic intellectual virtues are understanding, knowledge, and wisdom.

Adult education does not consist of a course of study or a subject matter to be mastered in a fixed number of years, something to take an examination on and pass, and then be finished with forever. That is not the point. Adult education, once begun, is interminable. Nothing but serious illness relieves any adult of his responsibility to continue learning year after year, every part of every year, until the end of his life.

Without a liberally schooled and a liberally educated people, democracy and capitalism must degenerate into a mockery of themselves.

Mortimer J. Adler

It is of dangerous consequence to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.

A slanderer cannot succeed unless he has a reputation for hating slander.

Curiosity is only vanity. Most frequently we wish not to know, but to talk. We would not take a sea voyage for the sole pleasure of seeing without hope of ever telling.

It is not good to be too free. It is not good to have everything one wants.

Eloquence is the art of saying things in such a way that those to whom we speak may listen to them with pleasure.

Even those who write against fame wish for the fame of having written well, and those who read their works desire the fame of having read them.

To pity the unhappy is not contrary to selfish desire; on the other hand, we are glad of the occasion to thus testify friendship, and attract to ourselves the reputation of tenderness, without giving anything.

Man is not worthy of God; but he is not incapable of being made worthy.

Man's greatness lies in his power of thought.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Man's chief disease is curiosity about things he cannot know.

When we are too young our judgment is weak; when we are too old, ditto.

Men, not having been able to cure death, misery, and ignorance, have imagined to make themselves happy by not thinking of these things.

All men have happiness as their object: There is no exception. However different the means they employ, they all aim at the same end.

Time cures sorrows and squabbles because we all change, and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended is the same.

By space the universe embraces me and swallows me up like an atom, by thought I embrace the universe.

Man is so made that by continually telling him he is a fool he believes it, and by continually telling it to himself he makes himself believe it. For man holds an inward talk with himself alone, which it behooves him to regulate well.

PASCAL

Although persons may have no interest in what they are saying, we must not conclude absolutely that they are not lying; for there are people who lie simply for the sake of lying.

Happiness is neither within us only, or without us; it is the union of ourselves with God.

He that takes truth for his guide, and duty for his end, may safely trust to God's providence to lead him aright.

Our senses can grasp nothing that is extreme. Too much noise deafens us; too much light blinds us; too far or too near prevents us seeing; too long or too short is beyond understanding; too much truth stuns us.

Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction.

Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, cook, street porter, vapor and wish to have their admirers; and philosophers even wish the same. Those who write against it wish to have the glory of having written well; and those who read it wish to have the glory of having read well; and I, who write this, have perhaps this desire; and perhaps those who will read this.

If all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world.

Imagination disposes of everything; it creates beauty, justice, happiness, which is everything in this world.

How exalted, how worthy of all honour is the character of your profession! The doctor has been appointed by God Himself (cf. Eccli. 38, 1) to minister to the needs of suffering humanity. He who created that fever-consumed or mangled frame, now in your hands, who loves it with an eternal love, confides to you the ennobling charge of restoring it to health. You will bring to the sick-room and the operating table something of the charity of God, of the love and tenderness of Christ, the Master Physician of soul and body.

That the blessing of the King of Kings may descend upon you and your work and all your dear ones and your beloved country and remain forever, is the wish and prayer that rise from our affectionate heart.

POPE PIUS XII

In the attitude of prayer man reveals his greatest nobility, hence it was strikingly affirmed that "man is great only when he is kneeling."

God's masterpiece is man, and to this masterpiece of love, He has given a power to love unknown to irrational creatures. Man's love is personal, that is to say, conscious; free, that is to say, subject to the control of his responsible will.

Moral teachings themselves have only a superficial effect upon the spirit unless they are buttressed by acts.

It is a clear principle of wisdom that every progress is truly such if it knows how to add new conquests to the old, new advantages to those acquired in the past, in short, if it knows how to store up experience.

The school cannot be compared to a chemical laboratory, in which the risk of wasting more or less costly substance is compensated by the probability of a discovery; for every single soul in the school, salvation or ruin is at stake.

The aged! People are sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, hard with regard to their little demands, their innocent manias, wrinkles that time has impressed on their souls, like those that furrow their faces, but that should make them more venerable in the eyes of others. People are easily inclined to reprove them for what they no longer do, instead of reminding them again, as they deserve, of what they *have* done. One smiles, perhaps, at their weakening memory, and one does not always recognize the wisdom of their judgments.

In the order of nature, among social institutions there is none that is dearer to the Church than the family.

The teacher, the educator who draws inspiration from the role of fatherhood, whose final end is the generation of human beings similar to ourselves, will form his students with the example of his life no less than with precepts.

Living faith in a personal, transcending God releases a pure and enduring moral force which governs the whole course of life; because faith is not only a virtue, but also the divine entrance through which all virtues enter into the temple of the soul and form that strong and tenacious character which does not vacillate even in the severest tests of reason and justice.

In recent years, the movies and sports, to say nothing of the necessity of daily work, have tended to draw the members of the family increasingly away from home, upsetting the natural development of domestic life. How can We not rejoice to see television efficaciously contributing to the restoration of the balance, offering the whole family the chance of enjoying together pleasant recreation far from the dangers of unhealthful company and places?

The more conscientiously the competent authorities of the State respect the rights of the minority, the more surely and effectively can it demand of its members that they carry out loyally the civic duties which are shared with other citizens.

Nothing is lost with peace. Everything may be lost with war. Let men come again to understand one another. Negotiating with good will and with respect for their reciprocal rights, they will perceive that honorable success is never precluded to sincere and constructive negotiations.

It is with the force of reason, not with that of armaments, that Justice makes its advances. And empires not founded on Justice are not blessed by God.

The souls of husband and wife should be put in common, as if to form of two souls one soul only.

Conjugal love, as soon as it loses its healthy sereneness, its strong tenderness, its holy fecundity, and resembles selfish and profane love, is easily tempted to seek full enjoyment elsewhere.

JESUS

Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

Why callest thou me good? None *is* good, save one, *that is*, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor *thy* rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

And many false prophets shall rise and deceive many.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before *it hated* you.

Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith.

The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

My kingdom is not of this world.

All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.

For what shall it profit a man, what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, lose his own soul? or be cast away? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward: and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward.

God *is* a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship *him* in spirit and in truth.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke *is* easy, and my burden is light.

A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.

He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

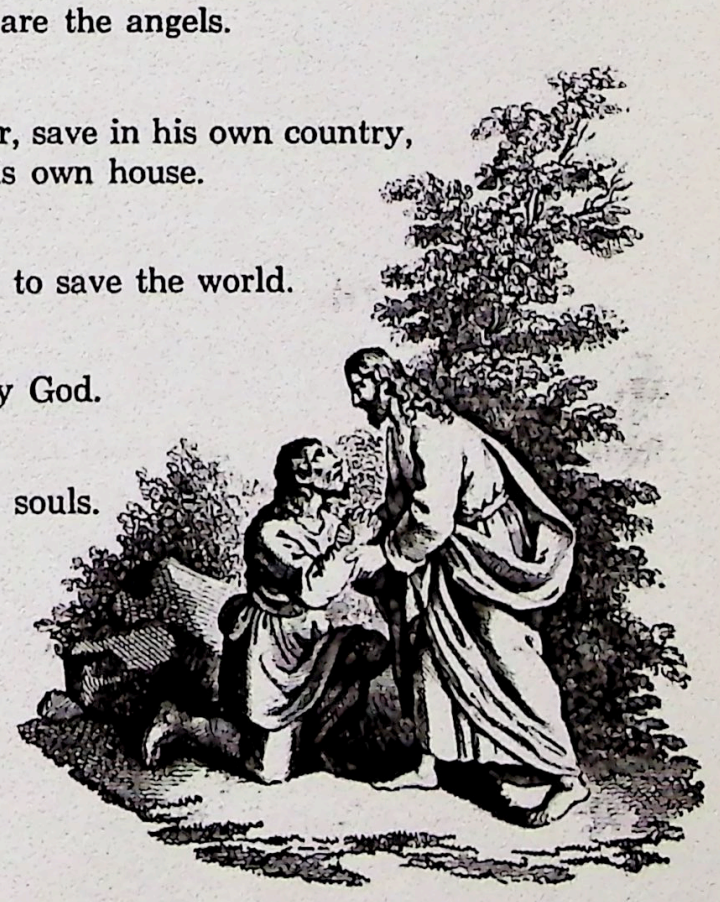
I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

God is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.



FRANCOIS DE FÉNELON

I AM TOUCHED WITH THE SUFFERINGS of your sick friend, but I rejoice that he supports them so well. You are right in making a distinction between willingness to suffer and courage. Courage is a certain elevation and strength of mind with which people overcome everything. Those minds that are guided by the spirit of God, and that are conscious of their own weakness, do what is necessary to be done without being aware of their own strength and without any assurance of success. They endure and overcome by an inexplicable power that is within them without their knowing it, that comes to them as occasion requires, as if it were borrowed, and that they do not think of appropriating to themselves. They are not thinking of suffering well, but insensibly they are able to bear every trial to the very end, in peace and simplicity, without any other desire than that the will of God be fulfilled.

There is nothing brilliant, nothing grand, nothing striking in the eyes of others, and still less in their own, in this. If you tell them that they have suffered nobly, they will not understand you. They do not know themselves how all this comes to pass; they scarcely know what is in their own hearts, and they do not seek to know. If they endeavored to know, they would lose something of their simplicity. This is what we call perfect good will, that makes less show but is far greater than what is called courage. It is like water, the less taste or color it has, the purer it is; and it is its purity that makes it transparent. This good will, which is only a love of the will of God, becomes, upon every occasion, just what it should be, that it may conform itself to Him. Happy are those who have the beginning, the seeds within them, of this unspeakable good.

I am very sorry for the imperfections you find in human beings, but we must learn to expect but little from them; this is the only security from disappointment. We must receive from them what they are able to give us, as from trees the fruits that they bear. God bears with imperfect beings, and even when they resist His goodness. We ought to imitate this merciful patience and endurance. It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.

Do not attend to those who, under the domination of prejudice, erect of themselves a tribunal of justice. If anything can cure them, it is to leave them to themselves and to go on in your own path, with the simplicity and meekness of a child.

Do not be discouraged at your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them, as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardor of mind which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into your daily occupations. Speak, move, act in peace, as if you were in prayer.

Do everything without eagerness, as if by the spirit of God. As soon as you perceive your natural impetuosity impelling you, retire into the sanctuary, where dwells the Father of Spirits, listen to what you there hear; and then neither say or do anything but what He dictates in your heart.

You will find that you will become more tranquil; that your words will be fewer and more to the purpose, and that with less effort you will accomplish more good. I do not recommend here a perpetual struggle of the understanding after something impracticable, but a habit of quietness and peace, in which you may take counsel of God with regard to duty.

This you will find a simpler and shorter consultation than the eager and tumultuous debates that you usually hold with self when you yield to your own natural impetuosity.

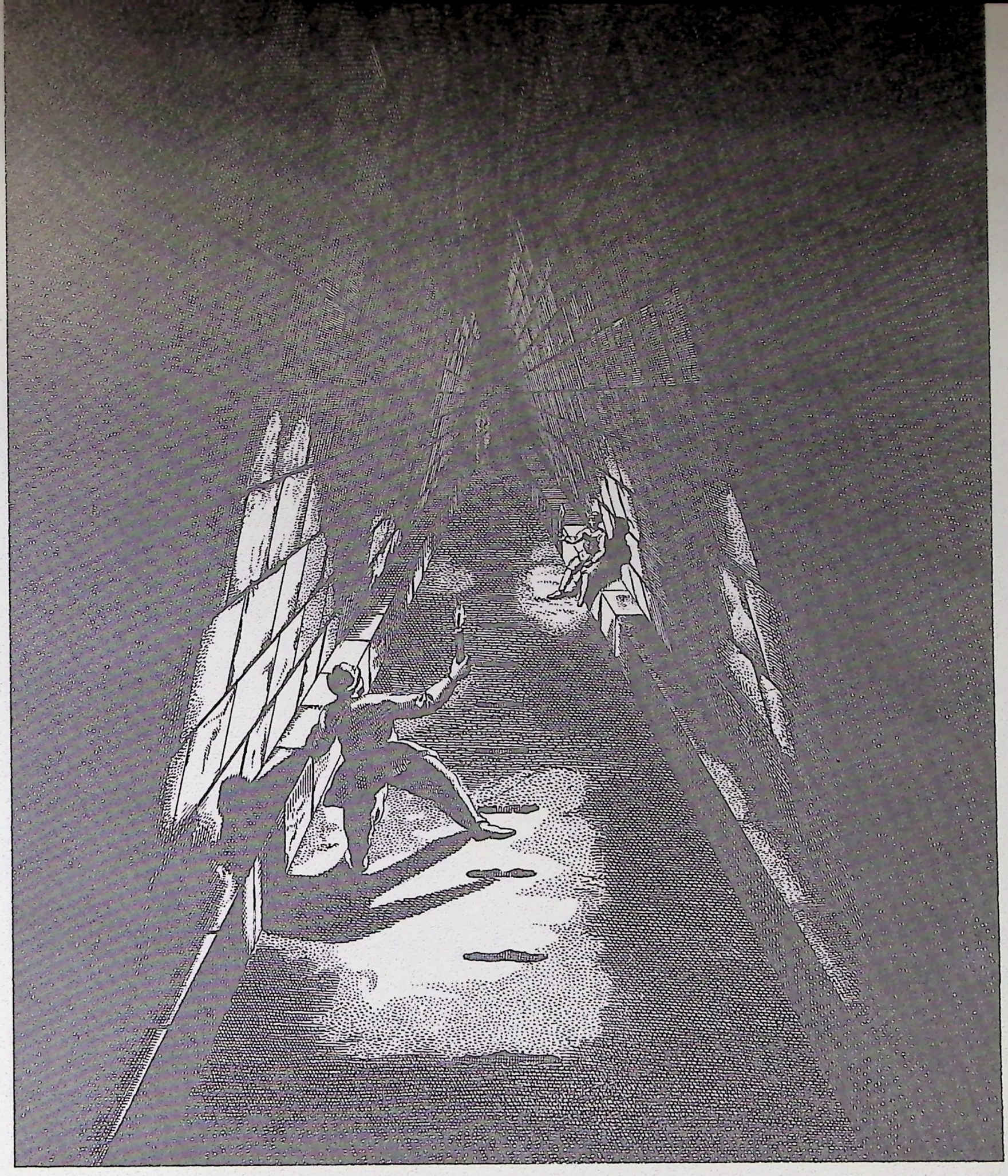
When the heart is fixed on God, it can easily accustom itself to suspend the natural movements of ardent feeling, and to wait for the favorable moment when the voice within may speak. This is the continual sacrifice of self and the life of faith. This death of self is a blessed life; for the grace that brings peace succeeds to the passions that produce trouble. Endeavor to acquire a habit of looking to this light within you; then all your life will gradually become a prayer.

Do not dwell upon remote events; this anxiety about the future is contrary to a religious state of mind. When God bestows any blessings upon you, look only to Him in the comfort that you receive, and take every day of the manna that He sends you, as the Israelites did, without making yourself any provision for the morrow.

A life of faith produces two things. First, it enables us to see God in everything. Secondly, it holds the mind in a state of readiness for whatever may be His will. We must trust to God for whatever depends upon Him, and only think of being faithful ourselves in the performance of our duties. This continual, unceasing dependence, this state of entire peace and acquiescence of the soul in whatever may happen, is the true, silent martyrdom of self. It is so slow, and gradual, and internal, that they who experience it are hardly conscious of it.

When God deprives you of any blessing, He can replace it, either by other instruments, or by Himself. The very stones can in His hands become the children of Abraham. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; the morrow will take care of itself. He who has fed you today, will take care of you tomorrow.

We shall sooner see the manna fall from heaven in the desert, than the children of God shall want support.



SIGMUND FREUD

Men are beginning to perceive that all this newly-won power over space and time, this conquest of the forces of nature, this fulfillment of age-old longings, has not increased the amount of pleasure they can obtain in life, has not made them feel any happier.

Civilized man has exchanged some part of his chances of happiness for a measure of security.

A dream is a psychosis, with all the absurdities, delusions and illusions of a psychosis.

Life as we find it is too hard for us; it entails too much pain, too many disappointments, impossible tasks. We cannot do without palliative remedies. There are perhaps three of these means: Powerful diversions of interest, which lead us to care little about our misery; substitutive gratifications, which lessen it; and intoxicating substances, which make us insensitive to it. Something of this kind is indispensable.

Words have a magical power. They can bring either the greatest happiness or deepest despair; can transfer knowledge from teacher to student; words enable the orator to sway his audience and dictate its decisions. Words are capable of arousing the strongest emotions and prompting all man's actions. Do not ridicule the use of words in psychotherapy.

It seems to be certain that our present-day civilization does not inspire in us a feeling of well-being, but it is very difficult to form an opinion whether in earlier times people felt any happier and what part their cultural conditions played in the question.

A man like me cannot live without a hobby-horse, a consuming passion—in Schiller's words, a tyrant. I have found my tyrant, and in his service I know no limits. My tyrant is psychology.

I do not have a very high opinion of the bulk of mankind. I feel that the irrational forces in man's nature are so strong that the rational forces have little chance of success against them. A small minority may be able to live a life of reason, but most men are more comfortable living with their delusions and superstitions than with the truth.

Walt Disney

You'll be a poorer person all your life if you don't know some of the great stories and the great poems. But the actual world of nature and human nature is where you will live and work with your neighbors and your competitors. So keep your eyes open.

Every child is born blessed with a vivid imagination. But just as a muscle grows flabby with disuse so the bright imagination of a child pales in later years if he ceases to exercise it.

When youngsters get into serious trouble it is generally the parents who are delinquent, not the children. If you will look a little deeper, when some unpleasant incident occurs, you'll find that there's usually something wrong in the domestic menage. In too many cases the parents are the ones who are in trouble, and the parents are the ones who need help.

In order to make good in your chosen task, it's important to have someone you want to do it *for*. The greatest moments in life are not concerned with selfish achievements but rather with the things we do for the people we love and esteem, and whose regard we need.

Children are more intelligent today because their experience is greater. Exposure and schools are better. They have access to visual education in the schools. The imagination of the teacher is supplemented by the best visual aids. She in turn is stimulated and gets as much out of the films as the student does.

The cartoon is a good medium to stimulate interest. It is an ideal medium for teaching and it has always been my hope that we could do something that way. But it would have to be of general interest, yet helpful in teaching. It should be used for opening people's minds and meeting their needs. We have recently explained mathematics in a film and in that way excited public interest in this very important subject. *Donald in Mathmagic Land* stimulated interest in mathematics and turned out very well.

There are fashions in reading, even in thinking. You don't have to follow them unless you want to. On the other hand, watch out! Don't stick too closely to your favorite subject. That would keep you from adventuring into other fields. It's silly to build a wall around your interests.

There is more treasure in books than in all the pirates' loot on Treasure Island and at the bottom of the Spanish Main . . . and best of all, you can enjoy these riches every day of your life.

The American child is a highly intelligent human being—characteristically sensitive, humorous, openminded, eager to learn, and has a strong sense of excitement, energy and healthy curiosity about the world in which he lives. Lucky indeed is the grownup who manages to carry these same characteristics over into his adult life. It usually makes for a happy and successful individual.

People often ask me if I know the secret of success, and if I could tell others how to make their dreams come true. My answer is, you do it by working.

Public taste in amusement has changed very decidedly since the early days when the motion picture was a toy, a novelty; it has changed as much in animation as in live action cinema offerings.

I do not make pictures for children, at least not just for children. I won't play down to them. Too many people grow up. That's the real trouble with the world, too many people grow up. They forget. They don't remember what it's like to be twelve years old. They patronize; they treat children as inferiors. I won't do that. I'll temper a story, yes. But I won't play down, and I won't patronize.

The secret of juggling many responsibilities is organization. Key men are responsible to me and constantly in touch with me to see that I'm there at the right time. These administrators keep things running.

Animation is different from other parts. Its language is the language of caricature. Our most difficult job was to develop the cartoon's unnatural but seemingly natural anatomy for humans and animals.

Fantasy and reality often overlap.

If I were a fatalist, or a mystic, which I decidedly am not, it might be appropriate to say I believe in my lucky star. But I reject "luck"—I feel every person creates his own "determinism" by discovering his best aptitudes and following them undeviatingly.

Animals have personalities like people and must be studied.

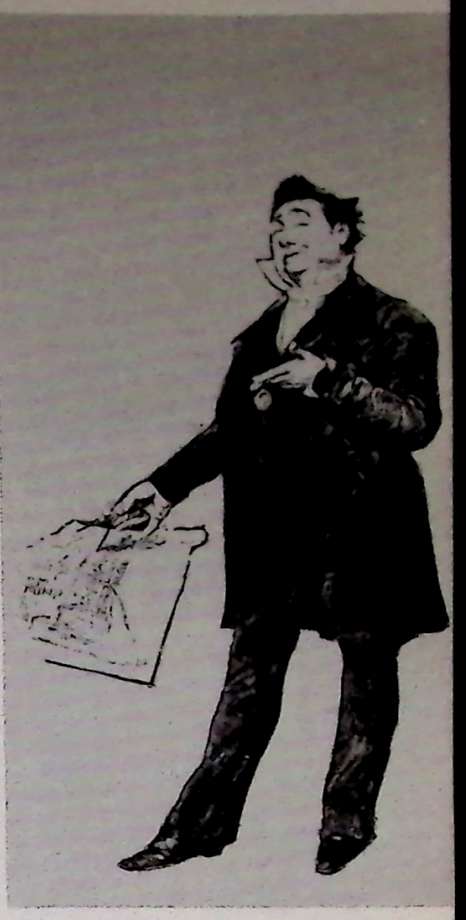
Man is an animal as well as a creature with a soul. He has many things in common with his lesser brothers. In fact, he is the funniest, the most pathetic of all the animals. It is from this viewpoint that we have contrived all the comedy and blunderous behavior of our animal characters and fables from the birth of Mickey Mouse and the antics of Donald Duck to and through our feature fantasies.

Women are the best judges of anything we turn out. Their taste is very important. They are the theater-goers, they are the ones who drag the men in. If the women like it, to heck with the men.

We learned a great deal during the war years when we were making instruction and technological films in which abstract and obscure things had to be made plain and quickly and exactly applicable to the men in the military services. These explorations and efficiencies of our cartoon medium must not be unused and extended in the entertainment field.

Our pictures are as close to scientific truth as possible. But occasionally a minor point is yielded for the sake of drama or clarity.

Literary versions of old fairy tales are usually thin and briefly told. They must be expanded and embellished to meet the requirements of theater playing time, and the common enjoyment of all members of movie-going families. The screen version must perceive and emphasize the basic moral intent and the values upon which every great persistent fairy tale is found. To these ends I have devoted my own best efforts and the talents of my organization, in full realization of our responsibility as a mass entertainer and especially our responsibility to our vast audience of children around the world.



Charles Dickens

While there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world quite so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

The despisers of mankind – apart from the mere fools and mimics of the creed – are of two sorts: they who believe their merit neglected and unappreciated, make up one class; they who receive adulation and flattery, knowing their own worthlessness, composing the other.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation, whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.

Mature affection, homage, devotion, does not easily express itself. Its voice is low. It is modest and retiring, it lays in ambush and waits. Such is the mature fruit. Sometimes a life glides away, and finds it still ripening in the shade. The light inclinations of very young people are as dust compared to rocks.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

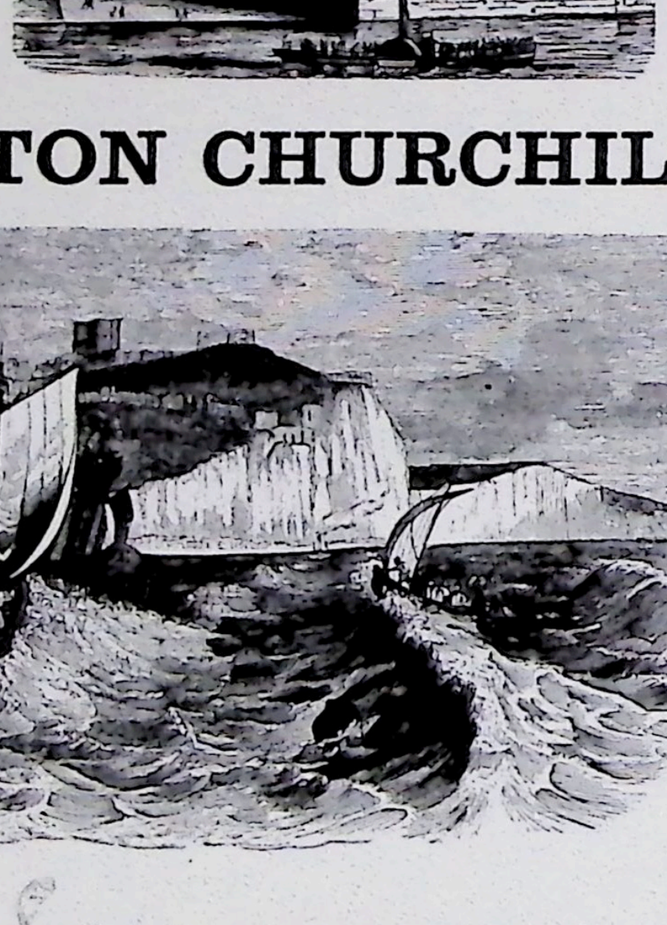
Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts.

Every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good and impressible for evil, and it is in the nature of things that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men.

Chapman and Hall, is considered the best likeness that has been engraved of the author. You can order it of any bookseller. There is another published with the signature of Dor. which I am told is not so good.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Man in this moment of his history has emerged in greater supremacy over the forces of nature than has ever been dreamed of before. There lies before him, if he wishes, a golden age of peace and progress. He has only to conquer his last and worst enemy—himself.

The only guide to a man is his conscience; the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to walk through life without this shield, because we are so often mocked by the failure of our hopes; but with this shield, however the Fates may play, we march always in the ranks of honor.

We shall go forward together. The road upward is long. There are upon our journey dark and dangerous valleys through which we have to make and fight our way. But it is sure and certain that if we persevere, and we shall persevere, we shall come through these dark and dangerous valleys into a sunlight broader and more genial and more lasting than mankind has ever known.

As the great scroll of history unrolls, many complicated incidents occur which it is difficult to introduce effectively into the pattern of the likes and dislikes of the epoch in which we live.

The human story does not always unfold like a mathematical calculation on the principle that two and two make four. Sometimes in life they make five or minus three; and sometimes the blackboard topples down in the middle of the sum and leaves the class in disorder and the pedagogue with a black eye.

Science, which now offers us a golden age with one hand, offers at the same time with the other the doom of all that we have built up inch by inch since the Stone Age and the dawn of any human annals. My faith is in the high progressive destiny of man. I do not believe we are to be flung back into abyssmal darkness by those fiercesome discoveries which human genius has made. Let us make sure that they are servants, but not our masters.

Our inheritance of well founded, slowly conceived codes of honour, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow.

The power of man has grown in every sphere except over himself. Never in the field of action have events seemed so harshly to dwarf personalities. Rarely in history have brutal facts so dominated thought or has such a widespread individual virtue found so dim a collective focus. The fearful question confronts us: Have our problems got beyond our control? Undoubtedly we are passing through a phase where this may be so.

Winston S. Churchill

A philosopher's duty is not to pity the unhappy—it is to be of use to them.

Life is thickly sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us.

All men are equal; it is not birth but virtue alone that makes the difference.

To whatever side you turn, you are forced to acknowledge your own ignorance and the boundless power of the Creator.

I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition.

All history is little else than a long succession of useless cruelties.

Every man, as to character, is the creature of the age in which he lives. Very few are able to raise themselves above the ideas of their times.

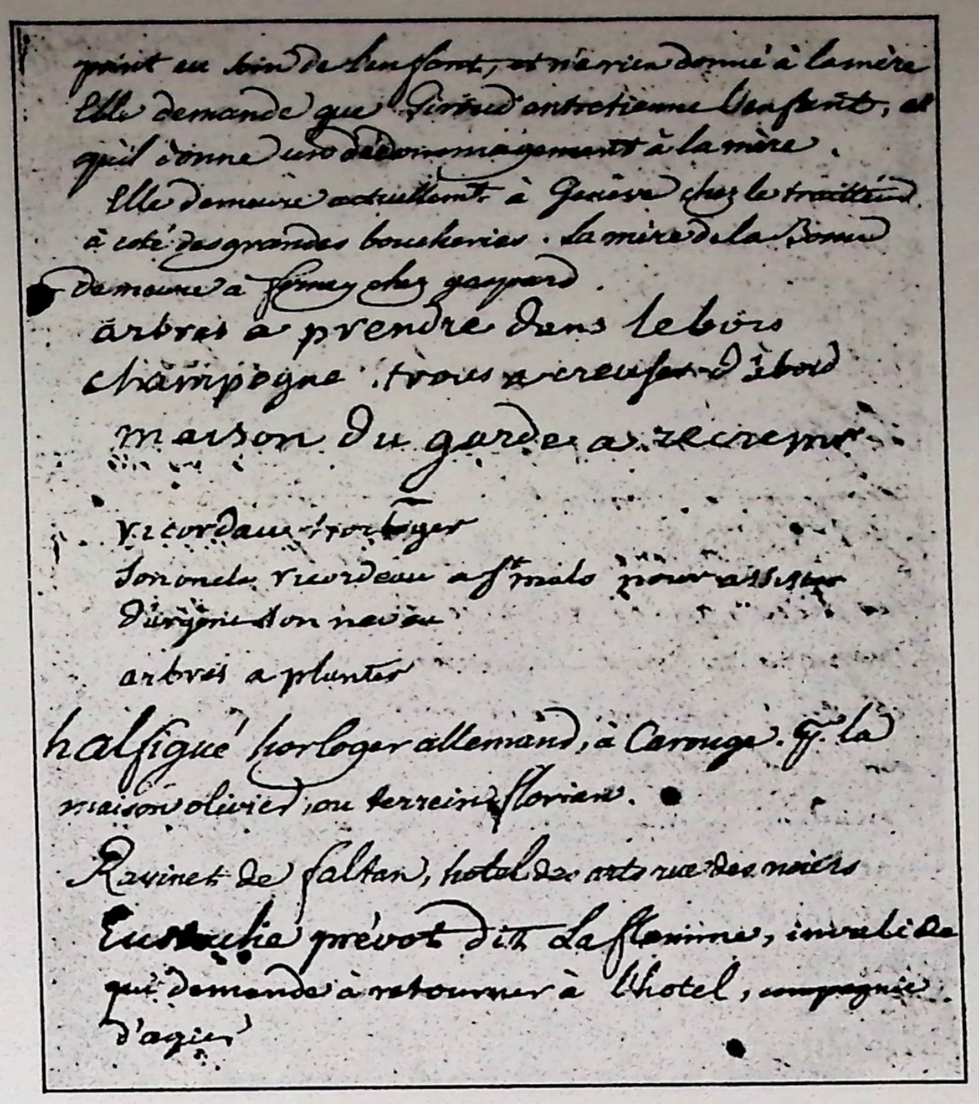
Man is free at the moment he wishes to be.

All joys do not cause laughter. Great pleasures are serious; pleasures of love do not make us laugh.

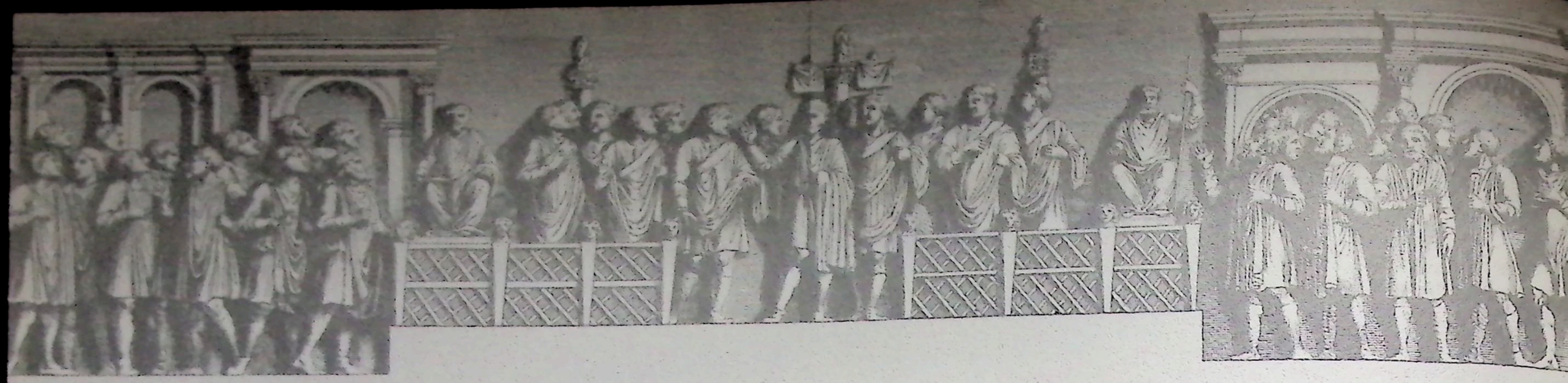
To forgive our enemies their virtues—that is a great miracle.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

A long dispute means that both parties are wrong.



VOLTAIRE



SENECA

Virtue is a lofty quality, sublime, royal, unconquerable, untiring. You will meet virtue in the temple, the market-place, the senate-house, manning the walls, covered with dust, sunburned, horny-handed. You will find pleasure sulking out of sight, seeking for shady nooks.

The highest good is immortal. It knows no ending, and does not admit of either satiety or regret. A right-thinking mind never alters or becomes hateful to itself... nor do the best things ever change.

But pleasure dies at the very moment when it charms us most. It has no great scope, and therefore it soon cloys and wearies us and fades away as soon as its first impulse is over. Indeed, we cannot depend upon anything whose nature is to change.

A man should be unbiased and ought not to be conquered by external things. He ought to feel confidence in his own spirit, and so order his life as to be ready alike for good or bad fortune. But let not his confidence be without knowledge, nor his knowledge without steadfastness. Let him abide by what he has determined, and let there be no erasure in his doctrine.

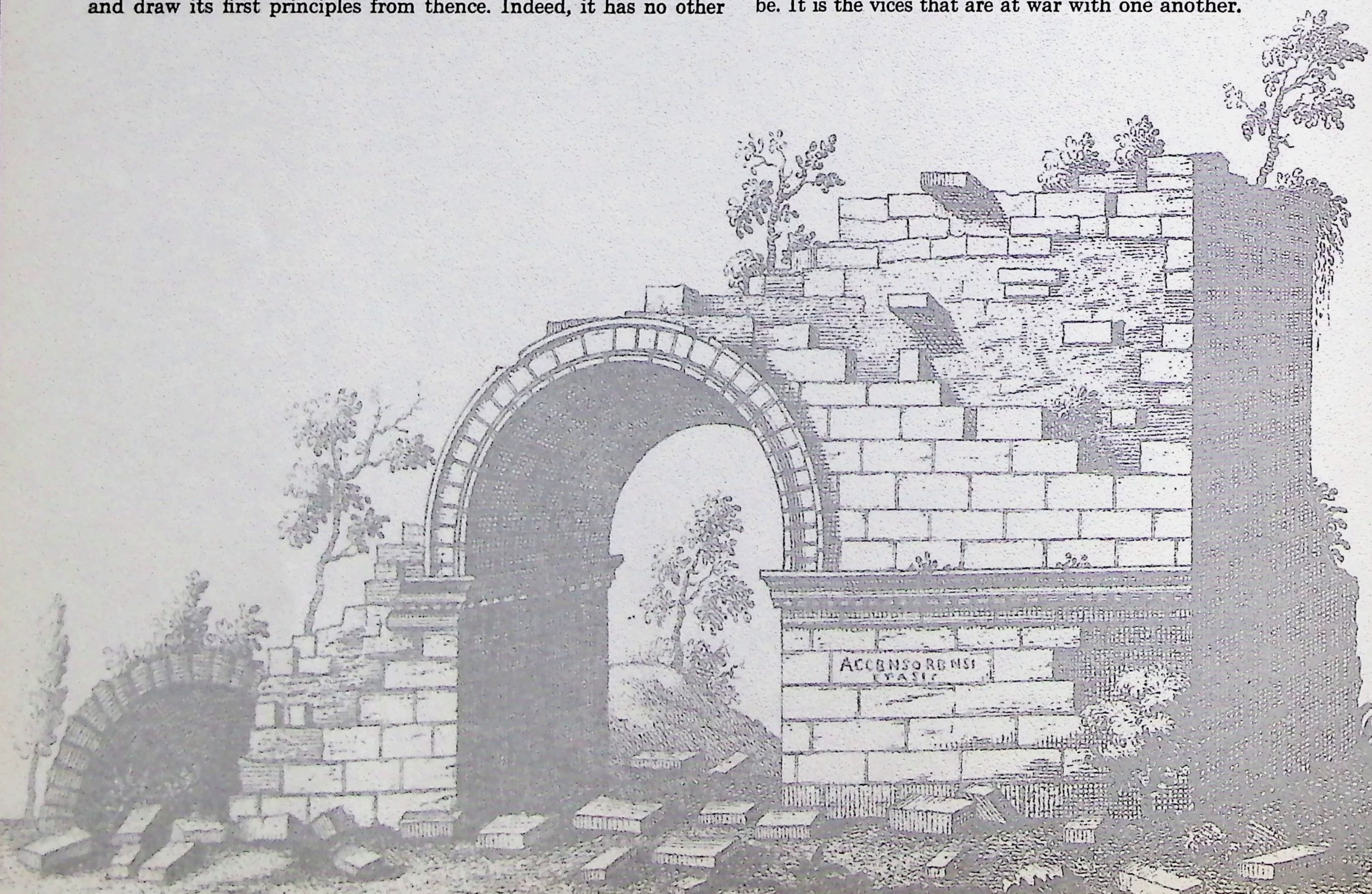
Let reason be encouraged by the senses to seek for the truth, and draw its first principles from thence. Indeed, it has no other base of operations or place from which to start in pursuit of truth: it must fall back upon itself. Even the all-embracing universe and God who is its guide extends Himself forth into outward things ... and yet altogether returns from all sides back to Himself. Let our mind do the same thing.

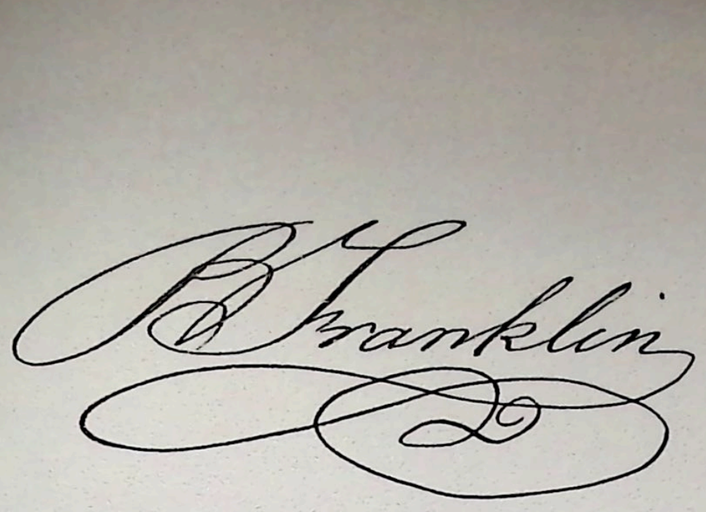
By this means we shall obtain a strength and an ability which are united. We shall derive from it that reason which never halts between two opinions, nor is dull in forming its perceptions, beliefs or convictions.

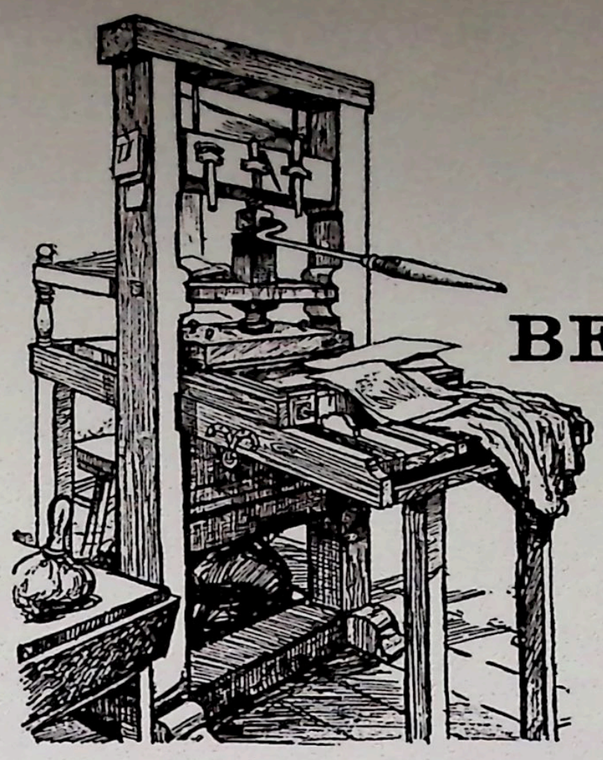
Such a mind, when it has arranged itself in order, made its various parts agree together and, if I may so express myself, harmonized them, has attained to the highest good. For it has nothing evil or hazardous remaining, nothing to shake it or make it stumble.

This mind will do everything under the guidance of its own will, and nothing unexpected will befall it. But whatever may be done by it will turn out well, and that, too, readily and easily, without the doer having recourse to any underhand devices.

You may, then, boldly declare that the highest good is singleness of mind, for where agreement and unity are, there must the virtues be. It is the vices that are at war with one another.







BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Strive to be the greatest Man in your Country, and you may be disappointed; Strive to be the best and you may succeed: He may well win the race that runs by himself.

Life with Fools consists in Drinking; With the wise Man, Living's Thinking.

Eat few Suppers, and you'll need few Medicines.

To err is human, to repent divine; to persist, devilish.

The World is full of fools and faint hearts; and yet every one has courage enough to bear the misfortunes, and wisdom enough to manage the Affairs of his neighbour.

Beware of little Expences; a small leak will sink a great ship.

He's a Fool that cannot conceal his wisdom.

If you'd know the Value of Money, go and borrow some.

A Man without a Wife, is but half a Man.

If you would be loved, love and be lovable.

A long Life may not be good enough, but a good Life is long enough.

Work as if you were to live 100 years, Pray as if you were to die To-morrow.

Silence is not always a Sign of wisdom, but Babbling is ever a Folly.

The Doors of wisdom are Never shut.

Liberality is not giving much, but giving wisely.

Suspicion may be no fault but showing it may be a great one.

Would you persuade, speak of interest, not of reason.

Of learned fools, I have seen ten times ten; of unlearned wise men, I have seen a hundred.

Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

He is ill clothed that is bare of virtue.

There have been as great souls unknown to fame as any of the most famous.

Teach your child to hold his tongue, he'll learn fast enough to speak.

A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one.

All would live long, but none would be old.

There are three Things extremely hard, Steel, a Diamond, and to know one's self.

Genius without Education is like Silver in the Mine.

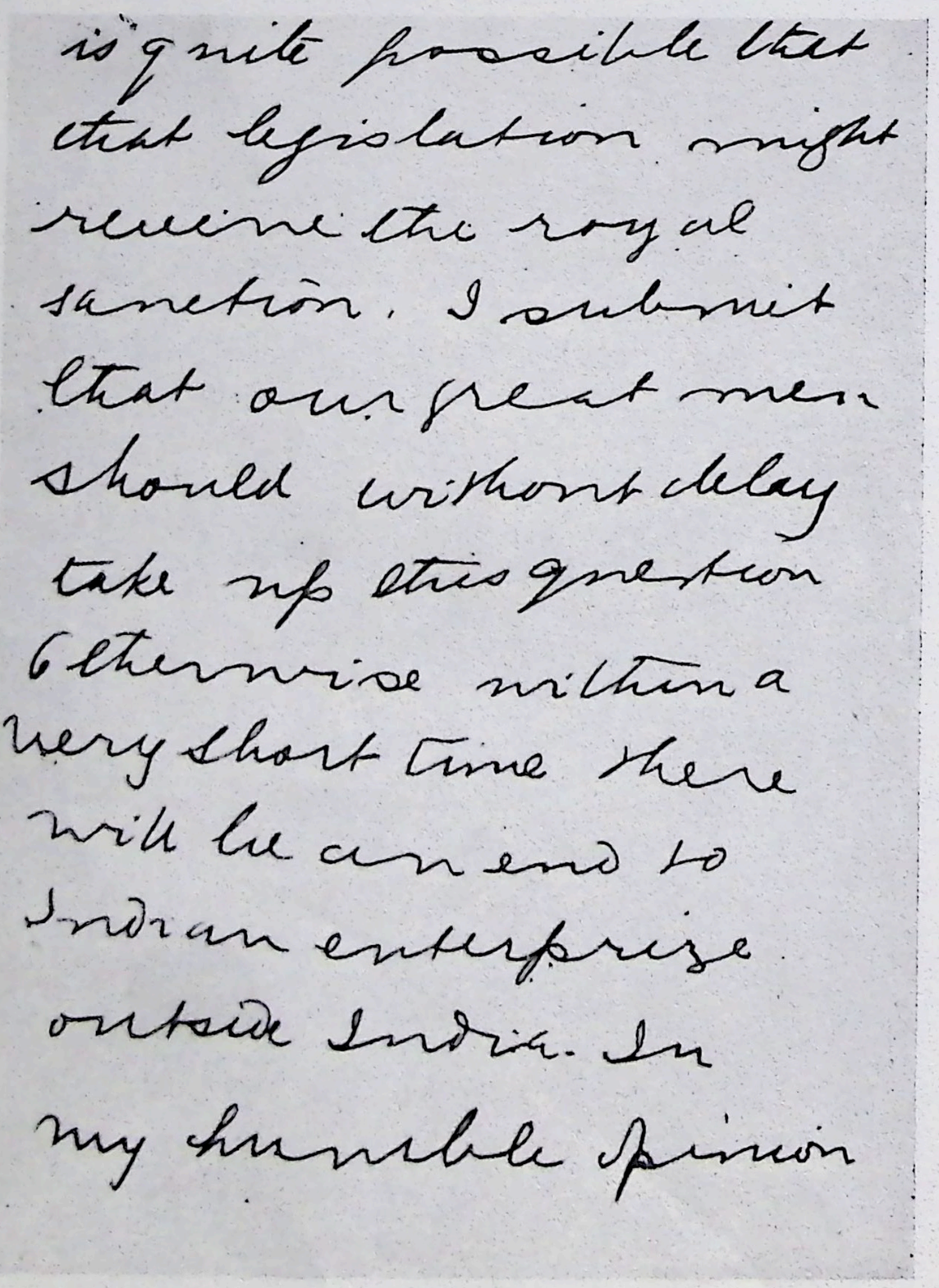
Think of three Things—whence you came, where you are going, and to whom you must account.

Being ignorant is not so much a Shame, as being unwilling to learn.

Praise to the undeserving, is severe Satire.

If man had Half his Wishes, he would double his Troubles.

GANDHI



There is no place on earth and no race which is not capable of producing the finest types of humanity, given suitable opportunities and education.

For me the different religions are beautiful flowers from the same garden, or they are branches of the same majestic tree. Therefore they are equally true, though being received and interpreted through human instruments equally imperfect.

All business depends upon men fulfilling their promises.

The language of the lips is easily taught; but who can teach the language of the heart?

I have had my share of disappointments, uttermost darkness, counsels of despair, counsels of caution, subtlest assaults of pride, but I am able to say that my faith—and I know that it is still little enough, by no means as great as I want it to be—has ultimately conquered every one of these difficulties.

I consider myself a Hindu, Christian, Moslem, Jew, Buddhist and Confucian.

Civilization is the encouragement of differences. Civilization thus becomes a synonym of democracy. Force, violence, pressure, or compulsion with a view to conformity is therefore both uncivilized and undemocratic.

Prayer is not asking. It is a longing of the soul. It is daily admission of one's weakness. It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

All the great religions are fundamentally equal. We must have innate respect for other religions as we have for our own. Mind you, not mutual toleration, but equal respect.

God is no dictator. He leaves us the freedom to master ourselves.

There is only one omnipotent and omnipresent God. He is named variously and we remember Him by the name which is most familiar to us.

Let us engrave on our hearts the motto of a Western philosopher, "Plain living and high thinking." Today it is certain that the millions cannot have high living and we the few who profess to do the thinking for the masses run the risk, in a vain search after high living, of missing high thinking.

God makes no distinction between His worshippers.

We are born to serve our fellowmen, and we cannot properly do so unless we are wide-awake. There is an eternal struggle raging in man's breast between the powers of darkness and of light, and he who has not the sheet-anchor of prayer to rely upon will be a victim to the powers of darkness. The man of prayer will be at peace with himself and with the whole world; the man who goes about the affairs of the world without a prayerful heart will be miserable and will make the world also miserable.

Peace between countries must rest on the solid foundation of love between individuals. Love gives men a partnership in the cares and needs of others. Hate and competition then yield to co-operation.

Hinduism tells every one to worship God according to his own faith, and so it lives at peace with all the religions.

Man's aim in life is not to add from day to day to his material prospects and to his material possessions, but his predominant calling is from day to day to come nearer his own Maker.

Let us learn to treasure only the good and reject the evil in everything.

M K Gandhi

Never judge a man by his physiognomy. Men must be tested to be known.

You must tranquilize your mind: this is the best way to cure the body . . .The art of healing is simply the art of lulling and calming the imagination.

In politics you must never retreat, never retrace your steps, never admit a mistake—otherwise, you are discredited. If you have made a mistake, you must persevere—that will put you in the right.

Men of genius are meteors destined to be consumed in lighting up their century.

No one can be a good adviser until he has his career behind him.

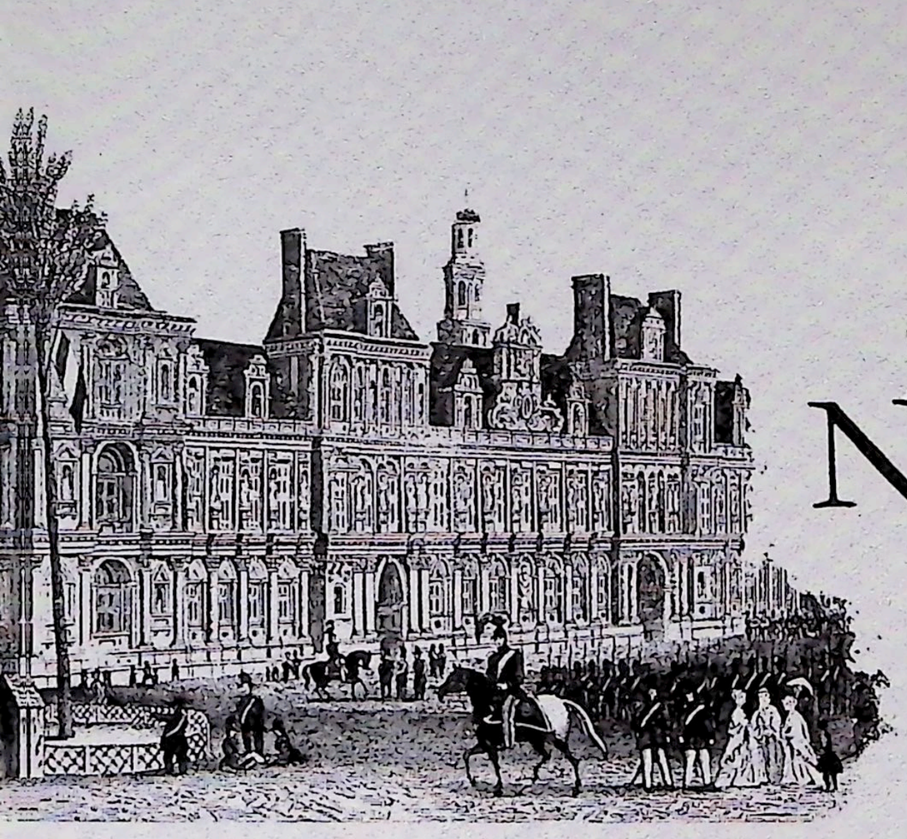
The true conquests, the only ones that leave no regret, are those that have been won from ignorance.

Without talent, without knowledge, there is no equality but the equality of misery and servitude.

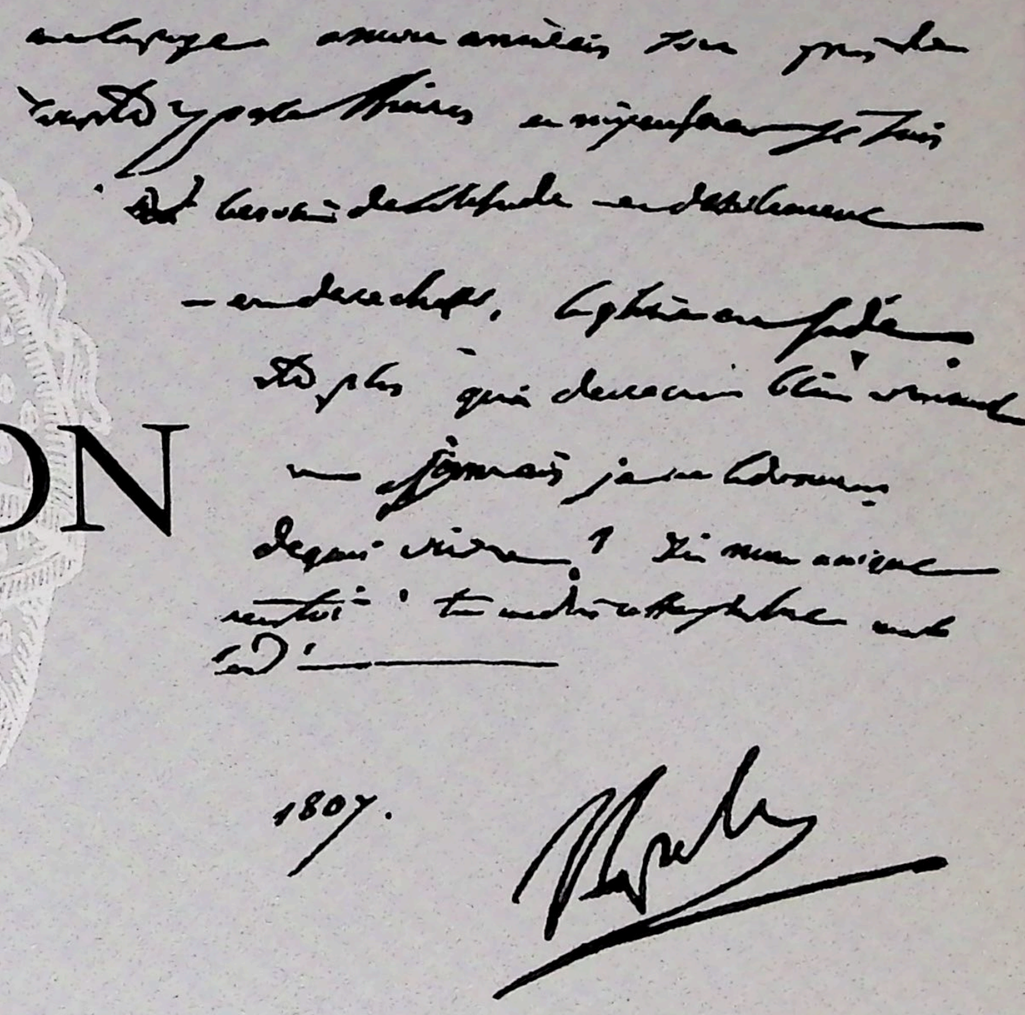
The great art of governing consists in not letting men grow old in their jobs.

What is a great reputation? A big noise. The more noise you make, the farther it will go. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations . . . all this passes—but the noise it makes continues to vibrate through other generations.

See what difference there is between the groping of men and the confident, frank pace of nature.



NAPOLEON



1807.

There is a link between animals and the Deity. Man is merely a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But how do we know that animals have not a language of their own? My opinion is that it is presumption in us to say no, because we do not understand them. A horse has memory, knowledge, and love . . . Who can deny the sagacity of dogs? There is a link between all animals. The same spirit animates them all in a greater or lesser degree.

There are sleepers whose awakening is terrifying.

Men are moved by two levers only: fear and self-interest.

Be successful! I judge men only by the results of their actions.

What is the future? What the past? What are we? What is this magic fluid that envelops us and hides from us what most we need to know? We are born, we live, we die surrounded by wonder.

If you wage war, do it energetically and with severity. This is the only way to make it shorter, and consequently less inhuman.

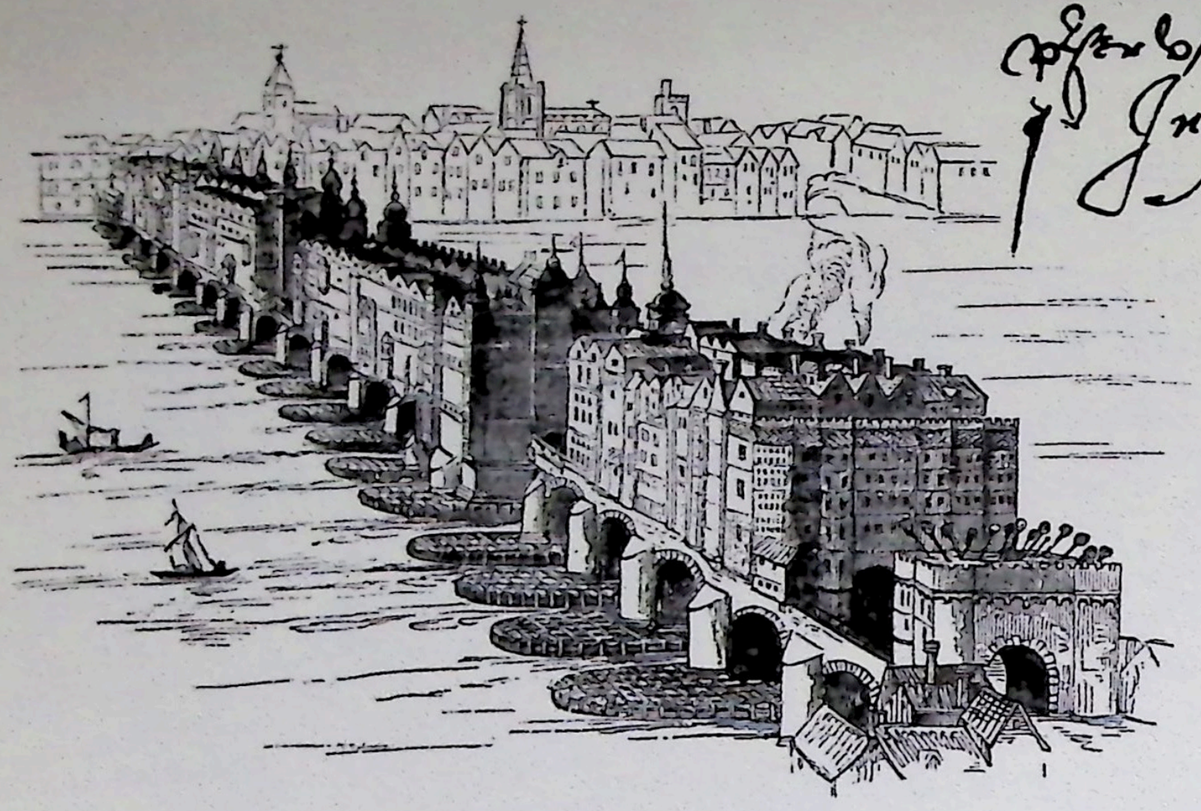
There is a moment in every battle at which the least maneuver is decisive and gives superiority, as one drop of water causes overflow.

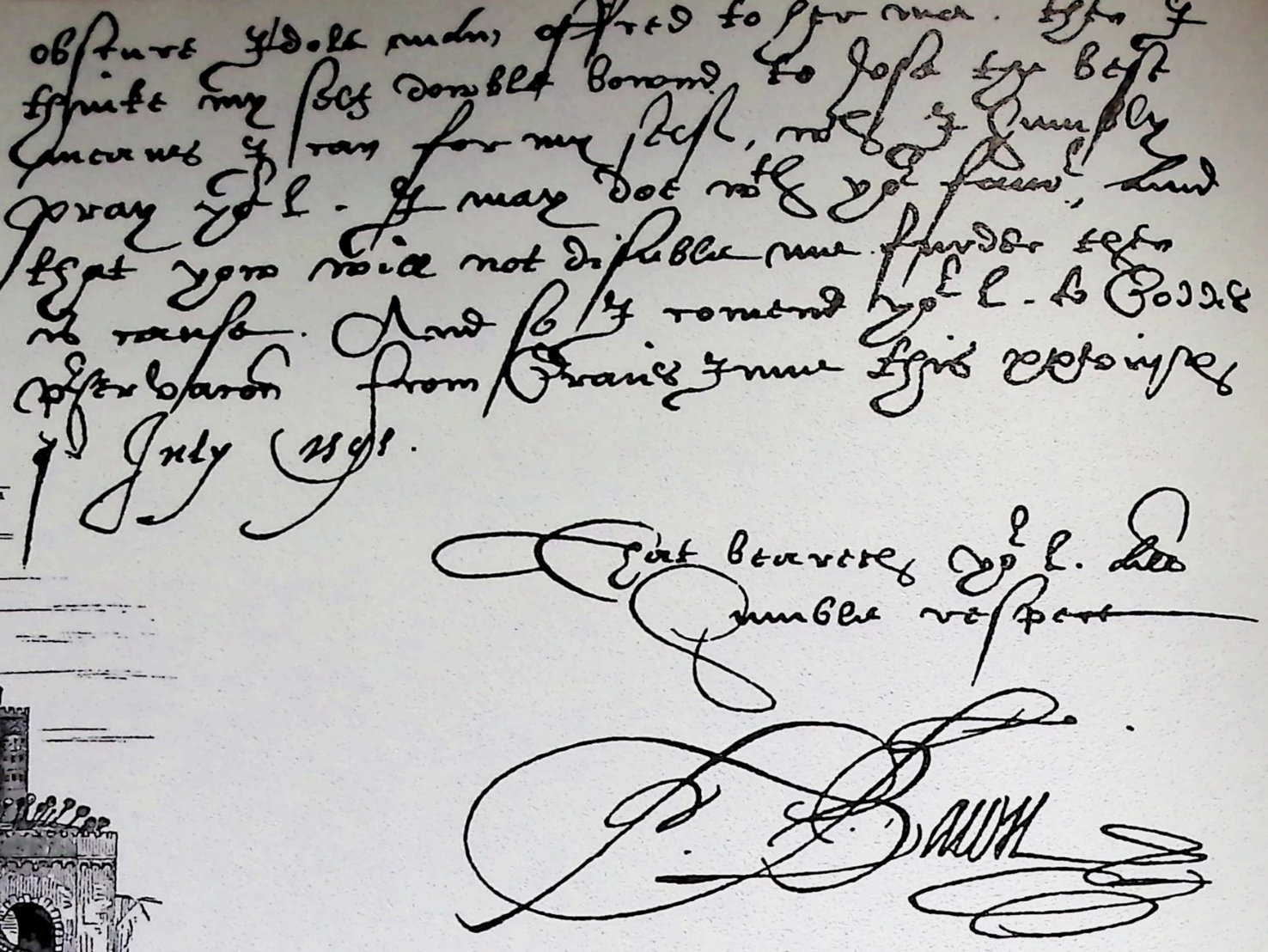
My power is dependent on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall if I did not base it on still more glory and still more victories. Conquest made me what I am; conquest alone can keep me there.

Greatness has its beauties, but only in retrospect and in the imagination.

To study men, learn how far their patience can stretch.

True character always pierces through in moments of crisis.





FRANCIS BACON

In reading, we hold converse with the wise; in the business of life, generally with the foolish.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable and should be secured, because they seldom return.

Boldness is ever blind, for it sees not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore, it is ill in counsel, good in execution.

He conquers twice, who upon victory overcomes himself.

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.

Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man and writing an exact man.

If money be not your servant, it will be your master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Men must know, that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.

By pains men come to greater pains; and by indignities to dignities.

If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see fortune; for though she is blind, she is not invisible.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

Carl Sandburg

CARL SANDBURG

Young people will be the custodians of tomorrow. They will be held responsible for the continuance across the future of the "American Dream" that possessed Lincoln.

Whatever forms of control against future wars arise will depend on the will, the vision and human lights of those who run the controls. Any scheme of international order that looks good on paper will depend for its working well on the character and personality of the men entrusted to operate the scheme.

Any language is a lot of words and if you know the words you know the language.

I feel younger than some of the younger generation.

I believe if a sermon gets printed it's more of a sermon than if it is just left in the ears of those who hear it.

Personality is the key. The men of grand personality were not afraid of loneliness. Every sublime creative artist and inventor has valued loneliness. Some philosopher long ago wrote it down that there were persons to whom nothing was more difficult than to sit in a quiet room alone.

There are men and women so lonely they believe God, too, is lonely.

Luck is a star. Money is a plaything. Time is a storyteller.

Those verbs! They are terrible things. Nouns are definite, the names of persons or things, but verbs cause all the trouble in the world. All lawsuits are about something coming between two nouns—those verbs.

My granddaughter once said to me, "Is God real?" I said to her, "If God is real to you, then He is real."

Man's life? A candle in the wind.

Three who come unbidden: love, jealousy, fear.

Brunch is usually my first meal of the day. You know, when you're over 80, a day is an awful lot of time.

I've written some poetry I don't understand myself.

I have an eleventh commandment for all: "Thou shalt not commit nincompoopery!"

Slang is a language that rolls up its sleeves, spits on its hands and goes to work.

What the young people want and dream across the next hundred years will shape history more than any other motivation to be named.

Youth when lighted and alive and given a sporting chance is strong for struggle and not afraid of any toils or punishments or dangers or deaths.

Life without a friend is death without a witness.

Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog.

I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like pigeons in and out of your head.

He who burns himself must sit on the blisters.

Knowledge—that is what counts when your children go out in the world—knowledge!

Money breeds money.

Look out how you use proud words. When you let proud words go, it is not easy to call them back.

Who could live without hope?

Three who have their own way: a mule, a pig, and a miser.

To lose yourself in some character or intent. That is the way to work.

I write what I know on one side of the paper and what I don't know on the other.

The inexplicable is all around us. So is the incomprehensible. So is the unintelligible.

I read things as a boy that had the mystery of sound and rhythm—Charles Dickens' *A Child's Dream of a Star*, and Thomas Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. But I didn't write any as a boy. It's hard to say how I moved into what I wrote that I termed poetry. But there's still argument whether it is poetry or not.

DAVID SARNOFF

I think of education in terms of knowledge and not necessarily wisdom. It is vital and important and should be spread as far as possible. It is the hope of the world. World understanding and peace are to a large extent dependent on having an informed world, which is only achieved through education.

Thinking is a most important and most neglected art. One of the criticisms I would suggest against our present system of education is the lack of training in the art of thinking. I think it can be developed by spending more time on the interpretation of knowledge rather than in the mere acquisition of facts.

Three times in the half-century, when we believed that tyranny threatened mankind, free men have rallied to defend age-old values. There is no cause for jitters as long as we hold fast to the certainty that material progress is not an end in itself but a means to a fuller, nobler, more satisfying life.

Without creativity the world would be lost. Whether that be in science, politics, psychology, business, or anything else. The world depends not only on creative ideas, but on a constant flow of them.

The will to persevere is often the difference between failure and success.

Courage is what you find lacking in most people because courage is constantly limited by fear, and fear is possessed by most people and possibly by all people.

The conquest of fear is a genuine blessing if you can achieve it, but I know of no formula.

Without faith very little can be accomplished, and with it mountains can be moved. By faith I mean belief in God and belief in oneself and belief in mankind.

Immortality is something on which to philosophize, but it is something about which we know absolutely nothing.

Work is all important because that is the only visible and intelligible excuse for our existence. Man expresses the forces with which he is endowed. Work is the most satisfying experience of the day.

To put it bluntly, we have no choice. Either all men learn to live and work together, or all men will perish together.

Whatever course you have chosen for yourself, it will not be a chore but an adventure if you bring to it a sense of the glory of striving—if your sights are set far above the merely secure and mediocre. In one's personal life, as in world affairs, appeasement can be the shortest road to failure.

The job ahead is to assimilate the scientific progress, to turn every potential for human benefit into a living reality.

A hunger for faith and salvation, for age-old values beyond the material and the temporal, gnaws at the mind and spirit of man.

Our most vital task is to repair the dividing line between Good and Evil, between right and wrong, and restore the basic moral imperatives. Unless that is done, we shall continue to appease Evil in the name of shabby expediencies that bring us only temporary illusions of peace.

The great Prophets and Teachers were stubborn and uncompromising on essential principles. Where age-old truths were at stake, they never sought safety in the middle ground of compromise. They did not countenance the modern heresy of tolerance of the intolerable.

To meet the challenge of the future, our imagination must be bold; but it must be balanced by wisdom.

More than anything else mankind needs today a consistent view of the good society and the good life—and the courage stoutly to defend it. That view is not to be found in the sophistications of those who sneer at moral values. It resides in the total experience of the human race, as expressed in its noblest literature and moral systems.

The dominant physical fact in the next quarter-century will be technological progress unprecedented in kind and in volume. In relation to the total history of the human race, the last hundred years have been no more than a split second.

There is no longer margin for doubt that whatever the mind of man visualizes, the genius of modern science can turn into functioning fact.

Not labor but leisure will be the great problem in the decades ahead. That prospect should be accepted as a God-given opportunity to add dimensions of enjoyment and grace to life. We have reason to foresee a fantastic rise in demand for, and appreciation of, the better, and perhaps the best, in art, music and letters.

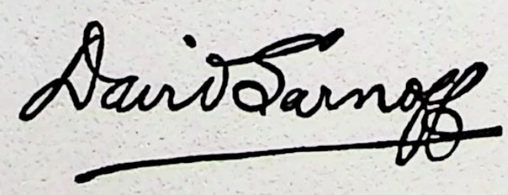
Education is not a thing esoteric and apart, but integral with the nation and its activities.

One hopes that by 1980 a decent education will have become as indispensable as a decent suit of clothes.

This Nation has reached a new fork in the road of its destiny—a road across which Science stands astride awaiting man's commands—commands that can lead to utter destruction or turn all the world toward a greater civilization.

Education is a foundation stone of the nation.

We cannot banish dangers, but we can banish fears. We must not demean life by standing in awe of death.



Marcus Aurelius

The works of God are full of providence; the works of Fortune are not independent of Nature, but intertwisted and intertwined with those directed by providence. Thence flow all things. Co-factors, too, are necessity and the common welfare of the whole universe whereof thou art part. Now whatever arises from the nature of the whole, and tends to its well-being, is good also for every part of that nature.

Let it be thy hourly care to do stoutly what thy hand findeth to do, as becomes a man with carefulness, unaffected dignity, humanity, freedom and justice. Free thyself from the obsession of all other thoughts; for free thyself thou wilt, if thou but perform every action as though it were the last of thy life, without light-mindedness, without serving through force of passion from the dictates of reason, without hypocrisy, without self-love, without chafing at destiny.

Thou seest how few things are needful for man to live a happy and godlike life: for, if he observe these, heaven will demand no more.

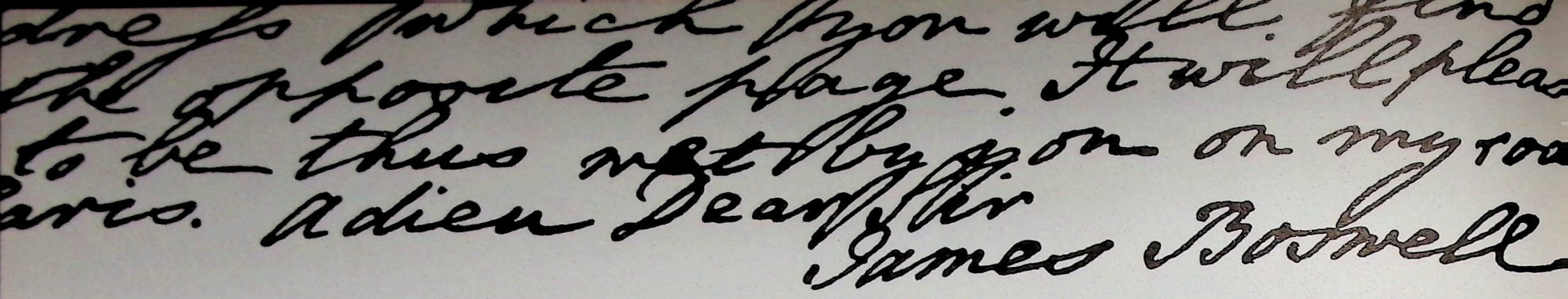
Why suffer the incidence of things external to distract thee? Make for thyself leisure to learn something new of good, and cease this endless round. And here beware lest the wheel only reverse its motion. For fools, too, are they who have worn out their lives in action, yet never set before themselves a goal to which they could direct every impulse – nay, every thought.

Let me ever be mindful what is the nature of the universe, and what my own; how the latter is related to the former, and what part it is of what whole. And forget not that there is none that can forbid thee to be ever, in deed and word, in harmony with the nature whereof thou art part.

Trouble not thyself by pondering life in its entirety. Strive not to comprehend in one view the nature and number of the burdens that, belike, will fall to thy share. Rather, as each occasion arises in the present put this question to thyself: "Where lies the unbearable, unendurable part of this task?" Confession will put thee to the blush! Next recall to mind that neither past nor future can weigh thee down, only the present. And the present will shrink to littleness if thou but set it apart, assign it its boundaries and then ask thy mind if it avail not to bear even this! . . .

God views the minds of all men in their nakedness, stripped of the casings and husks and impurities of the material. For, solely in virtue of the intellectual part of Himself, He touches directly the human intellect that emanates from Him and has flowed into these bodies of ours. So train thou thyself to do likewise, and thou shalt be quit of this sore distraction of thine. For he who has no eyes for our fleshly covering surely will not trouble himself with the contemplation of a man's house, raiment, fame or aught else of these outer trappings and stage decorations!

I have often marvelled how it is that everyone loves himself more than the rest of human kind, yet values his own opinion of himself less than that of others. At all events, were some god or some sage to stand by a man and bid him entertain no idea, no thought, within himself without simultaneously uttering it aloud, he could not abide the ordeal for a single day. So true it is that we have more respect for our neighbors and their thoughts of us than we have for ourselves!



SAMUEL JOHNSON

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: He that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

A life that will bear the inspection of men and of God, is the only certificate of true religion.

All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not.

I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read.

Sam: Johnson.

Bolt court, Fleetstreet, London
Sept. 9. 1780

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.

As a man advances in life he gets what is better than admiration—judgment to estimate things at their own value.

Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable.

Hope is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness which this world affords.

Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured.

Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

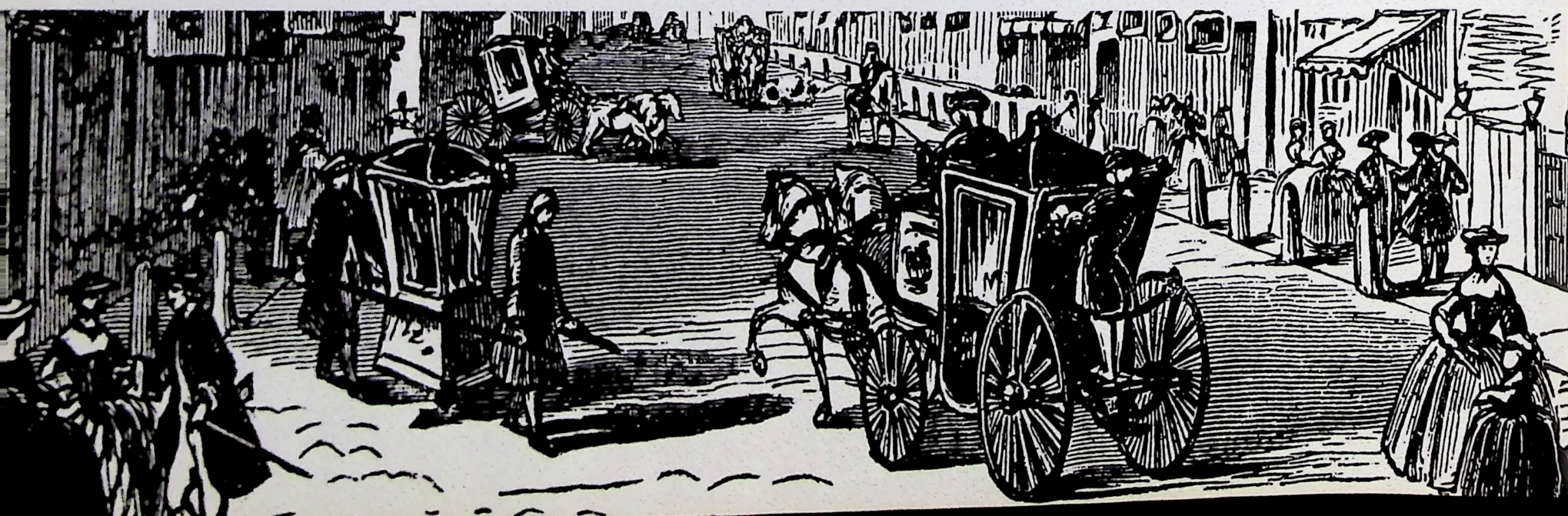
Knowledge is of two kinds: We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.

A man who uses a great many words to express his meaning is like a bad marksman who, instead of aiming a single stone at an object, takes up a handful and throws at it in hopes he may hit.

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last.



Do not tell me the books you have read; let me glean it from your conversation. Do not tell me of the people you associate with; let me observe it by your manners.

In every man there is something wherein I may learn of him, and in that I am his pupil.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil, bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

What a man does, that he has. What has he to do with hope or fear? In himself is his might. Let him regard no good as solid but that which is in his nature and which must grow out of him as long as he exists.

This is Love, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

EMERSON

R.W. Emerson.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

If you would lift me, you must be on a higher ground.

Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you you are wrong. There are always difficulties arising which tempt you to believe that your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to an end requires some of the same courage which a soldier needs. Peace has its victories, but it takes brave men to win them.

For every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness.

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is to you.

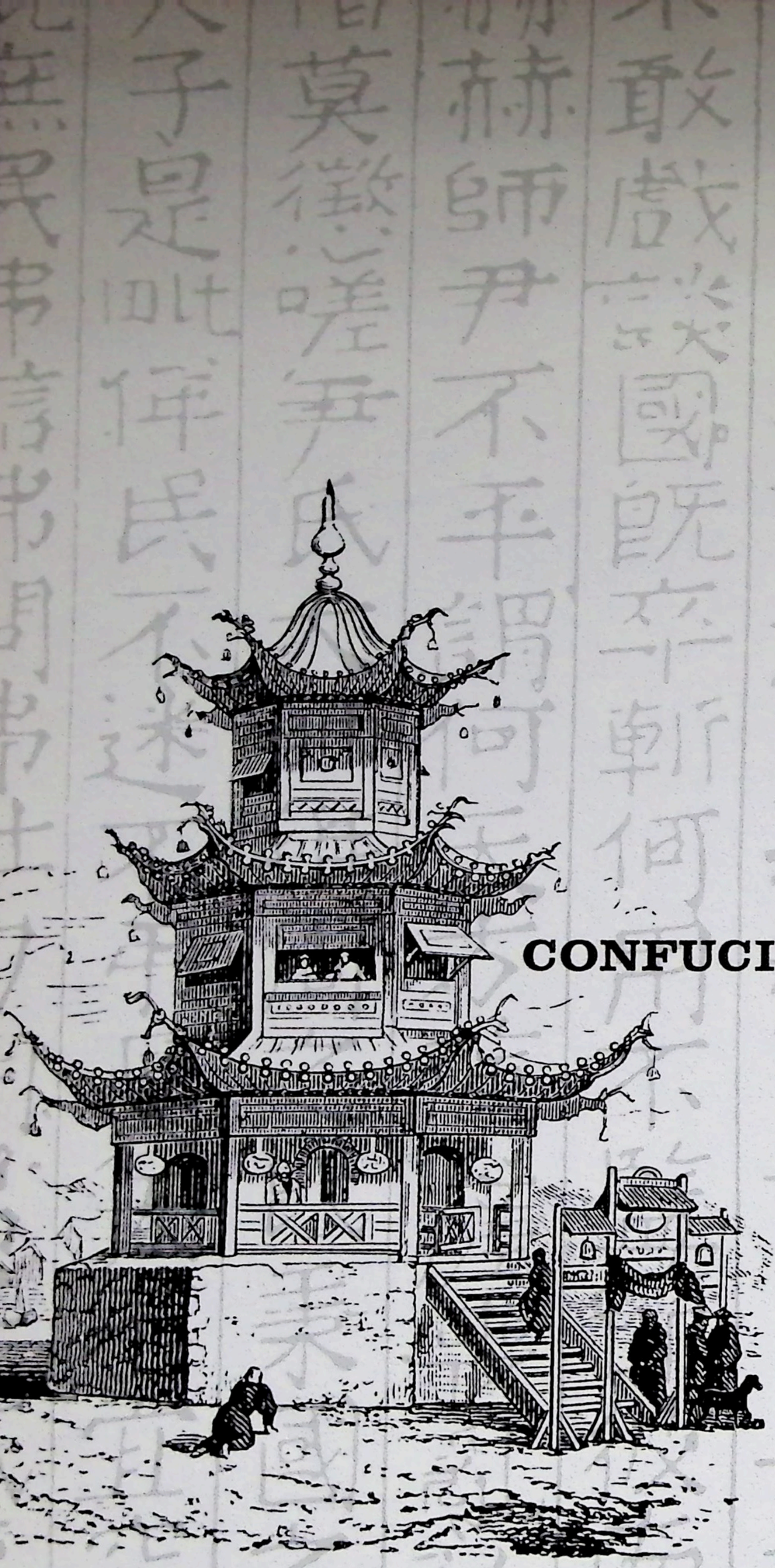
Men love to wonder, and that is the seed of our science.

Some thoughts always find us young, and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

Commerce is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred.



CONFUCIUS

Wisdom has no doubts. Manhood-at-its-best has no concerns. Courage is without fear.

If a man has rendered himself correct, he will have no trouble governing. If he cannot render himself correct, how can he correct others?

The gentleman who prefers his own ease is no gentleman.

To feel no resentment though poor is difficult; not to be proud though rich is easy.

Great Man reaches complete understanding of the main issues; Petty Man reaches complete understanding of the minute details.

Great Man is sparing in words but prodigal in deeds.

Be not concerned over men's not knowing of you; be concerned rather over your failings.

Look at the means which a man employs; consider his motives; observe his pleasures. A man simply cannot conceal himself!

Shall I tell you what knowledge is? It is to know both what one knows and what one does not know.

A man who lacks reliability is utterly useless.

I cannot stand the sight of an overseer who is not indulgent; of a ceremonious act which is not carried out respectfully; of failure to show grief at a funeral.

Wealth and honors are what men desire; but if they become undeserved, don't keep them. Poverty and low estate are what men dislike; but if they come undeserved, don't flee them.

Great Man cherishes excellence; Petty Man, his own comfort. Great Man cherishes the rules and regulations; Petty Man, special favors.

He who engages solely in self-interested actions will make himself many enemies.

Do not worry about not holding high position; worry rather about playing your proper role. Worry not that no one knows of you; seek to be worth knowing.

When you see a man of the highest caliber, give thought to attaining his stature. When you see one who is not, go home and conduct a self examination.

When strict with oneself one rarely fails.

Great Man seeks to be slow of speech but quick of action.

He was diligent and fond of learning, and he did not blush to learn from his inferiors. That is why he was called Cultured.

Man's life span depends upon his uprightness. He who goes on living without it escapes disaster only by good fortune.

A commander may be snatched away from his army, but will cannot be taken from the humblest man.

Ours is a complicated, difficult and tormented world. We must not approach our problems with any certitude of success but with a great deal of humility and try to help where we can. Our aim should be to be helpful, to do good, or at any rate, to avoid evil.

I am interested in this world, in this life, not some other world or future life.

True freedom is not merely political, but must also be economic and spiritual. Only then can man grow and fulfill his destiny.

How amazing is this spirit of man! In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for faith, for country and honor. That ideal may change, but that capacity for self-sacrifice continues, and because of that, much may be forgiven to man, and it is impossible to lose hope for him.

There is a great revolution coming about like the Industrial Revolution of about 200 years ago. We live in an age of rapid changes, but oddly enough, the human mind which brings about these changes lags behind.

We are becoming a lazy people, especially with our hands and feet and often enough intellectually lazy, too.

We learn by trial and error. And if we have the capacity to learn by trial and error, then on the whole it is well with us. It is only those who refuse to learn that get into greater difficulties.

Facts are facts and will not disappear on account of your likes or dislikes.

The world is full of tension and conflict today. Behind this tension lies an ever-growing fear that is the parent of so many ills. There are also economic causes that can be remedied only by economic means. There can be no security or real peace if vast numbers of people in various parts of the world live in poverty and misery.

It is the quality of the mind that counts, even with courage and daring.

Curious how each person judges of the other race, not from the individual with whom he has come in contact, but from others about whom he knows very little or nothing at all.

What we really are matters more than what other people think of us.

Those people who talk most loudly of culture, according to my judgment, possess no culture at all. Culture, first of all, is not loud; it is quiet, it is restrained, it is tolerant. You may judge the culture of a person by his silence, by a gesture, by a phrase or, more especially, by his life generally.

In the modern world today, you cannot go on for long having big gaps between those at the top and those at the bottom. You cannot make all men equal, of course, but we must at least give them equality of opportunity.

Art galleries and museums in a great city are like windows which look out on the broader, richer and deeper things of life.

We must have eyes to see and ears to hear and a mind that opens out to the life and beauty of the world.

NEHRU

सत्यमेव जयते

Jawaharlal Nehru

Let us think not so much of what we have done, but of what we have left undone and what we have done wrongly.

In our world, which is so learned in so many subjects, there is very little wisdom. Perhaps that is because we all know something about a very little part of life and very little about the larger scheme of things.

Setbacks and temporary defeats are common enough in all great struggles. They grieve but one recovers soon enough. One recovers soon if the light of those ideals is not allowed to grow dim and the anchor of principles holds fast.

Can you imagine any good life which does not have an artistic and an aesthetic element in it, and a moral element in it? That would not be a good life; it would be some temporary phase of existence, which would be rather dry and harsh, and unfortunately, the world grows drier and harsher and more cruel.

All of us have our faults. We have our evil side and our good side.

There are no supermen or philosopher-kings; there are only frail human beings who cannot help thinking that their own personal good or the advancement of their own ideas is identical with the public good.

Grown-ups have a habit of appearing to be very wise, even though very few of them possess much wisdom. I have not quite made up my mind yet whether I am wise or not. Sometimes, listening to others, I feel I must be very wise and brilliant and important. Then, looking at myself, I begin to doubt this. In any event, people who are wise do not talk about their wisdom and do not behave as if they were very superior persons.

Everything is related to everything else: nothing is isolated. Every aspect of life is related in some way or other to another aspect, and every aspect of life in one nation is related to other national lives. It was so to some extent even in the past. But in the present age this is so obvious, because of all kinds of factors which bring nations close to one another.

A slight feeling of uneasiness comes over me at the thought of my age, because, after all, I may have only a few more years to live and the only ambition that I have is that to the end of my days I should work my hardest and then when I have done my job I should be thrown on the scrap heap. When I have done my job, there is no need to bother about me further. It is the job and the work that count, not thinking and shouting about people who have done their job and gone. So I shall go on doing my job as best I can.

It is only when the young men and women, who are in the university today and on whom the burden of life's problems will fall tomorrow, learn to have clear objectives and standards of values that there is hope for the next generation.

What the world today lacks most is, perhaps, understanding and appreciation of one another among nations and people.

It is far better to know our own weaknesses and failings than to point out those of others.

Language gives clothing to concepts and ideas. If our writers and poets, essayists and novelists, historians and biographers have ideas, they will find adequate expression in language. You cannot create ideas by an empty word. Words are powerful because they represent the power of ideas. Amazing power the word has. If it is a good word, it survives.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Imagine a world in which the Ten Commandments were kept by everyone. It would be a world of peace where men did not kill or steal or covet. It would be a world of understanding, a world of genuine community and communication because all men had given their allegiance to a standard shared by all. And it would be a world of freedom, a world in which the rights of every man were respected by every other man, his right to speak, his right to be silent, his right to assembly, his right of independence, his right to worship, his right to work — all branches of the indivisible tree of liberty spreading over all the land giving its protection equally to all.

To guide young people in today's complex world we need all the light that expert knowledge and advanced scientific techniques can give. But most of all we need the Divine Code of Guidance which was given to the world.

"Man was made in the image of God." I do not believe that this refers to the physical image but to the soul or spirit or mind. Every one of us was entrusted at birth with a precious fragment of the Divine Mind to develop for good or evil. That we may know how to develop it for good, God in His infinite wisdom gave us the pattern whereby we can keep alive this precious birthright— the Divine spark within us. This pattern He gave us is the Ten Commandments.

To transfer the Bible to the screen you cannot cheat. You have to believe.

Some of the saddest words ever written are those in the Book of Common Prayer: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

I have sometimes compared the construction of an historical motion picture to the restoring of a broken mosaic. History gives us many of the pieces. But some are missing. We must use what history gives us. The missing parts the producer must supply, but the integrity of the whole work demands that what the producer supplies must fit with and coordinate what history knows.

In our private relations with our fellow-men what we detest most is the smile of the hypocrite, the smile which comes not from the heart but from the calculating brain.

Man's discovery of God is the most wonderful story ever told, and whether he admits it to himself or not his need for God is ever-present.

One of the most important things to get across to the modern world is an understanding of the power of prayer. Prayer is thought contact with the Holy Spirit. It is the greatest power in the world!

Modern man is a giant bestriding the world he has subdued and already reaching out toward other planets, literally new worlds to conquer. But like Samson of old he is a giant who has gone blind. His vision of the spiritual realities summed up for us in Jesus of Nazareth has gone. And like Samson he may pull down upon himself the marvelous temple of civilization which he himself has built. That will inevitably happen unless we get our vision back and make it work.

If I were going to college today and could take with me any one piece of equipment, I would ask for an adventurous mind.

An adventurous mind is always open to new facts, new truths. Yet it is also unafraid to cling to unpopular old truths. Its test is neither shiny novelty nor moss-grown tradition but simply truth wherever it is found.

When leaders of nations tell us, as the highest officials have told me, that as boys they derived their conception of the world, their ideas of right or wrong from American motion pictures, they bring home to us our awe-inspiring responsibility.

Perhaps we think that vice sells at a higher price than virtue. Unfortunately it often does in this world. Perhaps we think it is easier to draw a crowd by pandering to their lowest tastes than by inspiring their highest ideals. It is easier and cheaper — cheaper in every way that you can think of. But it is treason to the human spirit and treason to the art we serve.

We would be really corrupting the minds of youth if we taught them that they are living in a world where virtue triumphs because it has nothing to triumph over, for what is more corrupting to the mind than to be taught a lie?

We are simply stupid if we have not learned that in motion pictures dirt is not necessarily pay dirt. Take three of the biggest grossing pictures ever made — Gone with the Wind, Going My Way, and The Greatest Show on Earth. Any one of them is a picture to which you could take your children without having to brainwash them afterwards.

Cecil B. deMille.

With age, I become more impatient. I am always tirelessly energetic and unpredictable.

My life has been fascinating, dramatic, but never tragic.

My paintings have been a landmark in the history of contemporary art. I have had the courage to risk everything for them.

Without desiring it, I have found myself acclaimed as the founder of a new form of art, and of a new school of painting Cubism.

It is my profound hope that my work might prove to be a factor in helping to abolish future wars.

My friends and my loves are the source of my inspiration.

My ceramics are the outward reflections of an old man in love again with the world, a man whose life seems inexhaustible.

Everything I touch is revitalized and becomes an incarnation of some aspect of my own inner drama.

I have often tested myself against the masterpieces of the past by recreating them in my own style.

In my art there has been a rhythm between paroxysms of violence and release in peacefulness and meditation.

Without the difficulties to conquer, without enigmas to solve, without mysteries to be penetrated, nothing would interest me.

I am a Spaniard and a realist, in the sense that I am not squeamish about the harsher truths of existence.

For me a house is an instrument of work rather than a background for elegant living. Every room is my studio or workshop.

I have painted some pictures as an outcry and protest against war and military violence.

I am not in the least halted by time, which has posed before me only a seemingly endless range of new adventures.

I have never once failed to assert my inventive powers.

I seek my inspiration in the real. It lays hold on my imagination, stirs it and gives it new life.

I am just an individualist who is interested in everything.

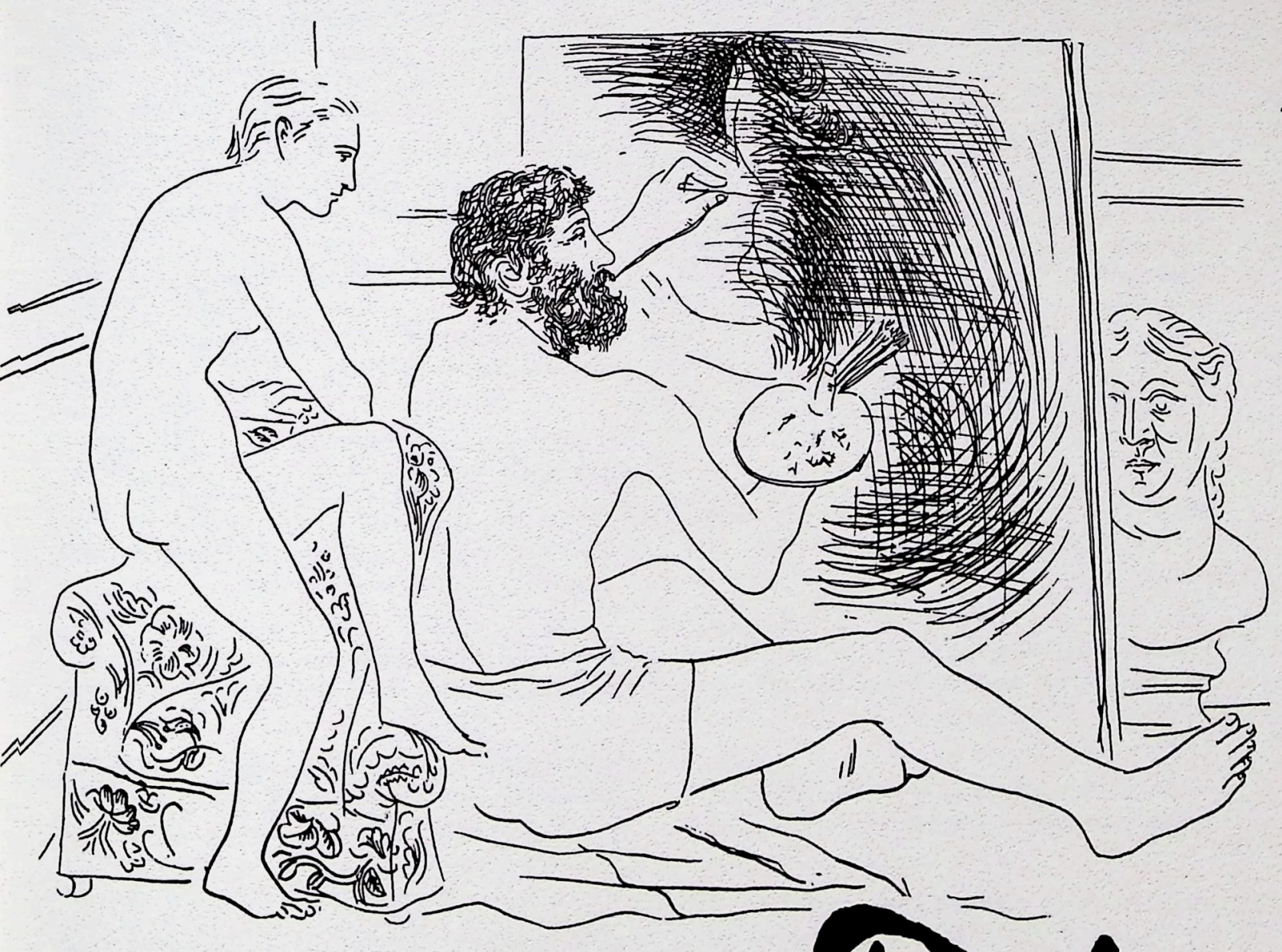
Adventure is my reason for being; if I do not seek it, still I do not flee from it.

I work exclusively for myself, seeking no applause and conceding no importance to fashions and manners.

Instead of shying away from risks, I attract them, provoke them.

When I start to paint I know how to place myself in a state of inwardness.

The day will come when the sight of a painting will ease the pain of a toothache.



Mon cher Max il fait tant
que je ne vous écrit pas - je
pas que je ne me rappelle pas
de toi mais je travaille beaucoup
je pense à ça que je ne te écrit
je montre à ça que je fait à
mes amis les artistes de ici
me les trouve, quit en trot de
amme me pas forme je te dis
tu sais voir avec de par ton
à mes ils écrivent de livres
tes moeurs et les peintures de
tableaux entreiles - je la ve -
ce ga -
Fontbona il travaille beaucoup
mes il ne fait rien
Je vous fais en tableaux de

Picasso

Wisdom of Wit

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A man who has never gone to school may steal from a freight car; but if he has a university education, he may steal the whole railroad.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: What passes for woman's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency.

JOSH BILLINGS: As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

BARON DE MONTESQUIEU: When God endowed human beings with brains, He did not intend to guarantee them.

JOHN BUCHAN: An atheist is a man who has no invisible means of support.

NICHOLAS CHAMFORT: Men and women enjoy popular esteem not because they are known, but because they are not known.

DON MARQUIS: The successful people are the ones who can think up things for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

ALAN PATRICK HERBERT: A highbrow is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso.

AMBROSE BIERCE: Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

H. L. MENCKEN: Conscience: the inner voice that warns us that someone may be looking.

SINCLAIR LEWIS: People will buy anything that's one to a customer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: No man has a good enough memory to make a successful liar.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: One of the first conditions of learning in a woman is to keep the fact a profound secret.

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: You never know what you can do without until you try.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL: If I had my way I'd make health catching instead of disease.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.

JOSH BILLINGS: Confess your sins to the Lord and you will be forgiven; confess them to men and you will be laughed at.

THOMAS CARLYLE: The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

ELBERT HUBBARD: The world is moving so fast these days that the man who says it can't be done is generally interrupted by someone doing it.

WILLIAM OSLER: The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

EDWARD GIBBON: Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unskilled in the arts of composition, I resolved—to write a book.

OSCAR WILDE: The public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything—except what is worth knowing.

REMY DE GOURMONT: Very simple ideas lie within the reach only of complex minds.

JONATHAN SWIFT: The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

OSCAR WILDE: Marriage is the one subject on which all women agree and all men disagree.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Many books require no thought from those who read them and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.

PAUL ELDRIDGE: Many a crown of wisdom is but the golden chamberpot of success worn with pompous dignity.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

JONATHAN SWIFT: The reason so few marriages are happy is that young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

WILSON MIZNER: When a women tells you her age, it's all right to look surprised, but don't scowl.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS: There are two kinds of men who never amount to much: those who cannot do what they are told, and those who can do nothing else.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE: One of the strangest things about life is that the poor, who need money the most, are the very ones that never have it.

HONORE DE BALZAC: If we all said to people's faces what we say behind one another's backs, society would be impossible.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL: Universities are full of knowledge; the freshmen bring a little in, the seniors take none away, and knowledge accumulates.

SAMUEL BUTLER: The oldest books are only just out to those who have not read them.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: Most people enjoy the inferiority of their best friends.

IRVIN S. COBB: Middle age: when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms.

G. K. CHESTERTON: The Bible tells us to love our neighbors, and also to love our enemies; probably because they are generally the same people.

H. L. MENCKEN: It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know that you would lie if you were in his place.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: This is the final test of a gentleman; his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

Wisdom of Wit

JONATHAN SWIFT: When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

JOHN RUSKIN: When a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small package.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: Every time I paint a portrait, I lose a friend.

JONATHAN SWIFT: Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

CLARENCE DARROW: When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President; I'm beginning to believe it.

THOMAS HARDY: That man's silence is wonderful to listen to.

HEINRICH HEINE: God will forgive me; that's his business.

JEAN SIBELIUS: Pay no attention to what the critics say; there has never been set up a statue in honor of a critic.

STEPHEN LEACOCK: I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.

LIN YUTANG: All women's dresses are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it.

OSCAR WILDE: A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

GEORGE ELIOT: Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.

CHARLES CALEB COLMAN: There are three difficulties in authorship: to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: A politician is a person with whose politics you don't agree; if you agree with him he is a statesman.

AMBROSE BIERCE: A prejudice is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

JAMES BRYCE: Medicine is the only profession that labors incessantly to destroy the reason for its own existence.

JEAN COCTEAU: The worst tragedy for a poet is to be admired through being misunderstood.

WALTER LIPPMAN: When all think alike, no one thinks very much.

DON MARQUIS: Middle age is the time when a man is always thinking that in a week or two he will feel as good as ever.

H. L. MENCKEN: When women kiss, it always reminds me of prize fighters shaking hands.

WILSON MIZNER: I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education.

JAMES M. BARRIE: I am not young enough to know everything.

OSCAR WILDE: A gentleman is one who never hurts anyone's feelings unintentionally.

JEAN COCTEAU: Tact consists in knowing how far we may go too far.

WALTER BAGEHOT: The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY: The person that always says just what he thinks at last gets just what he deserves.

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: A man who is always satisfied with himself is seldom satisfied with others.

CHARLES LAMB: The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: Accustomed as I am to public speaking, I know the futility of it.

HENRY ADAMS: It is impossible to underrate human intelligence—beginning with one's own.

JAMES BARRIE: If you have charm, you don't need anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have.

PHILIP GIBBS: It's better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.

JEREMY BENTHAM: Lawyers are the only persons in whom ignorance of the law is not punished.

JOHN ERSKINE: Most people have some sort of religion; at least they know which church they're staying away from.

JONATHAN SWIFT: If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

GEORGE F. WHITCOMB: Only men with no imagination love beautiful women.

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: Most of our faults are more pardonable than the means we use to conceal them.

H. L. MENCKEN: Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: A child's education should begin at least one hundred years before he is born.

OSCAR WILDE: The world is divided into two classes: those who believe the incredible, and those who do the improbable.

ANATOLE FRANCE: If fifty million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.

HONORE DE BALZAC: Friendships last when each friend thinks he has a slight superiority over the other.

CICERO

I am in my eighty-fourth year. As you see, old age has not quite enfeebled me or broken me down. The senate house does not miss my strength, nor the rostra, nor my friends, nor my clients, nor my guests. For I have never agreed to that old and much-praised proverb which advises you to become an old man early if you wish to be an old man long.

I for my part would rather be an old man for a shorter length of time than be an old man before I was one.

Life's racecourse is fixed. Nature has only a single path and that path is run but once and to each stage of existence has been allotted its own appropriate quality, so that the weakness of childhood, the impetuosity of youth, the seriousness of middle life, the maturity of old age—each bears some of nature's fruit which must be garnered in its own season. Each has something which ought to be enjoyed in its own time.

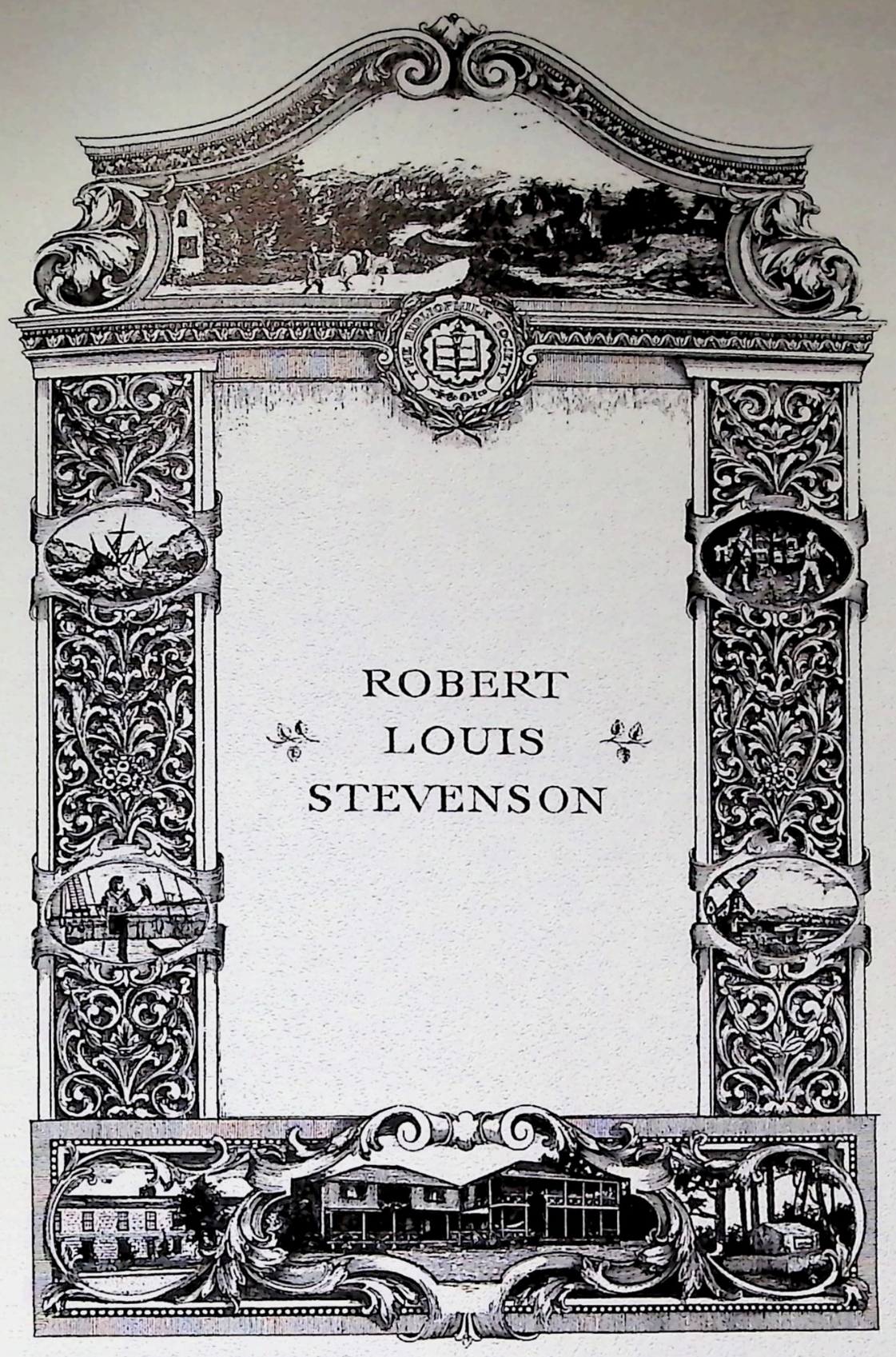
Exercise and temperance, even in old age, can preserve some remnant of our pristine vigor. We must make a stand against old age and its faults must be atoned for by activity. We must fight, as it were, against disease and in like manner against old age.

Regard must be paid to health. Moderate exercises must be adopted. So much of meat and drink must be taken that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more. For these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. Our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise.

As I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young, and he who follows this maxim will possibly be an old man in body, but he will never be an old man in mind.

Intelligence, reflection, and judgment reside in old men. Age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth.

Old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play. The harvest of old age is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. To those who have not the means within themselves of a virtuous and happy life, every age is burdensome.



"To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong.

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it behooves all of us not to talk about the rest of us.

The habit of being happy enables one to be freed, or largely freed, from the domination of outward conditions.

When we look into the long avenue of the future, and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize, after all, what a beautiful thing it is too work, and to live, and to be happy.

Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. This is all that life really means.

We are nobly born. Fortunate those who know it; blessed those who remember.

To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.

Talk is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money, it is all profit, it completes our education, founds and fosters our friendships, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health.

All sorts of allowances are made for the illusions of youth; and none, or almost none, for the disenchantments of age.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?

To be rich in admiration and free from envy; to rejoice greatly in the good of others; to love with such generosity of heart that your love is still a dear possession in absence or unkindness – these are the gifts of fortune which money cannot buy and without which money can buy nothing. He who has such a treasury of riches, being happy and valiant himself, in his own nature, will enjoy the universe as if it were his own estate, and help the man to whom he lends a hand to enjoy it with him.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

Keep your fears to yourself but share your courage with others.

The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of right just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

Robert Louis Stevenson

XX Requiem.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow;
Here the clouds may come and go;
Here shall be rest for evermo,
And the heart for aye shall be still

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill

Everyone is bound to assert his rights and resist their invasion by others.

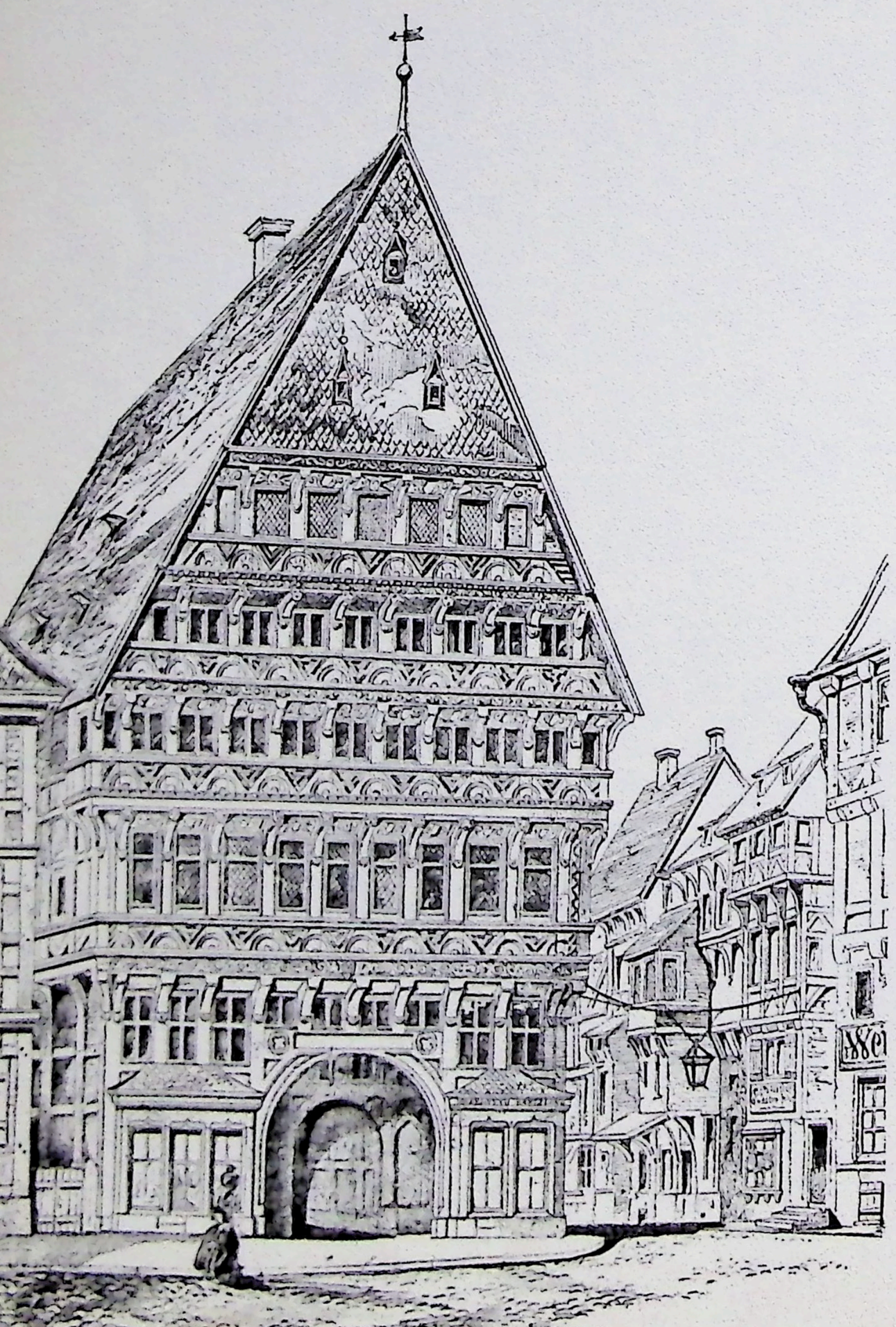
Every man is to be respected as an absolute end in himself; and it is a crime against the dignity that belongs to him as a human being, to use him as a mere means for some external purpose.

It is God's will, not merely that we should be happy, but that we should make ourselves happy. This is the true morality.

In law a man is guilty when he violates the rights of another. In ethics he is guilty if he only thinks of doing so.

Parents usually educate their children merely in such a manner that, however bad the world may be, they may adapt themselves to its present conditions. But they ought to give them an education so much better than this, that a better condition of things may thereby be brought about by the future.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves, and the happiness of others.



The wish to talk to God is absurd. We cannot talk to one we cannot comprehend—and we cannot comprehend God; we can only believe in Him. The uses of prayer are thus only subjective.

That kings should become philosophers, or philosophers kings, can scarce be expected; nor is it to be wished, since the enjoyment of power inevitably corrupts the judgment of reason, and perverts its liberty.

The busier we are, the more acutely we feel that we live, the more conscious we are of life.

Always so act that the immediate motive of your will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings.

Have patience awhile; slanders are not long-lived. Truth is the child of time; ere long she shall appear to vindicate you.

Beneficence is a duty; and he who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, comes at length really to love him to whom he has done good.

One is not rich by what one owns, but more by what one is able to do without with dignity.

What renders the principle of equality inapplicable to our relations with God is, that of all beings, it is He alone who cannot be represented as subject to duty.

Conscience is an instinct to judge ourselves in the light of moral laws. It is not a mere faculty; it is an instinct.

Thrift is care and scruple in the spending of one's means. It is not a virtue, and it requires neither skill nor talent.

Nature in an absolute manner wills that right should obtain the victory.

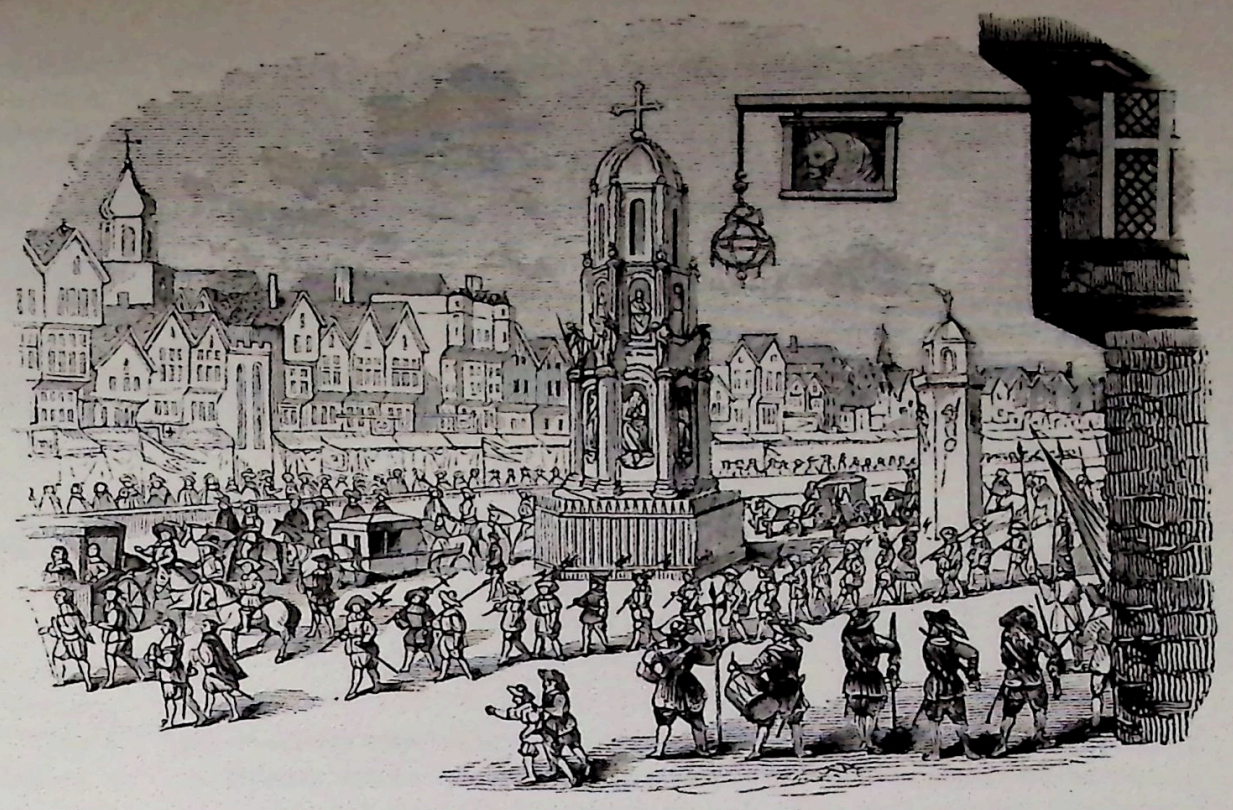
Freedom is alone the unoriginated birthright of man; it belongs to him by force of his humanity, and is in dependence on the will and creation of every other, in so far as this consists with every other person's freedom.

There is a limit where the intellect fails and breaks down, and this limit is where the questions concerning God, and freewill, and immortality arise.

Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by honest and lawful means. Seek the testimony of the few; and number not voices, but weigh them.

No virtue is ever so strong that it is beyond temptation.

KANT



BERTRAND RUSSELL

Success can be only one ingredient in happiness, and is too dearly purchased if all the other ingredients have been sacrificed to obtain it.

Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticize, to know and, in imagination, to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs, and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

Our motives in doing good are seldom as pure as we imagine them to be. Love of power is insidious; it has many disguises, and is often the source of the pleasure we derive from doing what we believe to be good to other people.

The good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge.

Healthy, outward-looking men and women are not to be produced by the thwarting of natural impulse but by the equal and balanced development of all the impulses essential to a happy life.

Man's true life does not consist in the business of filling his belly and clothing his body, but in art and thought and love, in the creation and contemplation of beauty and in the scientific understanding of the world.

Love cannot exist as a duty; to tell a child that it *ought* to love its parents and its brothers and sisters is utterly useless, if not worse. Parents who wish to be loved must behave so as to elicit love, and must try to give their children those physical and mental characteristics which produce expansive affections.

The essence of a good marriage is respect for each other's personality, combined with that deep intimacy, physical, mental and spiritual, which makes a serious love between man and woman the most fructifying of all human experiences.

The main things which seem to me important on their own account, and not merely as means to other things, are knowledge; art, instinctive happiness and relations of friendship or affection.

Any man who can obviously afford a car but genuinely prefers travel or a good library will, in the end, be much more respected than if he behaved exactly like everyone else. There is, of course, no point in deliberately flouting public opinion; this is still to be under its domination, though in a topsy-turvy way. But to be genuinely indifferent to it is both a strength and a source of happiness.

A completely open mind is either a disease or a pretense; a completely closed mind is a useless assemblage of indefensible prejudices.

The fact that an opinion has been widely held is no evidence whatever that it is not utterly absurd; indeed, in view of the silliness of the majority of mankind, a widespread belief is more likely to be foolish than sensible.

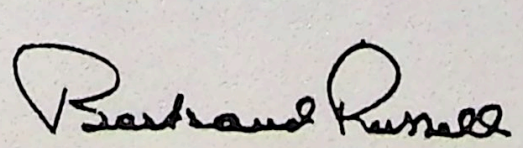
Change is one thing, progress is another. "Change" is scientific, "progress" is ethical; change is indubitable, whereas progress is a matter of controversy.

A life without adventure is likely to be unsatisfying, but a life in which adventure is allowed to take whatever form it will is sure to be short.

From a scientific point of view, optimism and pessimism are alike objectionable; optimism assumes, or attempts to prove, that the universe exists to please us, and pessimism that it exists to displease us. Scientifically, there is no evidence that it is concerned with us either one way or the other. The belief in either pessimism or optimism is a matter of temperament, not of reason.

The life of the mind is the life of pursuit of knowledge, from mere childish curiosity up to the greatest efforts of thought. Curiosity exists in animals, and serves an obvious biological purpose, but it is only in men that it passes beyond the investigation of particular objects which may be edible or poisonous, friendly or hostile. Curiosity is the primary impulse out of which the whole edifice of scientific knowledge has grown.

There are two motives for reading a book: one, that you enjoy it; the other, that you can boast about it.



Take Godowsky. I was awed. It would take me 500 years to get that kind of mechanism. But what did it get him? He was an unhappy, compulsive man, miserable away from the keyboard. Did he enjoy life? That made me think a bit. A pianist isn't a steel factory, like Pittsburgh.

I adored books, pictures, wine . . . I couldn't sit eight, 10 hours a day at the piano . . . I lived for every second. Do you know the preciousness of one second of your life? That's gone for good. You cannot recapture it.

In 25 years the United States has done what some places in Europe accomplished in 250 years. Small towns throughout America are more receptive to fine music than old cities in France — like Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseille.

I accept life unconditionally. Life holds so much — so much to be happy about always. Most people ask for happiness on condition. Happiness can be felt only if you don't set any conditions.

Music is a sixth sense, and if you are born with it you can become a musician. If not, just the love of music is not enough. I love literature and painting as much as I love music. But I can't write, I can't paint.

I always recommend that all musicians have daughters. Sons are inclined to smile tolerantly and say, "Papa is a fine fellow but a little mad, of course," but daughters . . . they understand and adore! They know instinctively that an artist remains something of a child to the end of his days.

Cigars are more jealous than women. If they feel you're losing interest in them, they stop burning!

There is no *ersatz* for living. I prefer to die young than to sniff around life. People go to doctors and ask: "What vitamins shall I eat?" I ask you — what good are vitamins? Eat *four* lobsters. Eat a pound of caviar. *Live!* If you are in love with a beautiful blonde, don't be afraid, and don't think too much. Marry her!

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

LISZT

There is no such thing as perfection. You establish a standard and then you find out it is never good enough. When I play a piece well, I always hope that tomorrow I'll play it better.

There's not a living human being who doesn't need luck. You need luck every time you have a concert. You worry over weather and transportation. Trains and planes are sometimes late; taxis have been known to break down. Then, at the hall, you worry that a string might snap or the lights fail or that a page-turner might flip over two pages at once.

You must preserve your enthusiasm for playing. Loss of that enthusiasm is deadly to musicianship.

Music has a lot in common with mathematics. But in music two and two need not make four: they add up to whatever you wish.

If I weren't a violinist, I would like to be a writer. What would I write? A book on the sham and hypocrisy in our world. The kind of book few people would buy . . . about all the upside-down things in the world, the things that pretend to be one way, but aren't.

Can you appreciate music without playing it? Yes, you can. You can appreciate baseball without playing it. Many people attend a football game merely for the crowd, the excitement, the color.

We do not need to be educated musically. We simply need to guard against musical miseducation. Our own ears, unless they have grown so used to mediocrity that they have lost their keenness, will do the rest of the job for us.

I feel strongly that every child—not just the musically gifted—should receive some musical instruction. With rare exceptions, children have an instinct for music, are to a certain extent musical and should be musically developed.

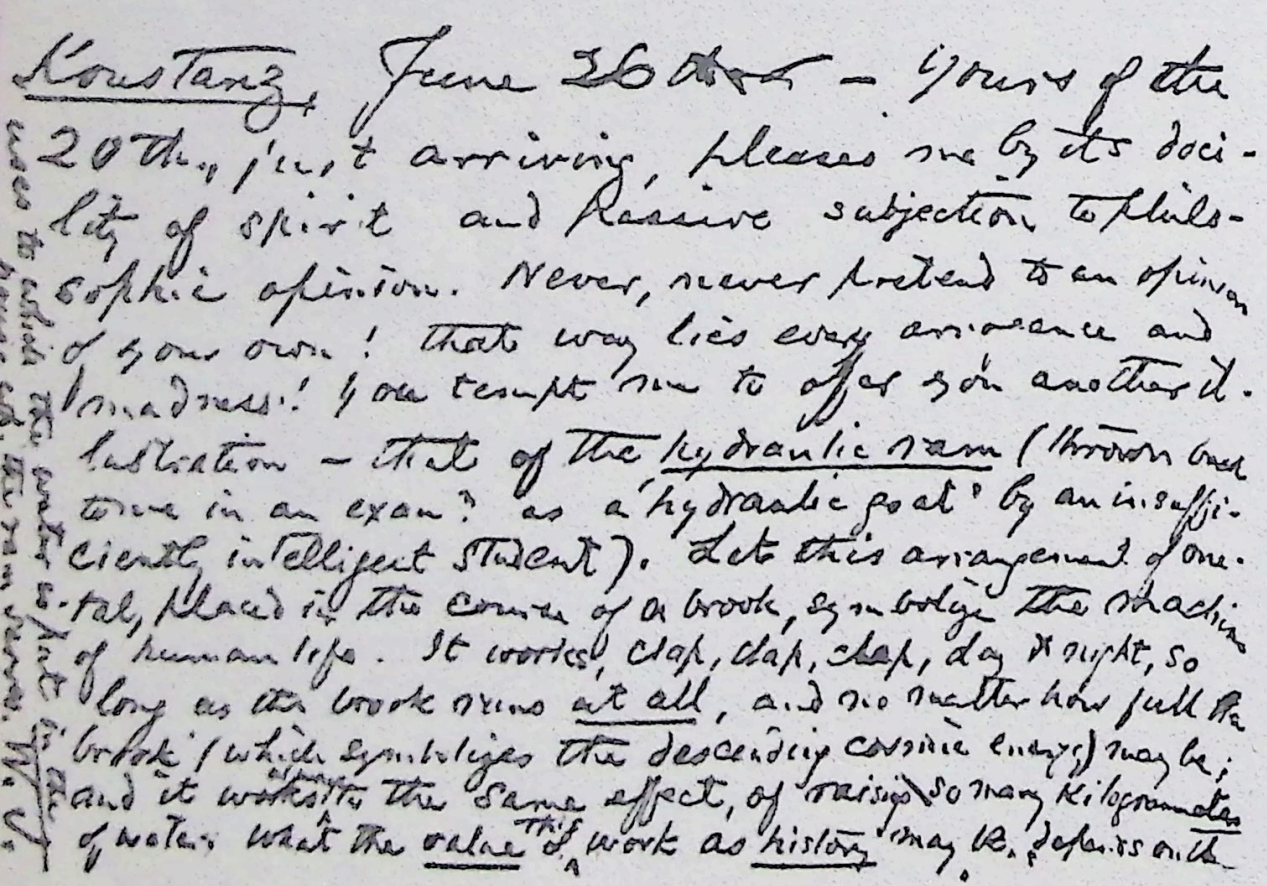
For the child's own future enjoyment, his own satisfaction, he should learn to play an instrument. These days, when we are trying to make things easier for our children, we may be too timid about the process of their learning an instrument. Children should be forced to learn an instrument, gently but firmly.

Criticism does not disturb me, for I am my own severest critic. Always in my playing I strive to surpass myself, and it is this constant struggle that makes music fascinating to me.

JASCHA HEIFETZ

PAGANINI

WILLIAM JAMES



Wm. James

Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact.

Much of what we call evil can often be converted into a bracing and tonic good by a simple change of the sufferer's inner attitude from one of fear to one of fight.

Be willing to have it so. Acceptance of what has happened is the first step in overcoming the consequences of any misfortune.

No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved.

The turbulent billows of the fretful surface leave the deep parts of the ocean undisturbed; and to him who has a hold on vaster and more permanent realities, the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant things. The really religious person is accordingly unshakable and full of equanimity and calmly ready for any duty that the day may bring forth.

Faith is one of the forces by which men live, and the total absence of it means collapse.

The deepest principle in human nature is the craving to be appreciated.

The man whose acquisitions stick is the man who is always achieving and advancing whilst his neighbors, spending most of their time in relearning what they once knew but have forgotten, simply hold their own.

Compared to what we ought to be, we are making use of only a small part of our physical and mental resources. Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives far within his limits. He possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use.

A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.

It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision.

Genius, in truth, means little more than the faculty of perceiving in an unhabitual way.

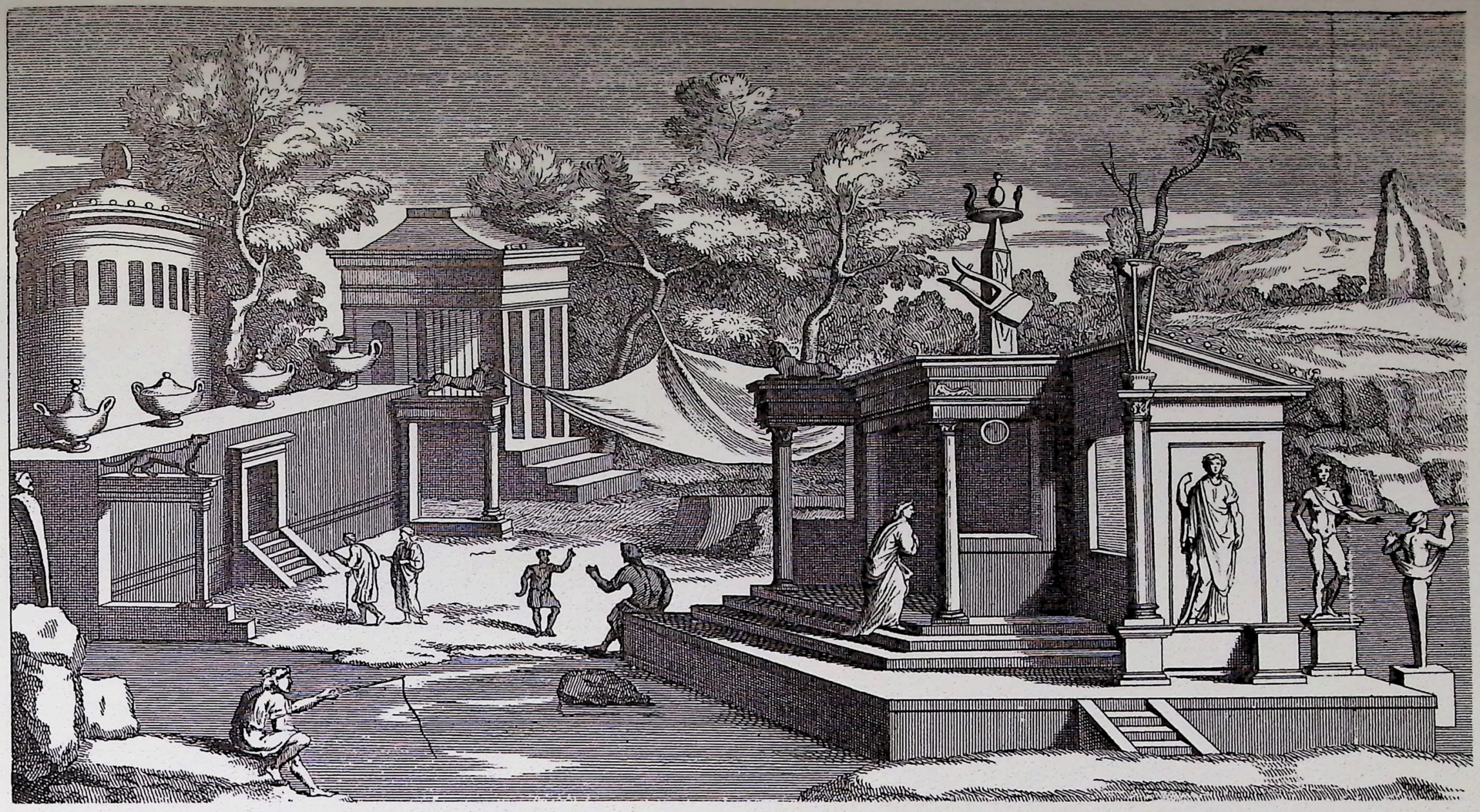
Habit is thus the enormous flywheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance.

An idea, to be suggestive, must come to the individual with the force of a revelation.

The great source of terror to infancy is solitude.

The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist.

Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can, with perfect certainty, count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out.



HIPPOCRATES

What drugs cannot heal, the knife can heal; what the knife cannot heal the cautery can heal; what the cautery cannot heal is incurable.

Life is short, the art long, opportunity fleeting, experience treacherous, judgment difficult.

Everything in excess is opposed to nature.

Wherever the art of medicine is loved, there also is love of humanity.

Follow that system of regimen which, according to your ability and judgment, you consider for the benefit of your patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous.

With purity and with holiness pass your life and practice your art.

Never work when hungry.

Old people have fewer diseases than the young, but their diseases never leave them.

The human soul develops up to death.

Sometimes give your services for nothing, calling to mind a previous benefaction or present satisfaction. And if there be an opportunity of serving one who is a stranger in financial straits, give full assistance to all such. For where there is love of man, there is also love of the art. For some patients, though conscious that their condition is perilous, recover their health simply through their contentment with the goodness of the physician. And it is well to superintend the sick to make them well, to care for the healthy to keep them well, also to care for one's own self, so as to observe what is seemly.

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.

Let exercise come before meals, not after.

To do nothing is sometimes a good remedy.

Natural forces within us are the true healers of disease.

The art of medicine consists in three things: The disease, the patient and the physician. The patient must combat the disease along with the physician.

Fat men are more likely to die suddenly than the slender.

Healing is a matter of time, but it is sometimes also a matter of opportunity.

Cervantes

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.

Fortune turns round like a mill-wheel, and he who was yesterday at the top, lies today at the bottom.

A wise man does not trust all his eggs to one basket.

The little birds of the field have God for their caterer.

A private sin is not so prejudicial in this world as a public indecency.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

One of the effects of fear is to disturb the senses and cause things to appear other than what they are.

A knowledge of yourself will preserve you from vanity.

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he that loses his courage loses all.

Good fortune is not known until it is lost.

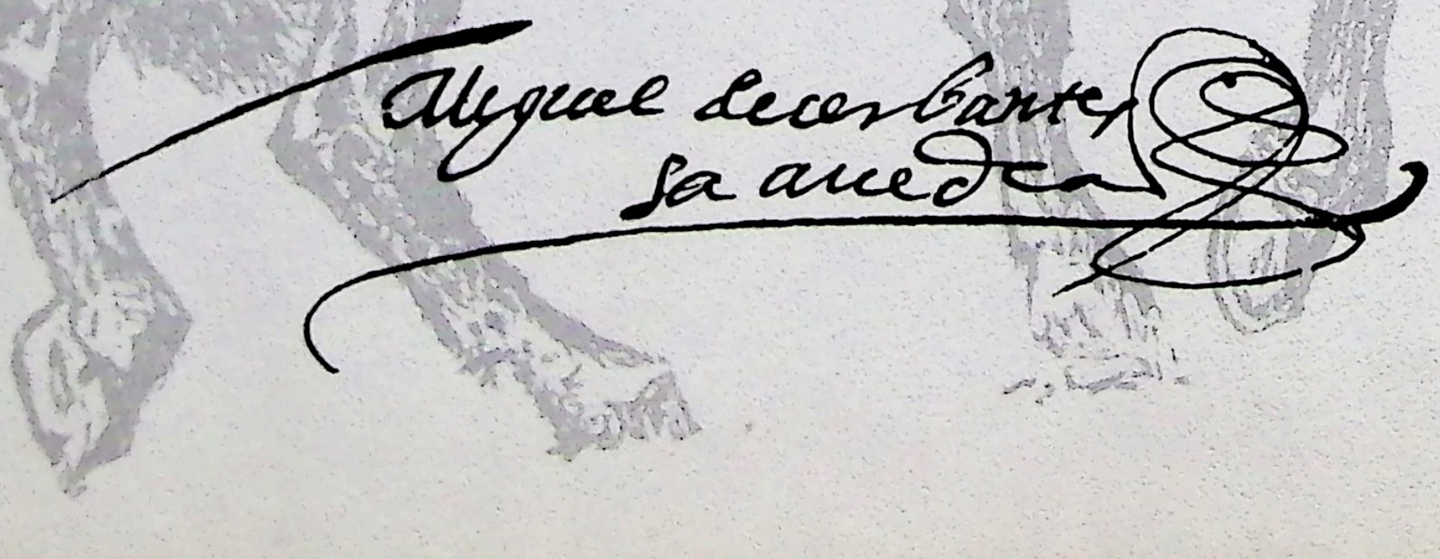
A proverb is a short sentence based on long experience.

All kinds of beauty do not inspire love; there is a kind which only pleases the sight, but does not captivate the affections.

Do away with the motive and you do away with the sin.

A stout heart breaks bad luck.

Among the attributes of God, although they are all equal, mercy shines with even more brilliancy than justice.



ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

In the world in which we now find ourselves, the adherents of the different living religions ought to be the readier to tolerate, respect, and revere one another's religious heritages because, in our generation, there is not anyone alive who is effectively in a position to judge between his own religion and his neighbour's.

As soon as Man relaxed his efforts, the jungle reclaimed its own and buried Man's works in the oblivion from which they have been rescued by the archaeologists in our time. But why did Man relax his grip? . . . The answer is given in the friezes that depict a few scenes of everyday life and a few more of religious ceremonial and political debate. But the dominant theme is war . . . Man's sinfulness gave the predatory trees their chance of taking their revenge on Man's genius.

The historian's point of view is not incompatible with the belief that God has revealed Himself to Man for the purpose of helping Man to gain spiritual salvation that would be unattainable by Man's unaided efforts; but the historian will be suspicious, *a priori*, of any presentation of this thesis that goes on to assert that a *unique* and *final* revelation has been given by God to *my* people in *my* time on *my* satellite of *my* sun in *my* galaxy.

The inborn spiritual frailty which tempts every human being to renounce his birthright of sharing in the bliss of creation for the sake of escaping its pangs tempts the scholar at his desk to go on reading, so long as he can find any excuse for this, instead of taking up his pen to write.

Just as the aspirant to sainthood is the more crushingly self-convicted of sin each time that he attains a yet loftier spiritual altitude, so the aspirant to (intellectual) omniscience is the more crushingly convicted of ignorance each time he makes a fresh addition to an already superhuman stock of knowledge. The nemesis of this inevitable progressive defeat, in a race which a finite Human Nature has condemned itself in advance to lose by impiously pitting itself against God's infinity, is a moral regress from frustration through disillusionment into cynicism.

For every seeker after God, his own God-given glimpse of the marvels of the Created Universe—narrow-verged though his human horizon is bound to be—is a lamp unto his feet and light unto his path; and the historian's path ascends from a feeling for the poetry in History through a sense of awe at God's action in History to a participation in Man's fellowship with Man which brings him to the threshold of the saint's communion with God.

Americans are coming to the conclusion that if they want the twentieth century to be "the American Century" they must aim at making it "the Century of the Common Man," not just within the frontiers of the United States, but throughout *one world*.

Since self-centredness is innate in Human Nature, we are all inclined, to some extent, to assume that our own religion is the only true and right religion; that our own vision of Absolute Reality is the only authentic vision; that we alone have received a revelation; and that the truth which has been revealed to us is the whole truth.

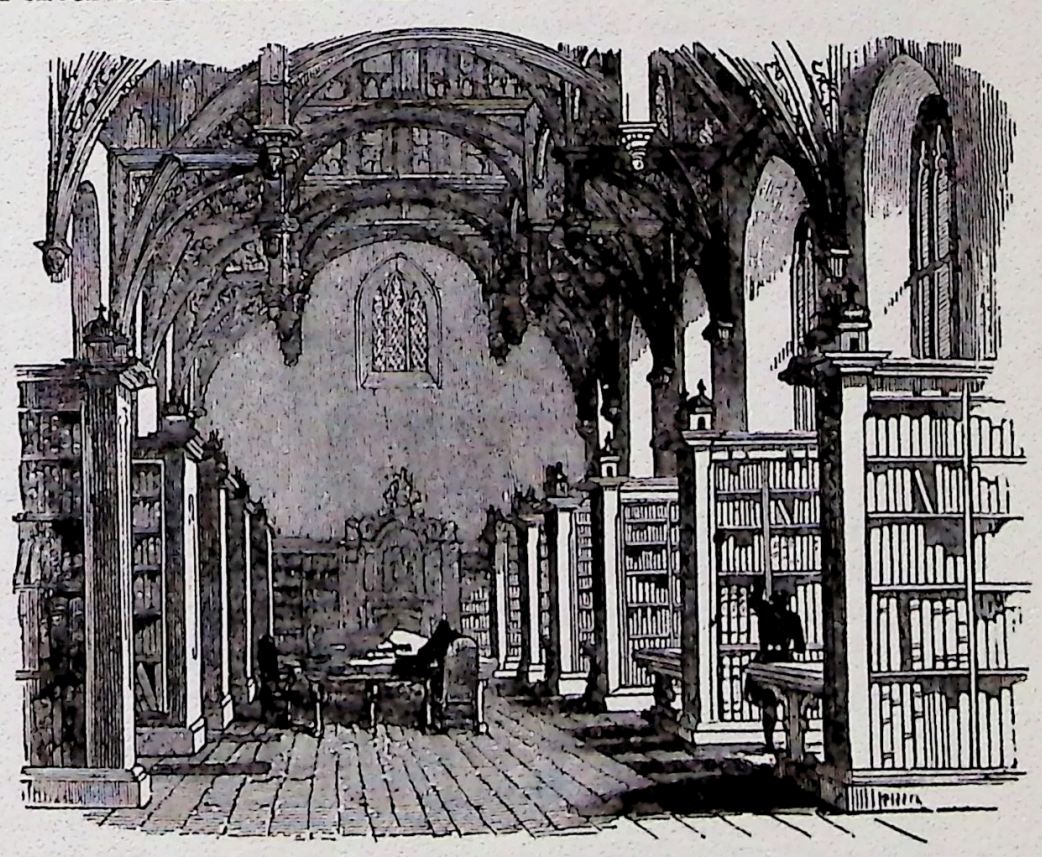
Since social life is impossible for Man without some measure of both Personal Liberty and Social Justice, Human Society is a house perpetually divided against itself, which will not stand unless the thrusts of these two conflicting dynamic ideals are shrewdly directed to making them hold the house together instead of pulling it to pieces.

Where there is life there will always be trouble, and even a paradise has its problems.

Our age will be remembered for its paradoxical combination of signal failures with signal successes. We have failed dismally to dwell together in peace and unity; we have succeeded brilliantly in disinterring the forgotten achievements of our predecessors. How will the present generation's record read in retrospect, assuming that we leave successors to keep the record, and do not wipe ourselves out?

The perversity of human nature is the greatest of the mysteries of human life.

Why do people study History? Is an historian born or made? Every historian will have his own answer to this question, because he will be speaking from his own experience. The writer's personal answer is that an historian, like anyone else who had the happiness of having an aim in life, had found his vocation in a call from God to "feel after Him and find Him."



Arnold J. Toynbee

Is it not true that my life with all its limitations touches at many points the life of the World Beautiful? Everything has its wonders, even darkness and silence, and I learn, whatever state I may be in, therein to be content . . .

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light, and music, and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes hope with a smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness . . .

My friends have made the story of my life. In a thousand ways they have turned my limitations into beautiful privileges, and enabled me to walk serene and happy in the shadow cast by my deprivation . . .

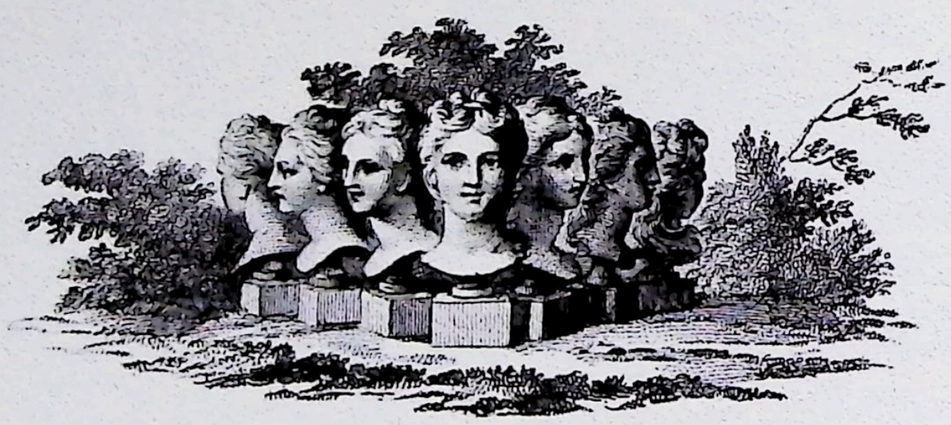
I count it one of the sweetest privileges of my life to have known and conversed with many men of genius . . .

The precious science of patience, teaches us that we should take our education as we would take a walk in the country—leisurely, our minds hospitably open to impressions of every sort. To know the thoughts and deeds that have marked man's progress is to feel the great heart-throbs of humanity through the centuries; and if one does not feel in these pulsations a heavenward striving, one must indeed be deaf to the harmonies of life . . .

It is very interesting to watch a plant grow; it is like taking part in creation. I have felt a bud "shyly doff her green hood and blossom with a silken burst of sound," while the icy fingers of the snow beat against the window-panes. What secret power, I wonder, caused this blossoming miracle? What mysterious force guided the seedling from the dark earth up to the light, through leaf and stem and bud, to glorious fulfilment in the perfect flower? Who could have dreamed that such beauty lurked in the dark earth, was latent in the tiny seed we planted? Beautiful flower, you have taught me to see a little way into the hidden heart of things. Now I understand that the darkness everywhere may hold possibilities better even than my hopes . . .

Be of good cheer. Do not think of to-day's failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourselves a difficult task, but you will succeed if you persevere; and you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles. Remember, no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost . . .

HELEN KELLER



Helen Keller

People who think that all sensations reach us through the eye and the ear have expressed surprise that I should notice any difference, except possibly the absence of pavements, between walking in city streets and in country roads. They forget that my whole body is alive to the conditions about me. The rumble and roar of the city smite the nerves of my face, and I feel the ceaseless tramp of an unseen multitude and the dissonant tumult frets my spirit. The grinding of heavy wagons on hard pavements and the monotonous clangor of machinery are all the more torturing to the nerves if one's attention is not diverted by the panorama that is always present to people who can see . . .

Those are red-letter days in our lives when we meet people who thrill us like a fine poem, people whose handshake is brimful of unspoken sympathy and whose sweet, rich natures impart to our eager, impatient spirits a wonderful restfulness which, in its essence, is divine. The perplexities, irritations and worries that have absorbed us pass like unpleasant dreams, and we wake to see with new eyes and hear with new ears the beauty and harmony of God's real world. The solemn nothings that fill our everyday life blossom suddenly into bright possibilities. In a word, while such friends are near us we feel that all is well. Perhaps we never saw them before and they may never cross our life's path again; but the influence of their calm, mellow natures is a libation poured upon our discontent, and we feel its healing touch as the ocean feels the mountain stream freshening its brine . . .

The hands of those I meet are dumbly eloquent to me. The touch of some hands is an impertinence. I have met people so empty of joy, that when I clasped their frosty finger tips it seemed as if I were shaking hands with a northeast storm. Others there are whose hands have sunbeams in them, so that their grasp warms my heart. It may be only the clinging touch of a child's hand; but there is as much potential sunshine in it for me as there is in a loving glance for others.

There is nothing more beautiful than the evanescent fleeting images and sentiments presented by a language one is just becoming familiar with—ideas that flit across the mental sky, shaped and tinted by capricious fancy . . .

In a word, literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book-friends. They talk to me without embarrassment or awkwardness. The things I have learned and the things I have been taught seem of ridiculously little importance compared with their "large loves and heavenly charities" . . .

It is wonderful how much time good people spend fighting the devil. If they would only expend the same amount of energy loving their fellow men, the devil would die in his own tracks of ennui . . .

A mature person is one who does not think only in absolutes, who is able to be objective even when deeply stirred emotionally, who has learned that there is both good and bad in all people and in all things, and who walks humbly and deals charitably with the circumstances of life, knowing that in this world no one is all-knowing and therefore all of us need both love and charity.

I suppose people in public life are so accustomed to gossip they become rather indifferent, because they have to survive so much that is untrue . . . I have always felt that gossip and backbiting are matters of utter indifference. There is only one important thing, and that is to help a human being through whatever experience or mistake he or she has made to become a stronger and better person in the future.

The years of youth, when there is less responsibility, are enjoyable — but the anxieties of youth are also very marked, and there are few young people who escape them.

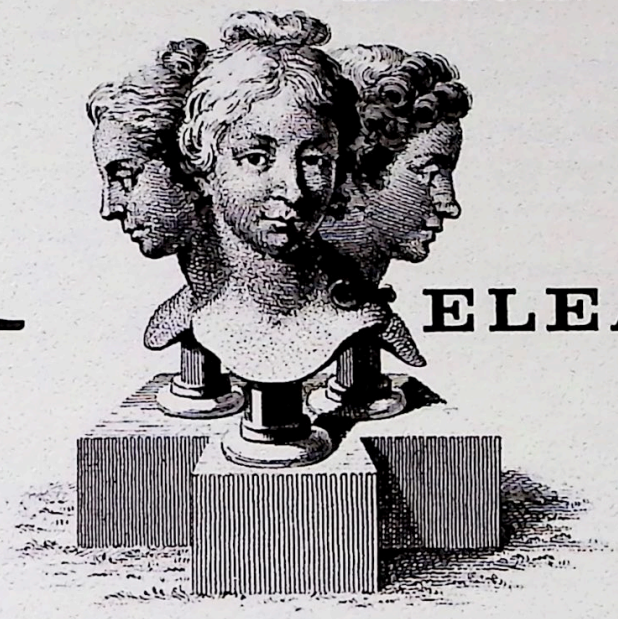
I am not given to going much beyond the things that have to be done each day. I have always been so busy that, if I thought I had adequately met the demands day by day, what was going to happen in the future never received a great deal of thought.

In all human relationships, and marriage is one of the most difficult, I think perhaps the important qualities for all individuals are unselfishness and flexibility. Tact can be a help also, and real love which occasionally carries you beyond interest in yourself is essential.

I have lived more than sixty years and I have heard young people condemned many times. I think nearly every generation is better than the last, and I certainly admire the present one.

I have never understood why people worry about exactly what form immortality takes. We have to accept what is in store for us, so why worry about it? The incentive for us to live to the best of our ability every minute of our lives lies in this fact of immortality.

It depends entirely on how you pray, whether prayer is answered or not. If people pray for special things, I doubt if anyone could be quite sure whether his prayer had been answered or not. If we pray, however, for the things that I think one can legitimately pray for — for instance, courage to meet whatever the day may bring — I think we can find in our hearts the knowledge whether our prayers were really answered or not.



Eleanor Roosevelt

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

My favorite [Bible] verses are in First Corinthians, Chapter 13, which starts: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

I think women are often superior to men in their intuition about people; in their executive ability when they are handling detailed work; and in their ability to subordinate themselves to a cause or to another individual if they think that is the way to serve a cause. You will laugh . . . but I think women often talk less and act more quickly than men.

I wonder if one of the penalties of growing older is that you become more and more conscious that nothing in life is very permanent. Perhaps one might call it one of the compensations of growing older, for it forces you to project yourself beyond the moment and to try to find some reason in the future for the happenings of the present.

It seems to me that intellectual maturity requires a recognition of the fact that the world is full of things which no one human being can possibly know all about. The intellectually mature are usually anxious to learn and they know that not all wisdom is attained through winning university degrees.

Children are, of course, free from prejudice. They are also free from the conventionalities and the hold which custom and tradition will lay upon them as they grow older. They are able to accept new ideas more easily and they adjust to new conditions far better than older people.

With age I have become more patient!

Very often a social conscience is more easily awakened in one who has not been hardened by having to battle for every advantage in life.

I am an individual and so was my husband. It happened that on nearly all big issues we agreed but any two people are bound to differ now and then, on method if not on principle.

My greatest fear has always been that I would be afraid — afraid physically or mentally or morally — and allow myself to be influenced by fear instead of by my honest convictions.

Work is always an antidote for depression, and loneliness is just one of the manifestations of this frame of mind or state of soul which is the lot of all human beings.

DARWIN

Man derives his moral sense from the social feelings which are instinctive or innate in the lower animals.

Man scans with scrupulous care the character and pedigree of his horses, cattle, and dogs before he matches them; but when he comes to his own marriage he rarely, or never, takes any such care.

False facts are highly injurious to the progress of science, for they often endure long; but false views, if supported by some evidence, do little harm, for everyone takes a salutary pleasure in proving their falseness; and when this is done, one path toward error is closed and the road to truth is often at the same time opened.

The very reputation of being strong-willed, plucky, and indefatigable is of priceless value. It cows enemies, and dispels opposition to our undertakings.

Even when we are quite alone, how often do we think with pleasure or pain of what others think of us—of their imagined approbation or disapprobation.

Music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, and rage. It awakens rather the gentler feelings of tenderness and love, which readily passes into devotion. It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardor for war.

A moral being is one who is capable of reflecting on his past actions and their motives—of approving of some and disapproving of others.

Without the accumulation of capital the arts could not progress, and it is chiefly through their power that the civilized races have extended, and are now everywhere extending their range, so as to take the place of the lower races.

Any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, the parental and filial affections being here included, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well, or nearly as well, developed as in man.

I love fools' experiments—I am always making them.

I ought, or I ought not, constitute the whole of morality.

Man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would have thus been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognize that we ought to control our thoughts.

As man advanced gradually in intellectual power, and was enabled to trace the more remote consequences of his actions; as he acquired sufficient knowledge to reject baneful customs and superstitions; as he regarded more and more, not only the welfare, but the happiness of his fellowmen; as from habit, following beneficial experience, his sympathies became more tender and widely diffused, extending to men of all races, and finally to the lower animals, so would the standard of his morality rise higher and higher.

Looking to future generations, there is no cause to fear that the social instincts will grow weaker, and we may expect that virtuous habits will grow stronger. The struggle between our higher and lower impulses will be less severe, and virtue will be triumphant.

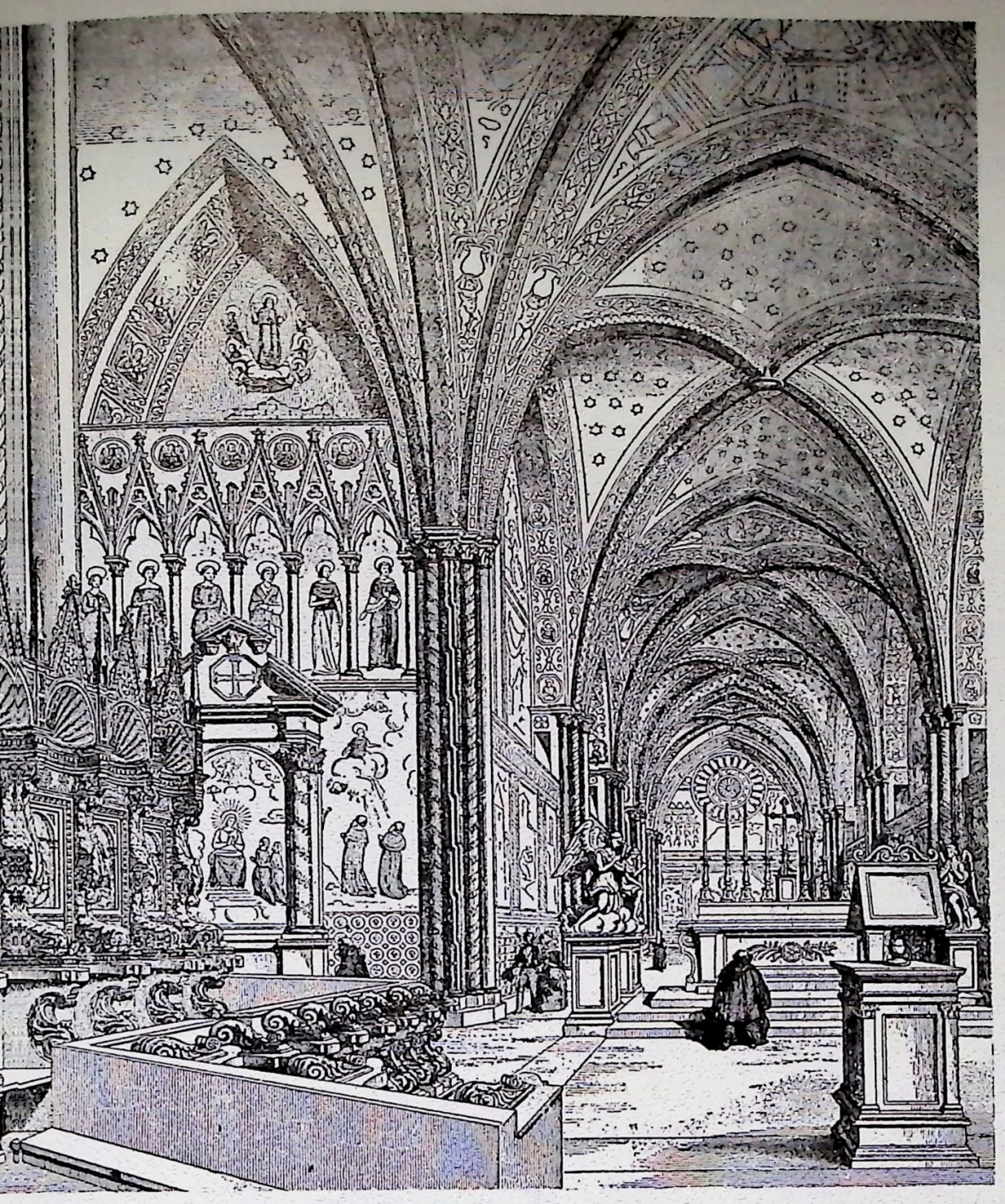
Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

A man who dares to waste one hour of life has not discovered the value of life.

Progress has been much more general than retrogression.

All ought to refrain from marriage who cannot avoid abject poverty for their children; for poverty is not only a great evil, but tends to its own increase by leading to recklessness in marriage.

Charles Darwin



God is not confined in time, for He is eternal, and without beginning or end. His being is constant, ever present, never altering from past to future. Nothing can be taken away from Him, nothing added.

God has no need for our worship. It is we who need to show our gratitude for what we have received.

Theology deserves to be called the highest wisdom, for everything is viewed in the light of the first cause.

Temperance is a disposition of the mind which sets bounds to the passions.

The gift of knowledge makes for the correct management of temporal matters and shows us how to lead good lives in the midst of wicked persons; understanding enables us to study the Creator and His invisible creation; wisdom affords us the contemplation solely of eternal truth and a delight in it.

Man has different kinds of knowledge, according to the different objects of his knowledge. He has intelligence as regards the knowledge of principles; he has science as regards knowledge of conclusions; he has wisdom, according as he knows the highest cause; he has counsel or prudence, according as he knows what is to be done.

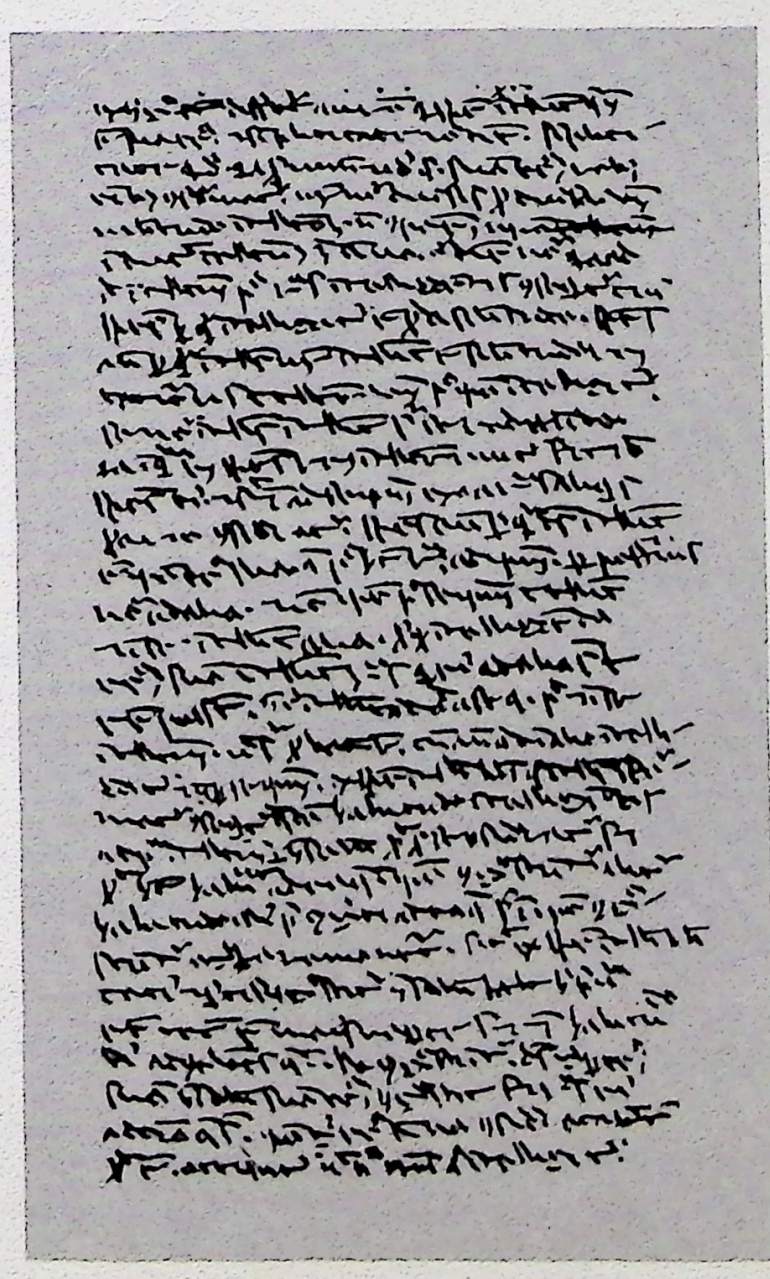
Arrive at knowledge over small streamlets, and do not plunge immediately into the ocean, since progress must go from the easier to the more difficult.

Because philosophy arises from awe, a philosopher is bound in his way to be a lover of myths and poetic fables. Poets and philosophers are alike in being big with wonder.

There is nothing that the Divine Mind does not understand actually, nor the human mind potentially.

For prayer to be effective our petitions should be for benefits worthily to be expected from God.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL *(dictating, though his wife said "please don't hurry")* But I have to. So little done. So much to do.

ARTHUR BRISBANE This is the best of all possible worlds.

JULIUS CAESAR Thou, too, Brutus, my son!

THOMAS CARLYLE So this is Death—well . . .

JACQUES CASANOVA I have lived as a philosopher; I die as a Christian.

WILLIAM HOLMES McGUFFEY *(author of primary readers)* Oh that I might once more speak to my dear boys! But Thy will be done.

EDGAR ALLAN POE Lord help my poor soul.

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER *(O. Henry)* Turn up the lights. I don't want to go home in the dark.

FRANCOIS RABELAIS Draw the curtain: the farce is ended.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT I have a terrific headache!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE More light!

THOMAS A. EDISON *(arousing from a coma)* It is very beautiful over there.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS Tell me, Alexander, on your soul and conscience, do you believe that anything of mine will live?

EPICURUS Now farewell. Remember all my words.

CHARLES DARWIN I am not the least afraid to die.

RENE DESCARTES My soul, thou hast long been held captive; the hour has now come for thee to quit thy prison, to leave the trammels of this body; suffer, then, this separation with joy and courage.

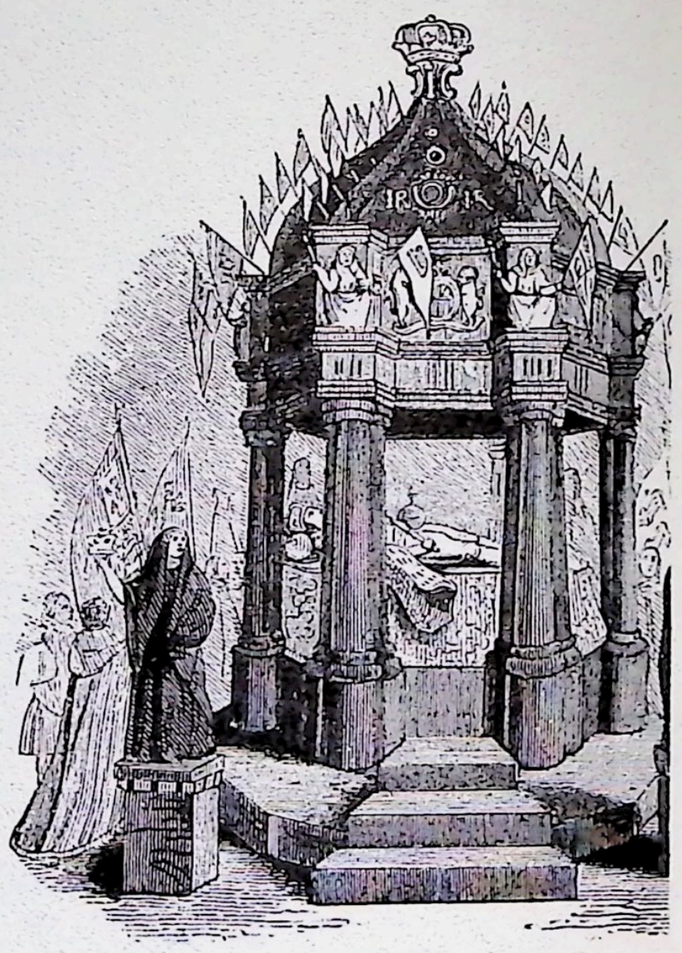
AGIS *(King of Sparta, sentenced to death)* Weep not, friend, for me, who dies innocent, by the lawless act of wicked men. My condition is much better than theirs.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *(poet)* I am seeing things that you know nothing of.

HONORE DE BALZAC *(written)* I can no longer read or write.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS *(asked if he had any word for his sons)* Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States.

JOHN LOVEJOY ELLIOTT The only things I have found worth living for, and working for, and dying for, are love and friendship.



THEIR LAST WORDS

SOLOMON FOOT *(Senator from Vermont)* What, can this be death? Is it come already?...I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open! beautiful! beautiful!

JOSEPH HAYDN Cheer up, children, I'm all right.

WILLIAM HAZLITT I have had a happy life.

HENRY JAMES So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!

IMMANUEL KANT It is enough.

MAHOMET O Allah! be it so!

HORACE MANN *(to his wife)* Sing to me, if you have the heart.

ANNA PAVLOVA Get my "Swan" costume ready.

VINCENT VAN GOGH Now I want to go home.

WASHINGTON IRVING Well, I must arrange my pillows for another weary night! When will this end?

ANAXARCHUS *(pounded to death with pestles)* Pound, pound the pouch containing Anaxarchus; ye pound not Anaxarchus.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(when the wine he had asked for came)* Too bad! too bad! it's too late!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON *(to Bronson Alcott)* Goodbye, my friend.

DAMON RUNYON You can keep the things of bronze and stone, and give me one man to remember me just once a year.

SAPPHO For it is not right that in the house of song there be mourning. Such things befit not us.

SOCRATES Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY *(revised these words in "Denis Duval")* And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

THOMAS HOBBES I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at.

BENEDICT ARNOLD *(calling for his old Continental uniform of a major general)* Let me die in my old uniform. God forgive me for ever putting on any other.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH Tell my mother—I died—for my country . . . I thought I did for the best . . . Useless! Useless!

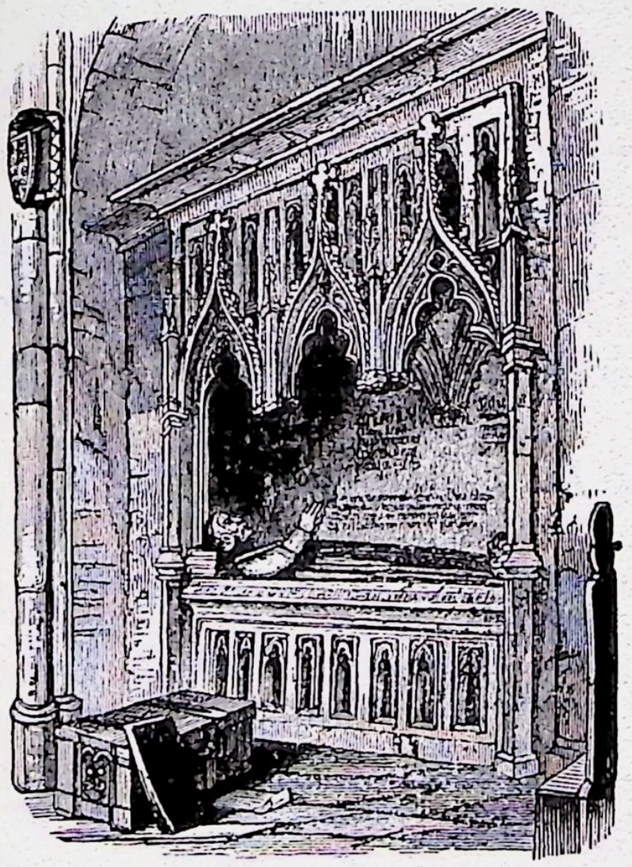
SAINT DOMINIC Let not my departure in the flesh trouble you, my sons, and doubt not that I shall serve you better dead than alive!

PIERRE BERANGER *(lyric poet)* My God, my God! enlighten us. Inspire in a united mankind the love of the good, the love of well being . . . To do good, to live for others—that's happiness. Charity, charity for all the world to be happy . . . Widows, small boys—help them.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN *(inventor of phonetic shorthand)* To those who ask how Isaac Pitman passed away say: 'Peacefully and with no more concern than in passing from one room into another to take up some further employment.'

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS I know that all things on earth must have an end and now I am come to mine.

THEIR LAST WORDS



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW *(to the nurse)* Sister, you're trying to keep me alive as an old curiosity but I'm done, I'm finished, I'm going to die.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON The issue is now clear. It is between light and darkness, and every one must choose his side.

LOUIS XIV *(to his domestics)* Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?

MARCUS AURELIUS *(asked by the tribune for the watchword)* Go to the rising sun, for I am setting.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES *(of the Supreme Court, as they moved the oxygen tent to him)* Lot of damn foolery.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON Take me home. I was born in the South, I have lived and labored in the South and I wish to die and be buried in the South.

PLOTINUS I am making my last effort to return that which is divine in me to that which is divine in the universe.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU See the sun, whose smiling face calls me; see that immeasurable light. There is God! Yes, God Himself, who is opening His arms and inviting me to taste at last that eternal and unchanging joy that I had so long desired.

GAUTAMA BUDDHA Beloved, that which causes life causes also decay and death. Never forget this. Let your minds be filled with this truth. I called you to make it known to you.

LEIGH HUNT I don't think I shall get over this.

WILLIAM JAMES It's so good to get home!

LOUIS R. AGASSIZ The play is finished.

PATRICK HENRY Be thankful for the kind God who allows me to go thus painlessly.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH *(to the executioner)* What dost thou fear? Strike, man, strike!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *(his daughter advised him to change his position in bed, that he might breathe more easily)* A dying man can do nothing easy.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART *(of his "Requiem")* Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?

JUDAS I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *(to his family)* God bless you all; I feel myself again.

FREDERIC CHOPIN *(clutching the crucifix to his heart)* Now I am at the source of Blessedness!

CONFUCIUS No intelligent Monarch arises; there is not one in the kingdom that will make me his master. My time has come to die.

JEAN COROT In spite of myself I go on hoping . . I hope with all my heart there will be painting in heaven.

THOMAS JEFFERSON Is it the Fourth?

MARK ANTHONY *(to Cleopatra)* You must not pity me in this last turn of fate. You should rather be happy in the remembrance of our love and in the recollection that of all men I was once the most famous and the most powerful and now at the end have fallen not dishonorably, a Roman by a Roman vanquished.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS Lord, into Thine hands I commend my spirit.

PERICLES No Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning.

WHAT IS AN EDUCATED MAN?

1 An Educated Man is one who is trained to use the tools of human intercourse with readiness, precision and accuracy, especially language and the rudiments of number.

2 An Educated Man must be able to study and to think without guidance from others. He must be—to some extent—a thinker, not an imitator.

3 An Educated Man must have sufficient knowledge of nature to understand the main processes upon which human life and happiness depend.

4 An Educated Man knows enough history to enable him to understand the main achievements of man.

5 An Educated Man is acquainted with the major resources for intellectual and esthetic enjoyment. He knows nature, literature, music, and the other arts sufficiently to choose superior to inferior enjoyments.

6 An Educated Man is marked by his interest as well as by his trained abilities. His attention is habitually attracted by significant rather than trivial thoughts, objects, events, noble pursuits, and worthwhile enjoyments.

7 An Educated Man must have not only this general culture, but also training for a specific occupation.

8 An Educated Man must have toward his fellows the habitual attitudes that are commonly called ethical—such attitudes as honor and honesty, helpfulness and good-will and co-operation.

9 An Educated Man must have loyalties to at least some of the important organizations and institutions of society.

10 An Educated Man must have some apprehension of, and feeling for, the divine; the ideally educated man will reverence God, and know how to worship.

by Dr. George A. Coe

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

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THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR LIFETIME LEARNING AND EDUCATION

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To lack wisdom is no disgrace.

To lack the desire for wisdom is a pity;

But to desire wisdom and not know how to find it is a tragedy.

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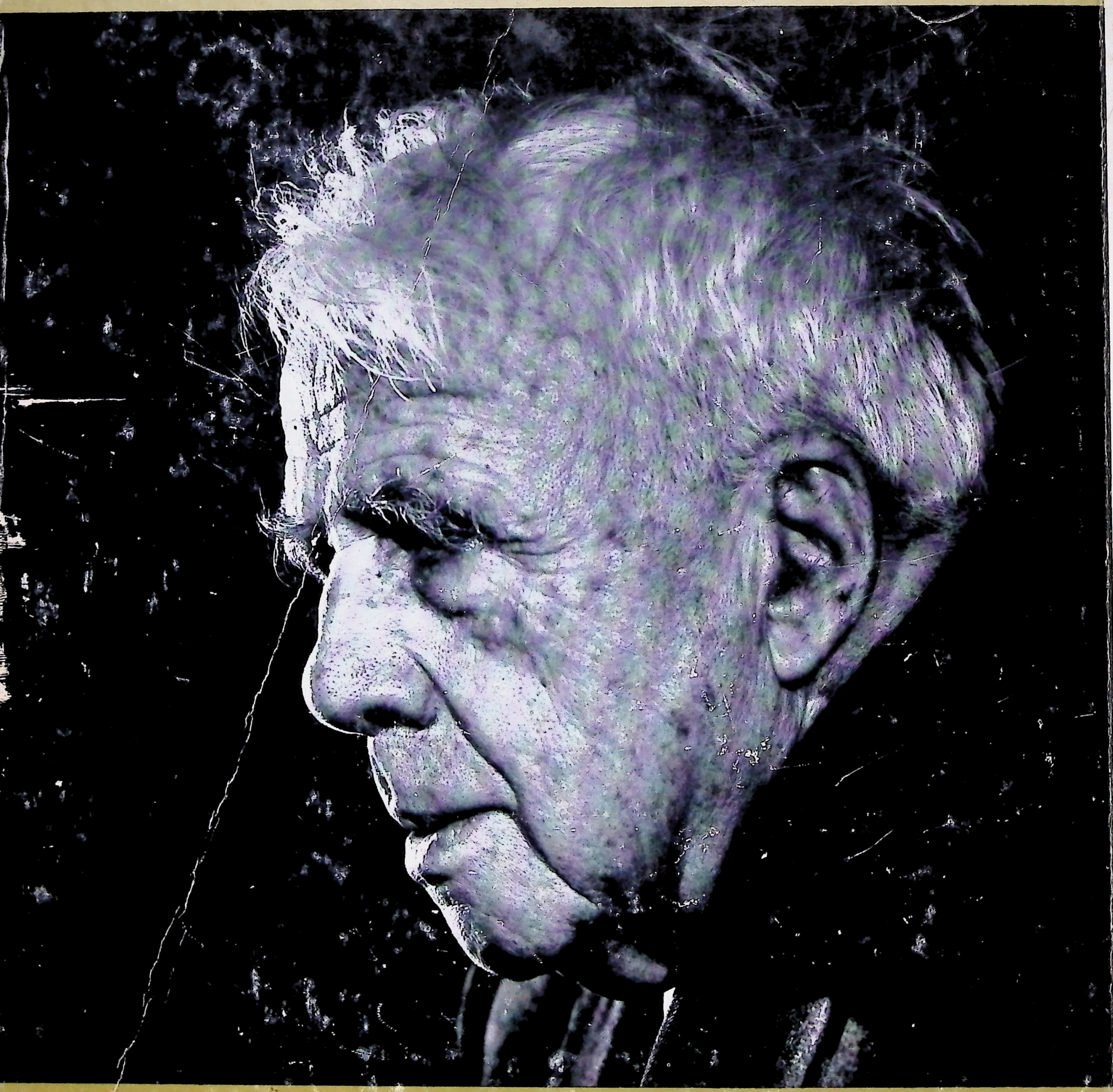

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